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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 8, 1956

VOLUME 69

NUMBER 25

Editorial

If nationalism's okay —it's okay for everybody

This year of 1956, now drawing to its fretful close, is likely to be compared in the history books of the future with another troubled year: 1848. For 1848 was also a time of troubles, when the flames of self-determination swept across the world. It was a year in which a great many peoples of various kinds fought for the right to make their own way in the world without foreign interference. It was the year in which the Irish began a long series of revolts against the English. It was the year in which the French threw off the petty tyrannies of Louis Philippe. It was the year of Garibaldi and Mazzini. It was the year in which the Austrian satellite empire, held together by the policies of Metternich, crumbled under a series of revolts in Italy, Hungary, Austria, Germany and other states.

With the hindsight of history, it's a simple matter now to separate the bad guys from the good guys in the troubled uprisings of 1848. The good guys were the rebels, the nationalists, the Garibaldis. The bad guys were those who tried to maintain the status quo—the Metternichs and Hapsburgs.

But at the time, the matter was much more confusing. To most Englishmen, for instance, the Irish undoubtedly were bad guys, though the Italian rebels throwing off a foreign yoke were good guys. Yet both these peoples were seeking exactly the same thing: not freedom as we understand it, but more properly the simple right to be themselves and go their own way—to have their own flag, their own language, their own nation and their own institutions—to make their own mistakes if need be, but free from the dominance of another country.

The same yearning motivates a variety of disparate peoples in 1956. Nationalism is as contagious as the plague and even Canada this year has not been immune from the disease. If there is a difference between the de-

sires and aims of the Poles and the Hungarians on the one hand and the Cypriots and the Egyptians on the other (not to mention the Malaysians, Algerians, Israelites and Kikuyu), it is surely one of degree.

Yet the Russians see the Hungarian rebels as wicked counter-revolutionaries and the Egyptian nationalists as heroes casting aside the colonial yoke, while the British see the Egyptians as tools of wicked communism and the Hungarians as freedom-loving patriots.

Many Americans, we suspect, think of the Hungarian and Egyptian nationalists alike as "good guys" and sympathize with the attempts by the Algerians to free themselves of French colonial rule—as much as they sympathize with the Poles who want to get rid of the Russians. But those Icelanders, Okinawans and Japanese who want the Yanks to go home are thought of as troublemakers and radicals of the deepest dye.

How, then, will 1956 appear in the school texts of the future?

History's verdict is less likely to be complicated by selfish emotions or idealistic aspirations. History will probably report, quite dispassionately, that colonialism's decline was accelerated by the events of this year which saw parallel upheavals of varying intensity in four empires—the Russian, French, British and American. It will probably report that the political leaders of these empires, while making a great to-do about the aspirations of subject peoples elsewhere, acted with eighteenth-century morality and nineteenth-century cynicism when those aspirations touched their own interests. It will, we venture to predict, report that the attempts to quench the fires of nationalism were remarkably unsuccessful.

And it will add, no doubt, the wry comment that in 1956 none of the politicians appeared to have read the history books.

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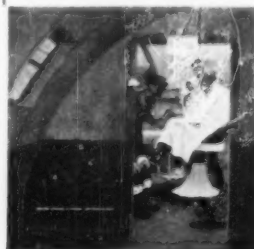
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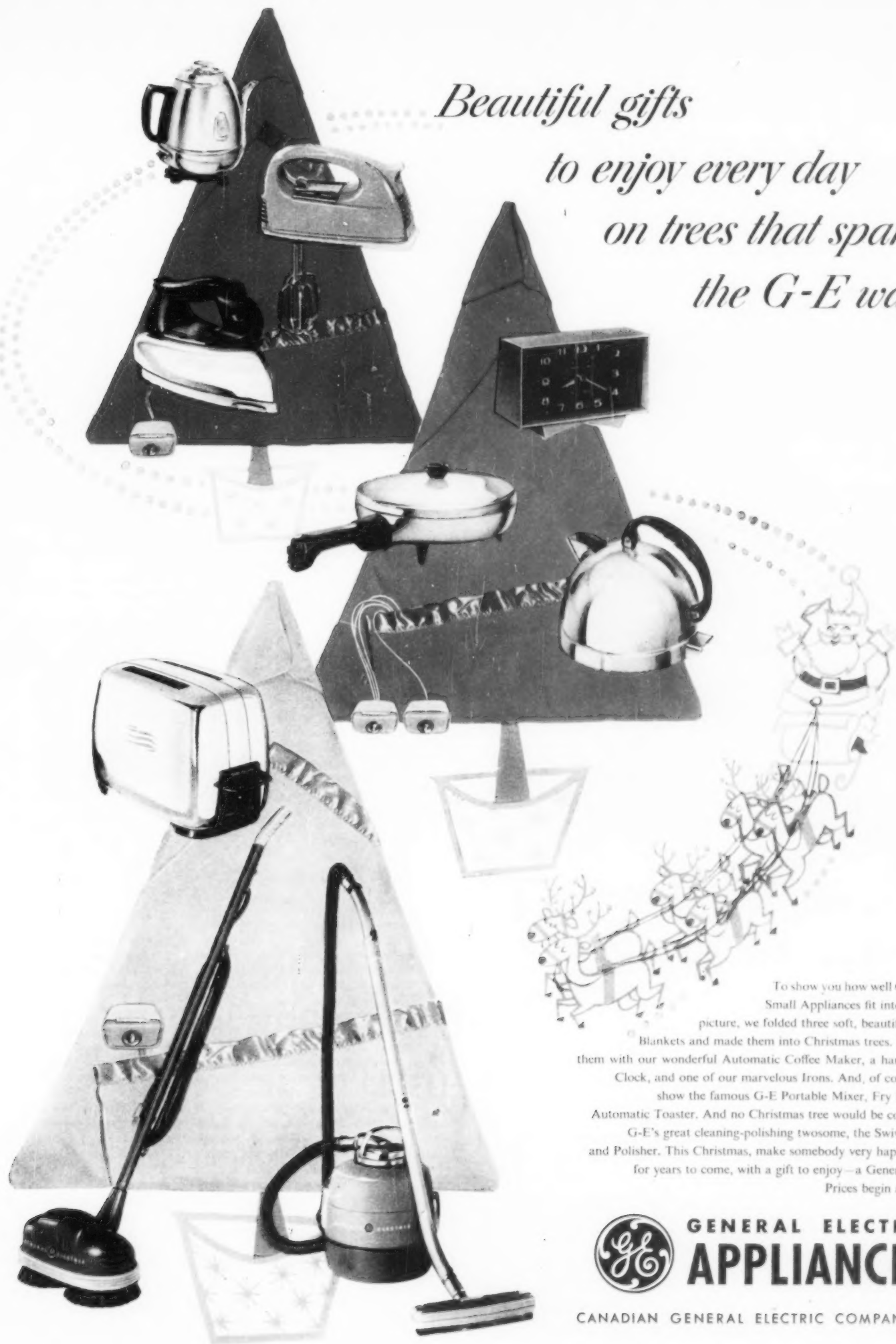
The cover

At this time of year everyone is sprucing up for the holiday ahead. Up Kemano, B.C., way, artist Jim Hill reports, business is mighty brisk at the barber shop. The day he dropped in, the place was jammed with whiskered locals and some old guy in a red suit.

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FOR THE SAKE OF Argument

ANNE FRANCIS SAYS

Women are not a race apart

A great deal of nonsense is being talked about women by women. It was bad enough when men said we would lose our charm and become coarse, corrupt and cantankerous if we were given a higher education, but now women are saying that we don't need to be educated. The other day in Calgary a group of university graduates voted that a college education is of no value to a woman; in Toronto a group of suburban housewives are reported to have decided that going to college makes a woman dissatisfied with housework and babies and so makes it hard for her to be a good wife and mother.

But that is not all the poppycock issuing from women's lips. The other day in New Zealand the female minister of welfare dug up that old one about the place of women being in the home. Later she recanted under fire from indignant members of her sex and said she really meant that women with young children should stay at home.

In the United States a grandmother made the headlines right across the continent when she said women are killing their husbands by making them help with the housework when they come home from the office. And so it goes, with people saying women this and women that, as if we were all identical twins.

"We're not all slick chicks"

Even Maclean's, that usually sensible magazine, has gone to great pains—in this very issue, I have been warned—to gather together a panel of experts to discuss "women." This is undoubtedly a well-intentioned venture; certainly a number of highly qualified men and women have pooled their wisdom for the effort. Nevertheless I can't help thinking that it represents the old footless attempt to examine women as a species rather than as a highly varied assortment of human beings. (I've never heard of any panel discussions on the changing status of men although the male sex has been just as much affected by the industrial revolution and the emancipation of women as we have. But then we all know there are men and men and no two of them alike. God bless them.)

All of which leads me to believe that the time has come to stop generalizing about women as a happy, or unhappy, breed. A woman is herself. She is not her mother, her sister, her girl friend or the "slick chick" in the advertisements about cars, cos-



Starting on page 13 of this issue a panel of experts discusses the Canadian woman. In this article Anne Francis, an Ottawa writer and commentator, tells what she thinks about the proposition of discussing her whole sex as a single group.

metics and clothes. She is a unique creation who happens to live in a day and age when any woman with a fair share of health, common sense and a few breaks can make pretty much what she wants of herself.

There is no doubt about it, the wheel of fortune has turned our way during the last fifty years, yet, instead of rejoicing in our right to lead the sort of life that suits our needs and tastes, many of us are miserable because we don't fit into an arbitrary, standardized mold. Many of us are consumed with self-pity and gnawed by horrible doubts because we don't measure up to the generalizations about what a modern woman must be to be a success.

I keep reading about the way a great many women are suffering from psychosomatic ills and I can't help wondering if it isn't because we're exhausting ourselves by trying to fit into an elaborate pattern designed by people who insist upon thinking about women as a sex in the lost-and-found department, instead of as individual people.

I've come to the conclusion that a great many women crawl around with a sense of failure because they have not succeeded in turning themselves into a combination of beauty queen, gentle wife, child psychologist, dietitian, *cordon bleu*, campfire girl, shopping expert and charming, relaxed hostess. Of course nobody is that good unless she has a publicity agent like the girls in Hollywood.

I think that all of this straining to be what many of us are not and never can be has made many women feel that it is an almost unbearable burden to be a **continued on page 106**



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London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

How London dimmed Liberace's smile

Over the years I have more than once described the centre of London as a village where, to some extent, everybody knows everybody else. The saints and the sinners, the moguls and the opportunists, the poets and the playboys, the politicians, the dreamers and the realists—they all go to make up the village.



Liberace badgered: He smilingly answered reporters' blunt questions — but later sued for libel.

Therefore when the eminent Mr. Liberace recently arrived on his civilizing mission the village turned out in force. In fact, he relegated Col. Nasser to the back pages of the popular newspapers and very nearly stopped the traffic.

I had never met Mr. Liberace although I had seen him on television in a filmed version of his intimate flirtation with a piano. On that occasion an old friend of mine, having listened and watched to the end, said, "There was once a pianist named Paderewski."

Not bad. Seldom has so much been conveyed by so little.

Now it happens that in our village there is a remarkable man named Val Parnell who has a delightful wife named Helen. Mr. Parnell is the dictator of British vaudeville and rules over the Palladium music hall as if it were a fortress. The Parnells belong to the same golf club as the Baxters, and have been friends for many years.

Therefore it was amusing, even intriguing, when Helen phoned one morning to say that Liberace was coming as her guest to the early performance of the Palladium (it is a twice-nightly affair) and would we join her in the stage box? After the performance we would first dine at a quiet night club in Mayfair and then move on to the Café

de Paris where Liberace would do his stuff.

Oscar Wilde once remarked that almost the only things that did not interest him were sights of interest. To some extent I feel that way about the transient stars of vaudeville and the cinema. Nevertheless Helen Parnell's invitation seemed to supply a pleasant way of studying this particular phenomenon of the entertainment world.

Fortunately, the stage box at the Palladium is at an angle that permits the occupants to sit back and be unobserved, and let it be put on record that Liberace was sitting in a corner where no one in the audience could see him.

He was dressed in an ordinary dark suit that set off his silver-grey hair to advantage. His manners were pleasant and, though hardly a strong masculine type, he was not effeminate.

Earlier that day he had met the gentlemen of the London press and one of the questions put to him by a reporter was: "Do you lead a normal sex life?" Without a quiver of an eyelash he replied, "Yes. Do you?"

You may remember that in a recent London Letter I described the



Liberace bussed: Emotional fans ignored his caustic critics and mobbed him at every appearance.

temperamental outpouring of the London Daily Mirror and its caustic columnist Cassandra. On the morning after the Liberace press reception Cassandra really went to town.

Filling the vials of wrath to the very brim he described Liberace in such pungent and descriptive terms that the pianist later launched a suit for libel.

When I asked Liberace if he had read Cassandra he said, "Yes, indeed. He continued on page 99

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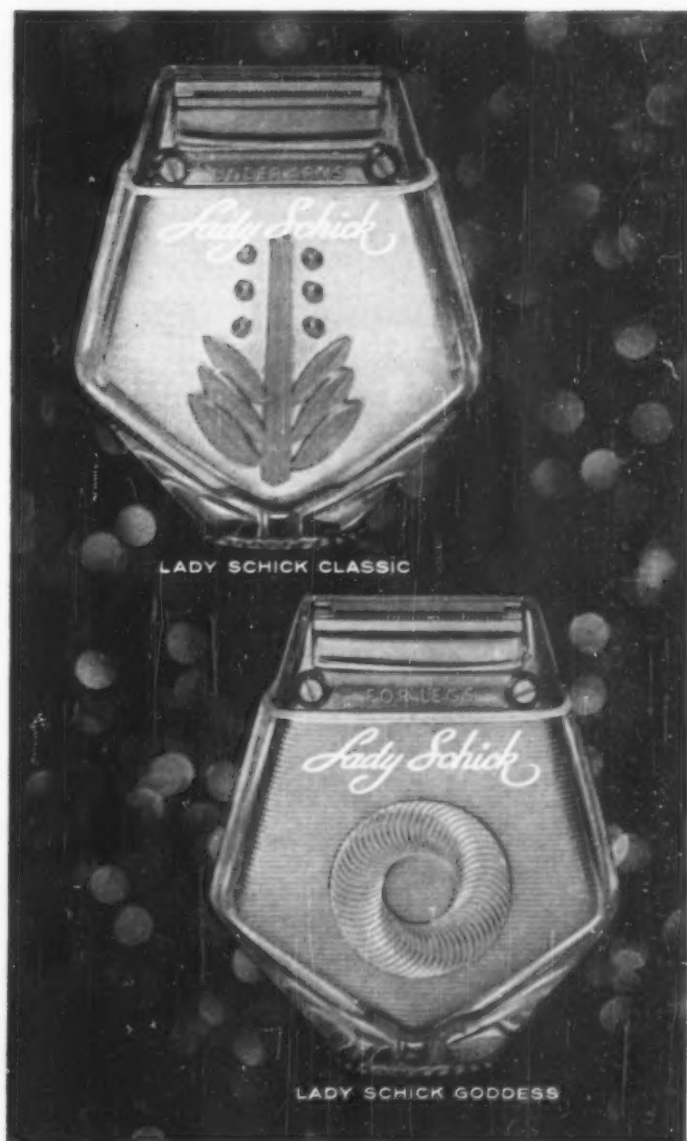
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Backstage at Ottawa

WITH BLAIR FRASER



Can politics compete with Howdy Doody?

At a cost of more than a hundred thousand dollars the CBC will give everybody a box seat at the Conservative convention this month. All but one of its public sessions will be televised. But now that the great moment is approaching, Liberals as well as Conservatives are wondering uneasily whether television at a leadership convention will do good or harm to a Canadian political party.

Liberals are interested because the pattern worked out between the CBC and the Conservatives will become the standard pattern for national conventions (regular biennial meetings, like the CCF's, don't count). It is no small addition to the famous Liberal luck that the Conservatives have the task of breaking trail in this unexplored and treacherous wilderness.

They are not worried about the first two afternoon sessions, because politics will not then be displacing any regular TV programs; CBC television will merely start earlier than usual. Those who are interested may watch, and those who are not have no grievance.

It's Thursday evening and Friday afternoon that cause the politicians to bite their fingernails.

Fairness demands that all candidates for party leadership get the same treatment. If one speaks to an evening TV audience, all must speak, and so also for their nominators and seconders. This could mean that an evening of television variety—from Fireside Theatre to

Alfred Hitchcock—would be replaced by three solid hours of unrelieved oratory. And if that seems a dubious attraction to an English-speaking audience, think what it might do to the Quebec vote on the French network.

Thursday is the big hurdle so far as the electors of 1957 are concerned. Friday raises even graver misgivings, but these concern the voters of 1965 and 1969. On Friday the CBC will start its telecast in time to get the result of the first ballot, continue through subsequent ballots if any, and then carry the acceptance speech of the new party leader. This will almost certainly blot out Howdy Doody, and might even go on long enough to unhorse Roy Rogers. Would the children's resentment fade as the years go by? Or would their hatred of the offending politicians be indelible?

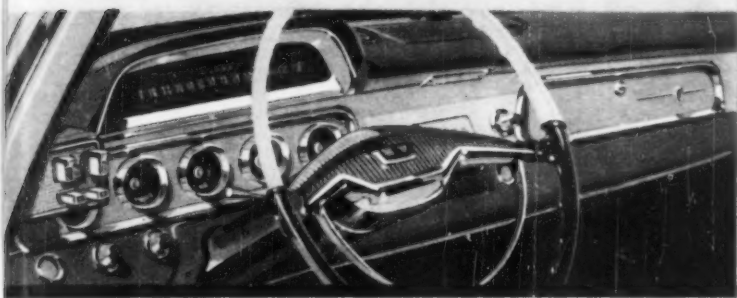
As the Conservatives and the CBC wearily hammered out the details of this colossal ten-hour show, someone suggested a way to cover the cost without burdening the taxpayer:

"See if the Liberal Party would like to sponsor the program at regular commercial rates."

Any week now, the Royal Commission on Broadcasting will be finishing its report on TV problems much broader and graver than the coverage of a convention. Translation and printing will take so long that the report may not be published before continued on page 123



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Women?



NATHAN STEINBERG
supermarket executive

"With women, women can't stop talking. With men, they clam up."



MADAME RENEE VAUTELET
women's leader

"Women hinder women more than do men in their fight for freedom."



MISS ANNE HAMILTON
personnel executive

"I hope women never become superior to men."



MRS. L. M. BALDWIN
housewife

"Women are more comfortable with men today."



DR. MARION HILLIARD
gynecologist and author

"Women's values are distorted by too much emphasis on sex."



DR. REVA GERSTEIN
psychologist

"We've tarnished the concept of motherhood and bringing up children."



MISS E. W. LOOSLEY
editor and educator

"Women are in retreat."



DR. ASHLEY MONTAGU
anthropologist

"Women are superior to men."

Eight articulate and distinguished people take a new look at a highly controversial sex at the most controversial time in its history

A MACLEAN'S PANEL DISCUSSION

Throughout this century of abrupt and dramatic change, nothing has changed faster than men's ideas about women and women's ideas about themselves. Not long ago most public discussion of women as women began and ended with the ancient realities of sex, motherhood and housekeeping. Today, even the most reactionary male has come, however reluctantly, to understand that woman is much more than a wife, a parent or a privileged domestic. She may be all those things and still be mayor of a large city, a diplomat, senator, president of a multi-million-dollar corporation, a mining prospector, engineer, scientist, labor leader or even cab driver or professional wrestler.

The periodic reassessment of woman's place and future in society is as old as society itself. In the next few pages such a reassessment is undertaken, at the invitation of Maclean's Magazine, by a highly articulate group of people who have devoted much time and much

Continued on next page



What about WOMEN? continued

If women work harder than men, why do men die younger?

Were women happier before they gained their freedom?

Are men
jealous because
they can't
bear
children?

DR. ASHLEY MONTAGU



Dr. Montagu: Yes, and this is not merely a theory. It can be verified. Anthropologists have often found it to be true in their studies of primitive societies. Psychoanalysts often learn about it from their patients on the couch.

Mrs. Vautelet: I don't think they actually want to bear children. They'd only like to know they could.

Dr. Hilliard: I think men are definitely jealous of women's ability to bear children. I have noted in some men an abnormal curiosity and desire to participate in the birth of their children. This group shows more than the husband's normal anxiety about the birth. They must be right there all the time, share in everything. They're very difficult to deal with.

Dr. Montagu: In some societies the husband actually goes to bed too at the time of the wife's confinement.

Dr. Hilliard: We have a few of those too.

Dr. Gerstein: . . . But the man has counterbalancing advantages. True, he can't bear the child but he works and earns money to support him. Our society places such great importance on this bread-winning role of the husband that I think it's difficult to say whether or not he seeks the actual biological ability to bear the children.

thought, in a great variety of ways, to the changing status of the more controversial half of the human race. The members of the panel, who gave their views and opinions to Editor Ralph Allen and Assistant Editor Sidney Katz in the course of a four-hour discussion, were:

Dr. Ashley Montagu, Princeton, N.J., anthropologist, and author of the well-known book, *The Natural Superiority of Women*.

Dr. Marion Hilliard, Canadian gynecologist and obstetrician, who, in the course of her lengthy practice, has shared the problems of thousands of young mothers and has latterly written on the subject in a widely read series of articles in *Chatelaine*.

Dr. Reva Gerstein, who besides being a psychologist and president of the National Council of Jewish Women, is the mother of two children.

Mrs. Renée Vautelet, former head of the Canadian Association of Consumers, who for many years has been active in promoting women's rights.

Nathan Steinberg, who as vice-president of Steinberg's Limited, a large chain of food supermarkets in eastern Canada, has studied the habits and preferences of millions of women.

Miss Anne Hamilton, who as director of the employment service of Underwood Limited has helped thousands of women with their job problems.

Miss E. W. Loosley, editor of *Food for Thought*, the publication of the Canadian Association for Adult Education, and a co-author of the much-quoted book on living patterns of an urban Canadian community, *Crestwood Heights*.

Mrs. L. M. Baldwin, housewife and mother of two children, who also finds time to serve as an official of the Young Women's Christian Association while running her home.

As the editors had anticipated, the panel members

PHOTOS BY HORST ERICHT



Members of Maclean's panel, clockwise from the left: Dr. Marion Hilliard, Mrs. L. M. Baldwin, Nathan Steinberg, Miss Anne Hamilton, Ralph Allen, editor of Maclean's, Sidney Katz, assistant editor, Mme. Renée Vautelet, Dr. Ashley Montagu, Miss E. W. Loosley, Dr. Reva Gerstein.

found no agreed or conclusive answers to any of the many questions raised. They did provide stimulating and often conflicting views on many facets of women's present status and likely future.

On the whole, the panelists thought that women today were happier than they were a generation ago, but with some qualifications: modern woman is "in a state of turmoil," "not at peace with herself" and "in conflict." One of the causes of the conflict is that too much is demanded of her. She's expected to be gracious, beautiful, a desirable sex object, keep a clean house, mind the children and take part in community life. "Young mothers today are tired and overworked," Dr. Gerstein said. It was agreed that men and women are more comfortable with each other than they used to be. One panelist, Mrs. Vautelet, said flatly: "You can't appeal to a man through his intelligence. You have to work through his emotions." Dr. Montagu advanced the theory that one of the causes of friction between the sexes was man's jealousy of women because he can't bear children. Other panel members agreed with him.

Most panelists joined in a demand for better working conditions in the home. Dr. Montagu doubted if the average male could survive the housewife's routine: sixteen hours of work a day, seven days a week, for years at a stretch. Husbands as a class were ticked off for not giving their wives more money; governments were criticized for not spending more tax money on programs that would make women's life in the home easier. Surprisingly, it was felt by some panel members that women are hindering women in their fight for equal rights more than men are hindering them. Women, from all the evidence, seem to eschew politics as a means of im-

The men women marry— are they really men or children?

MME. RENÉE VAUTELET



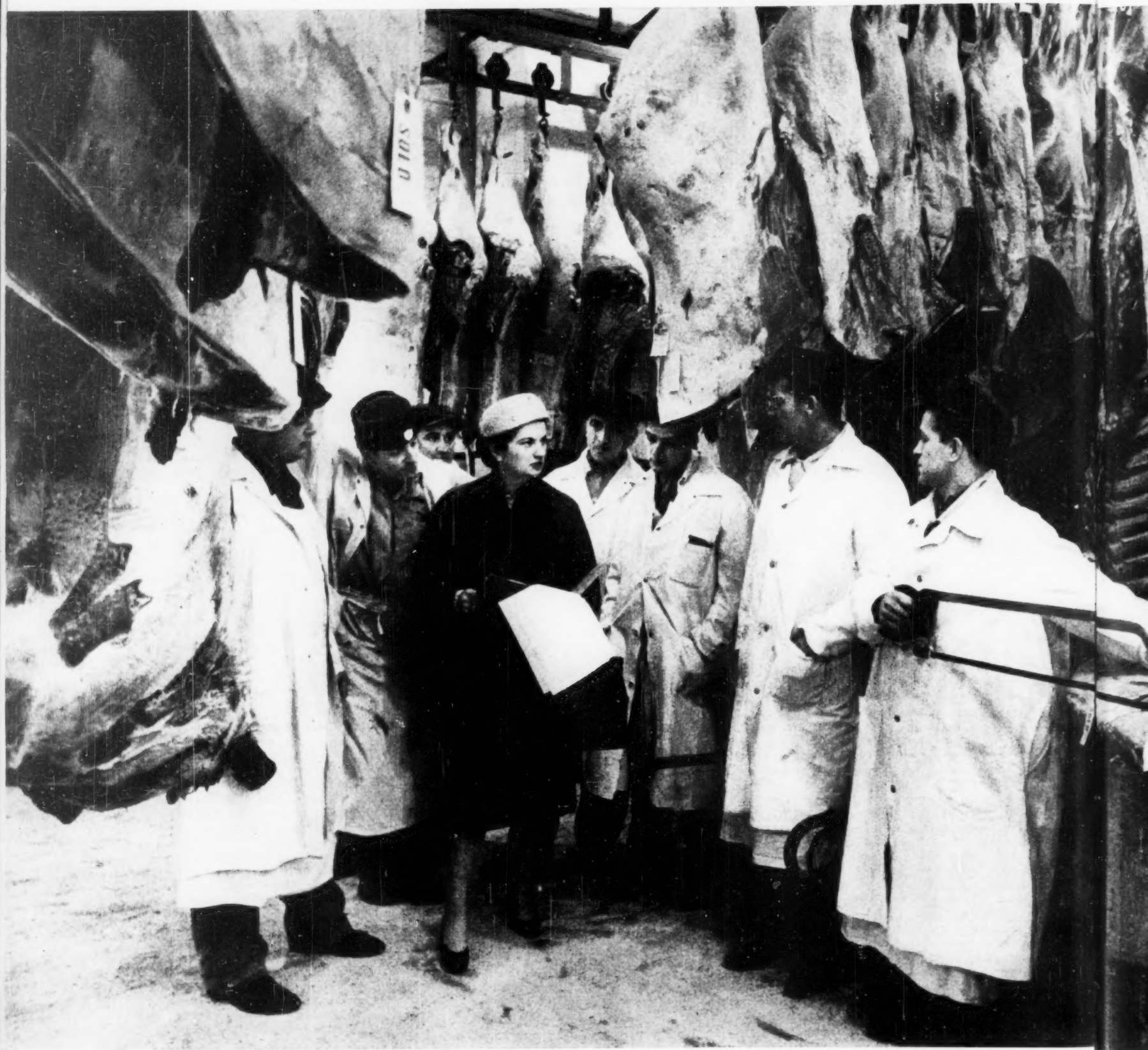
Mme. Vautelet: Today too many women find themselves married to men who are not mature; they are like sons rather than husbands. Women have to keep them happy by humoring them, coddling them, lying to them. As the modern woman becomes more adult herself she's going to refuse to accept this kind of mate. It's already happening. For instance:

In one city I know a brilliant woman married to a brilliant man. She earns more than he does, has received more recognition in her field than he has in his. Because of jealousy, he frequently belittles her in private and public. She said to me, "What chance has my marriage for success? If I keep on humoring him and allow him to sound off, I'll slowly learn to despise him—as you despise anybody who wants to claim prestige without earning it. Or I can ask him to put up or shut up—demand that he be superior instead of just talking about it. Or I can break him by pointing out all his weaknesses and undermining his self-confidence. In this event, he'll hate me for the rest of his life."

This is the second case of this kind I've run across recently. Within twenty years they'll be common. Women will demand, more and more, full adult attitudes from their men.

This article continues on page 108

To meet a remarkable woman in a remarkable job turn the page ►



Meet Huguette Plamondon, who looks like

almost anything except what she is — the boss of 25 packinghouse unions in Quebec and the Maritimes.

But she's even gone to jail proving she can do the job as well as any man

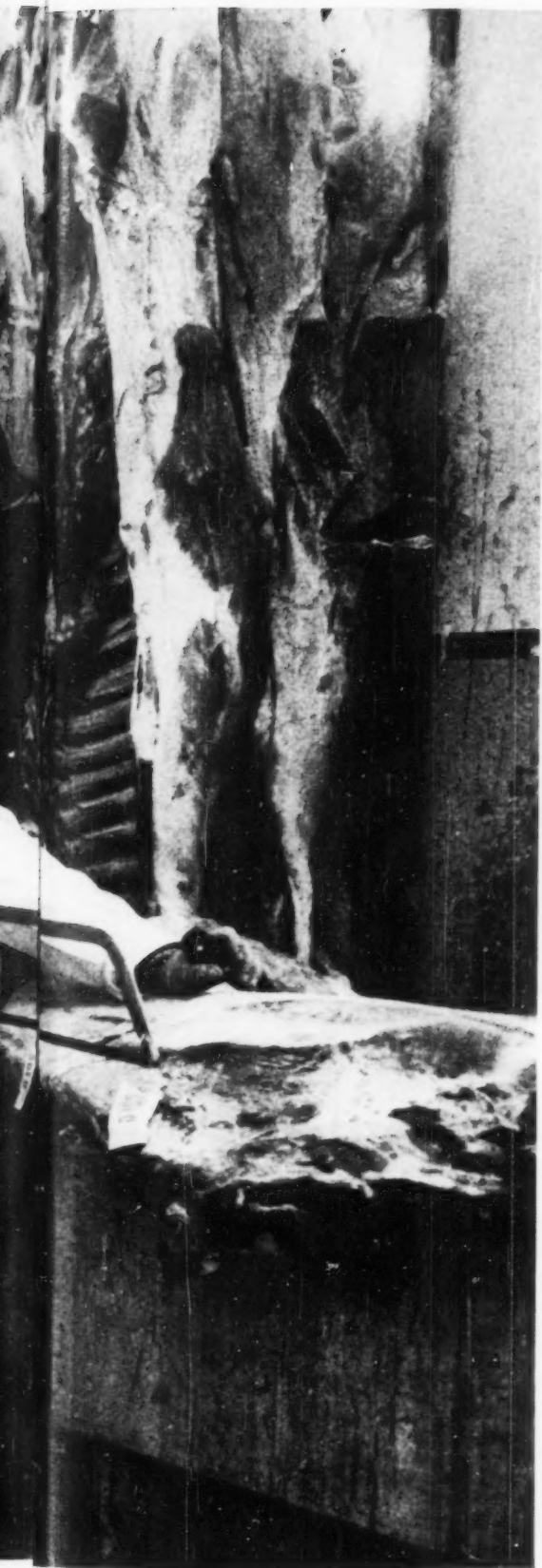


PHOTO BY BASIL ZAROV

The lady is a LABOR LEADER

By Dorothy Sangster

If television's John Daly is ever at a loss for someone to stump his panel of experts on *What's My Line?*, an exotic young lady from Montreal called Huguette Plamondon can surely qualify.

What panelist, faced with a shapely brunette in heavy costume jewelry and four-inch heels, would dream she was a labor leader who had spent ten years of her life walking picket lines, distributing pamphlets, organizing meat-packing plants, talking back to policemen and being hauled off to jail? Who could imagine Huguette's "line" to be vice-president of the newly organized Canadian Labor Congress, president of the Montreal Labor Council, and field representative for the United Packinghouse Workers of America?

Miss Plamondon's election to the CLC executive last spring made her the first woman to hold such a position. When she defeated R. J. (Doc) Lamoreux, a veteran representative of the steelworkers, she proved once more—to her own satisfaction, at least—that any work men can do, a woman can do just as well, if not better.

This kind of evidence is important to Huguette, who's been fighting for equality of the sexes all her life.

When she was a child of twelve nothing got her dander up like having to iron her brothers' shirts, without a please or thank you, simply because she was a girl.

"Unfair! Unfair!" she muttered over her ironing board.

When she was twenty she yearned to become a lawyer, but her father could see no sense in educating a girl for the courtroom when she ought to be thinking of marriage and babies.

"Unfair!" Huguette raged, but it was clear she'd have to pull herself up by her bootstraps if she wanted to amount to anything.

Today, Papa Plamondon's little daughter, thirty years old and still unmarried, has done just that. Besides her new position, which requires her to supervise all Quebec affiliates of the Canadian Labor Congress, Huguette handles what many labor leaders have called "a man's job in a tough field"—organizing and servicing the twenty-five unions of the packinghouse industry in Quebec and the Maritimes. On an equal footing and on equal salaries (\$5,000 a

year), she and Romeo Mathieu, a shrewd and magnetic labor leader who used to be her boss, listen to grievances, sit on arbitration boards and negotiate contracts on behalf of four thousand members of UPWA, the major union in the food industry in Canada. Today, most Canadian meat-packing plants and slaughterhouses are organized. UPWA has a master agreement with the big three of the industry (Swift's, Canada Packers and Burns) and smaller firms usually follow where the big three lead. However, UPWA's targets include various other food-distribution plants (flour and cereal, canning, biscuits, tea and coffee), as yet largely unorganized. It's the task of UPWA field representatives to get these plants into the fold.

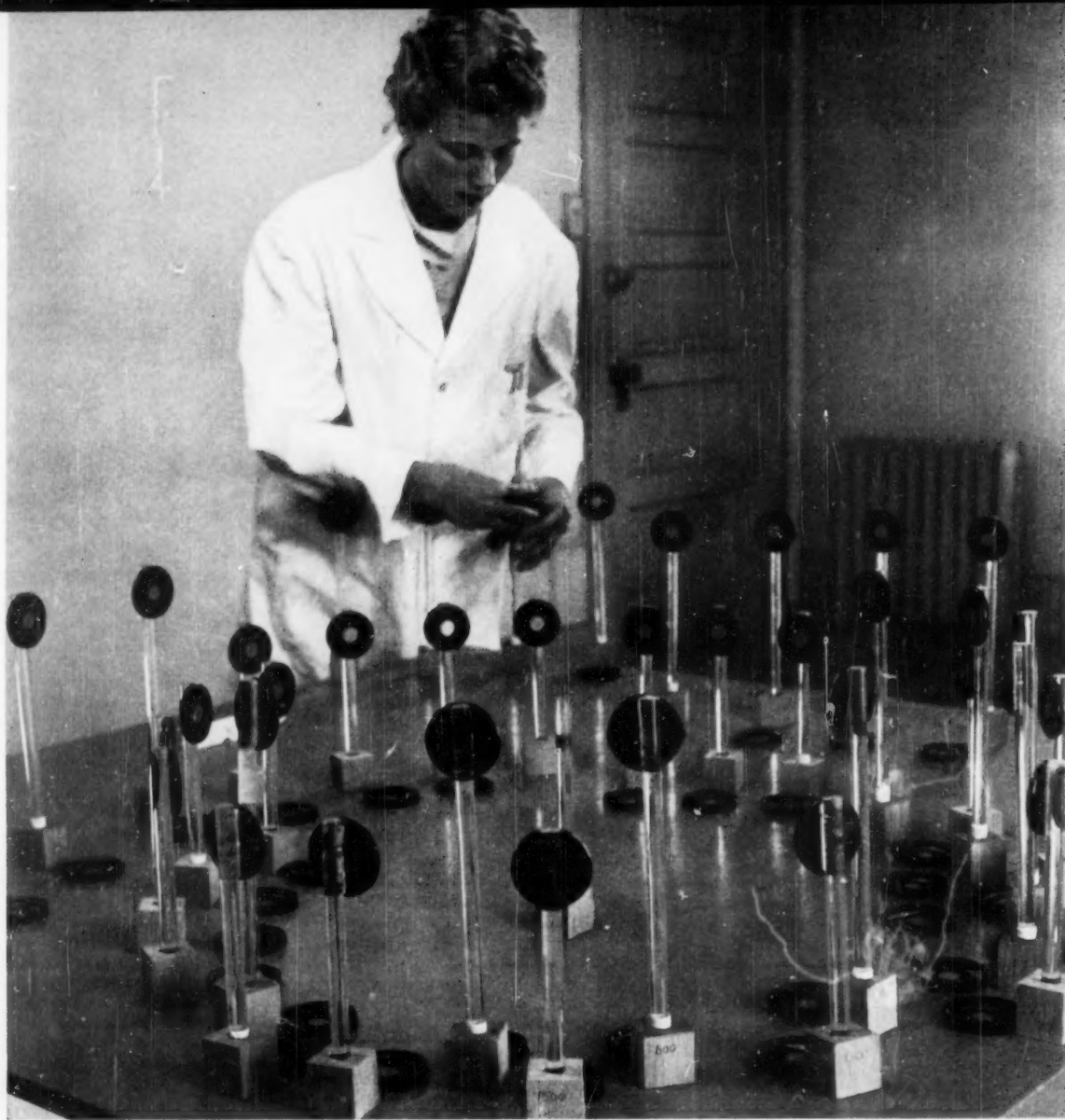
Most of Huguette's time is spent listening to other people's troubles. Five days a week she chases from one plant to another in the Montreal area looking into grievances, real and imagined. Mill Street, an odorous avenue in Point St. Charles containing two meat-packing plants, two slaughterhouses, a flour mill, a foundry and a charcoal plant, is more familiar to her than the comfortable apartment in residential Montreal she shares with her married brother.

Her day usually starts at seven, when she snatches a bite to eat and drives off in her green 1954 Oldsmobile. Destination: some UPWA local in trouble.

A recent Tuesday, for instance, found her on her way to a plant where the foreman had ordered workers to carry a load of six cartons instead of their usual four. The workers complained it was impossible.

"If it's impossible, don't do it or you'll make it possible," Huguette had already advised them by telephone. "On the other hand, if it is possible, do it with good grace."

But now she had to size up the situation herself. Were six cartons too heavy for a worker to carry? Could he see where he was going with such an armful? Were the floors icy? Might he slip and hurt himself? Talking to employees and watching them on the job, she was convinced that the bulkier load was a safety hazard. Later in the morning, accompanied by a grievance committee, she presented her point of view to management, who in turn presented their side of the story—the six- continued on page 100



ATOMIC WATCHDOG: Every Canadian atomic worker wears a film-strip badge like these—checked periodically for danger signs.

How serious is the threat of radiation?

By Sidney Katz

Bombarded by X rays and rays from TV tubes, watch dials, car panels and H-bomb tests, we are constant targets of radioactivity. What is it doing to us—and future generations?

Here are some disturbing facts

Within the last decade that most puzzled of all creatures in all history—the twentieth-century human being—has been confronted with a riddle nearly as fundamental as the riddle of the universe: what does atomic energy mean to his race? What does it mean to him as an individual? What—and this part of the riddle may be the hardest of all to guess—what does it mean to his children and their children?

At the polar extremes the answers now seem fairly simple. If we go on making bombs and begin dropping them on each other we shall destroy what passes for civilization. If we harness the atom for peaceful use we may build Utopia.

But more and more people have begun to realize that the ultimate answer to the riddle of the atom may not lie at either extreme. It may lie in a no-man's land of undiscovered mysteries—the area of so-called harmless radiation and so-called beneficial radiation and its effect on health and evolution. More and more authorities have begun to fear that the dangers of radiation lie not only in the ultimate horror of fall-out from a bomb but from the careless use of X rays, luminous paints and industrial and medical isotopes.

The awareness of these still half-hidden dan-

gers has emerged so urgently that they became a key issue in the recent U. S. election campaign when Adlai Stevenson called for an end to H-bomb tests. Scientists, as well as politicians, still disagree on the extent of the danger. Dr. Ralph Lapp, one of the best-known atomic physicists in the U. S., says fragments of bomb debris from the Pacific tests are now turning up in the bones of people all over the world and can cause bone cancer. An equally prominent physicist, Dr. Gordon M. Dunning, of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission, says the point at which the tests will present a real threat to mankind is far off.

We are constantly being bombarded by X-ray machines, fluoroscopes, luminous-dialed watches, clocks and car instrument panels, and television tubes. The newest source of radioactivity—and ultimately the greatest source of danger—is the radioactive isotopes, such as are produced by Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. at Chalk River, Ont. Radioisotopes are already being used in a hundred different ways in medicine, research and industry.

Are we already suffering from too much radiation? Has radiation irrevocably damaged our unborn descendants by attacking our genes? How can we protect ourselves from too much radiation? These are questions now occupying the attention of many scientists. They are aware that, potentially, radiation is the most serious public-health problem that has ever confronted mankind, for not only can radiation kill people now living, it can maim and injure, through inheritance, millions yet unborn.

In explaining the hazards of radiation, a good starting place would be to introduce the term roentgen, or "r" in abbreviated form. It's the unit used for measuring radiation received by a human being. A simplified yardstick is that it requires 625 roentgens to redden your skin. A massive dose of 500 roentgens at one time over the whole body can kill a person in days or weeks. If a person receives a large dose to his whole body in small installments over many years, it won't kill him immediately, but, much later, it may lead to anemia, cancer, sterility or premature death. For *radiation doses are cumulative*. Every roentgen absorbed by any animal body stays there and piles up through the years.

But perhaps the most chilling aspect of radiation is that it does genetic damage. Roentgens change human genes so that the descendants of the exposed person may be born defective. And the damage may continue for forty generations. Children of exposed parents may be born with lowered resistance to disease, with mental defects, dwarfism, hemophilia, leukemia or congenital blindness. Some scientists have suggested that in several generations a new race of scarcely human creatures may emerge.

How much radiation is required to do genetic damage? Our most authoritative answers come from two distinguished groups, the U. S. National Academy of Sciences and the British Medical Research Council. By coincidence, both issued long reports on radiation hazards in June 1956. They emphasized that "all radiation is genetically harmful" and that "the only really safe number of roentgens is zero." However, they set ten roentgens to the reproductive glands as the maximum dose that the average person should receive by his thirtieth birthday. They estimated that if the average dose were to be increased to somewhere between 30 and 80 roentgens, the number of defective children born in the future would double.

In calculating genetically harmful radiation scientists are chiefly interested in the number of roentgens that reach the reproductive glands. In all X-ray examinations at least some radiation will get through to these glands. For instance, in a dental X ray that beams five roentgens to the mouth about 5/1000 roentgens get through. In the examination of the **continued on page 115**



ATOMIC DETECTIVE: Radioactive rays fired at tank show in film if the welds are faulty.



ATOMIC DENTIST: X rays show tooth decay. Do they also shorten life and invite disease?

Dangers in disguise . . .

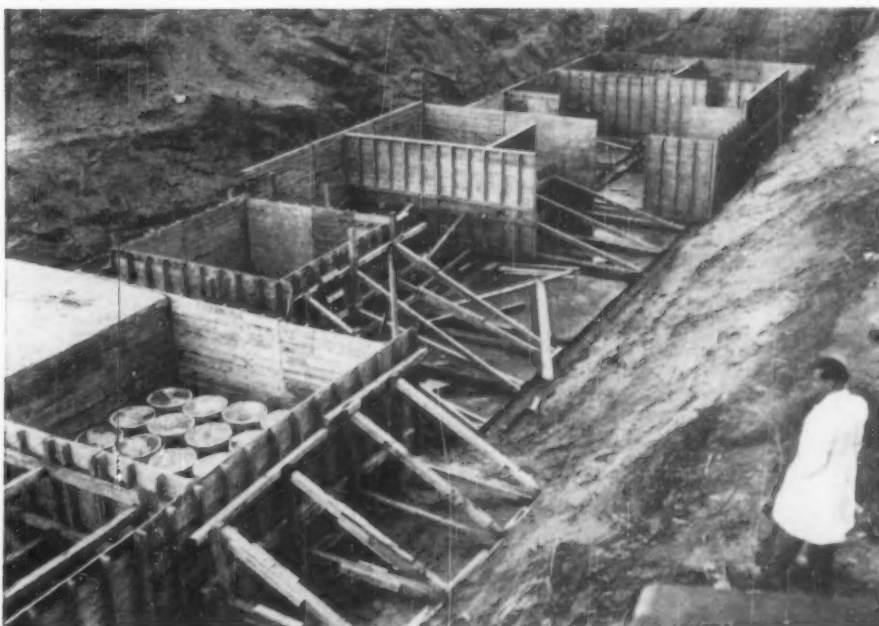
Are we risking our lives using radioactive rays to test

steel, check teeth, fit shoes?

And (below) can we be sure buried atomic waste won't contaminate the earth?



ATOMIC MERCHANT: Fluoroscopes show if shoe fits, but rays can endanger your health.



ATOMIC FUNERAL: At Chalk River we bury waste in cement. Disposal is a growing problem.

This war vet liked to eat so he opened an Italian grocery. To advertise it he broadcast Italian music. That was such a hit he hired a hall for Italian singers and imported Italian movies. In Toronto they call his many-sided business

Johnny Lombardi's kingdom of m

By Richard O'Hagan

A dapper man with a broad smile, long nose and flashing brown eyes bustled into the passenger waiting room from a newly arrived plane at Toronto's Malton airport one day last spring, and was suddenly and violently enveloped in a shouting, agitated crowd of men and women. His arms were pumped, his lapels seized and he was kissed and embraced by greeters of both sexes.

This was not a European matinee idol, the long-lost son of a vast family or an exiled political leader. It was Johnny Lombardi, a 41-year-old grocer who has enterprisingly converted his Italian heritage and Canada's postwar influx of immigrants into a colorful domain founded, as one associate put it, on "movies, music and macaroni."

The airport reception was a paradox in some ways because Lombardi, though he's been a professional Italian of great intensity for almost a decade now, was just getting back from his first visit to the "old country." He was returning, too, with a substantially improved grasp of the Italian language.

Like his tumultuous homecoming, Lombardi's five weeks in Italy had been a minor triumph. The mayor of Naples had given him a reception. He spent several days at the island villa of a wealthy landowner of noble lineage. He appeared on television and he was invited to be a judge at Italy's biggest popular-music festival.

All this was in deference to a man who has conspicuously (and profitably) identified himself with things Italian in a foreign setting. As the producer of two flourishing radio programs known as the Johnny Lombardi Italian Shows, as an importer and distributor of Italian films, as an

impresario of Italian stage and recording artists and as the operator of what he proudly claims is the largest "one hundred percent Italian" food-specialties store in Canada, Lombardi came armed with credentials worthy of attention.

Indeed, his resourceful and single-minded selling of Italian entertainment and foodstuffs has made him an Italian celebrity of the first order. It has also made his name familiar to Canadians who have never been closer to anything Italian than a tin of spaghetti.

One night four years ago during a bleak winter that left many New Canadians jobless, he got a call from a police sergeant who reported that a number of Italian immigrants were preparing to bed down for the night in Toronto's Union Station. What would he do about them? Lombardi was on the point of suggesting the Italian consul or some welfare agency when he thought to ask why he had been called. "Well," said the policeman, "you're the only Italian we know."

His pride of blood stimulated, Lombardi hopped into his station wagon and sped downtown. He made two trips hauling the dozen doleful immigrants back to his store. There he set about slicing salami and ham and laying out bread, cheese and black olives. Several of his hapless guests had not eaten for two days, but that night they feasted well. Lombardi then located sleeping accommodation for them. Two he kept at his own house, giving one a job in his store the next day.

"I'll never forget how grateful those boys were," he recalls. "They weren't complaining. They just wanted a chance to work. I've got a tremendous admiration for them."

Lombardi has his admirers, too. Last Christmas, among a profusion of palatable gifts, he received eighteen bottles of home-made wine. A young immigrant contractor once repaid a favor by arriving unannounced at the Lombardi house and rebuilding the cement walk to the front door.

Two and a half years ago, a rebellious ulcer sent him to hospital. He needed a blood transfusion. A line of volunteers that stretched out into the street from the reception desk of St. Michael's Hospital in downtown Toronto formed in response to an appeal over Lombardi's radio programs—programs that are heard all over southern Ontario, where half of the three hundred thousand people of Italian birth or extraction in Canada are concentrated. This puts most of them within radio hearing of Johnny Lombardi's Italian Shows.

For their edification, and that of anybody else who chances or chooses to tune in, maestro Lombardi every day of the week provides a rich serving of Italian music spiced with commercials underwritten by sponsors that range from a barbers' union to a steamship company.

Lombardi is a man whose enthusiasm and energy apparently know few bounds. He is forever hatching new ideas and he's constantly on the move. He is a sturdy, compact figure, five feet eight and a half inches and 175 pounds, and walks as if bucking a stiff head wind. His black hair, flecked with grey, is perilously thin now, but he often dresses like a collegian—orange-colored pullover sweater, bow tie, blue slacks.

He was well established in both groceries and radio when in 1949 he introduced himself as a sponsor of live entertain- **continued on page 104**



IMPRESARIO LOMBARDI

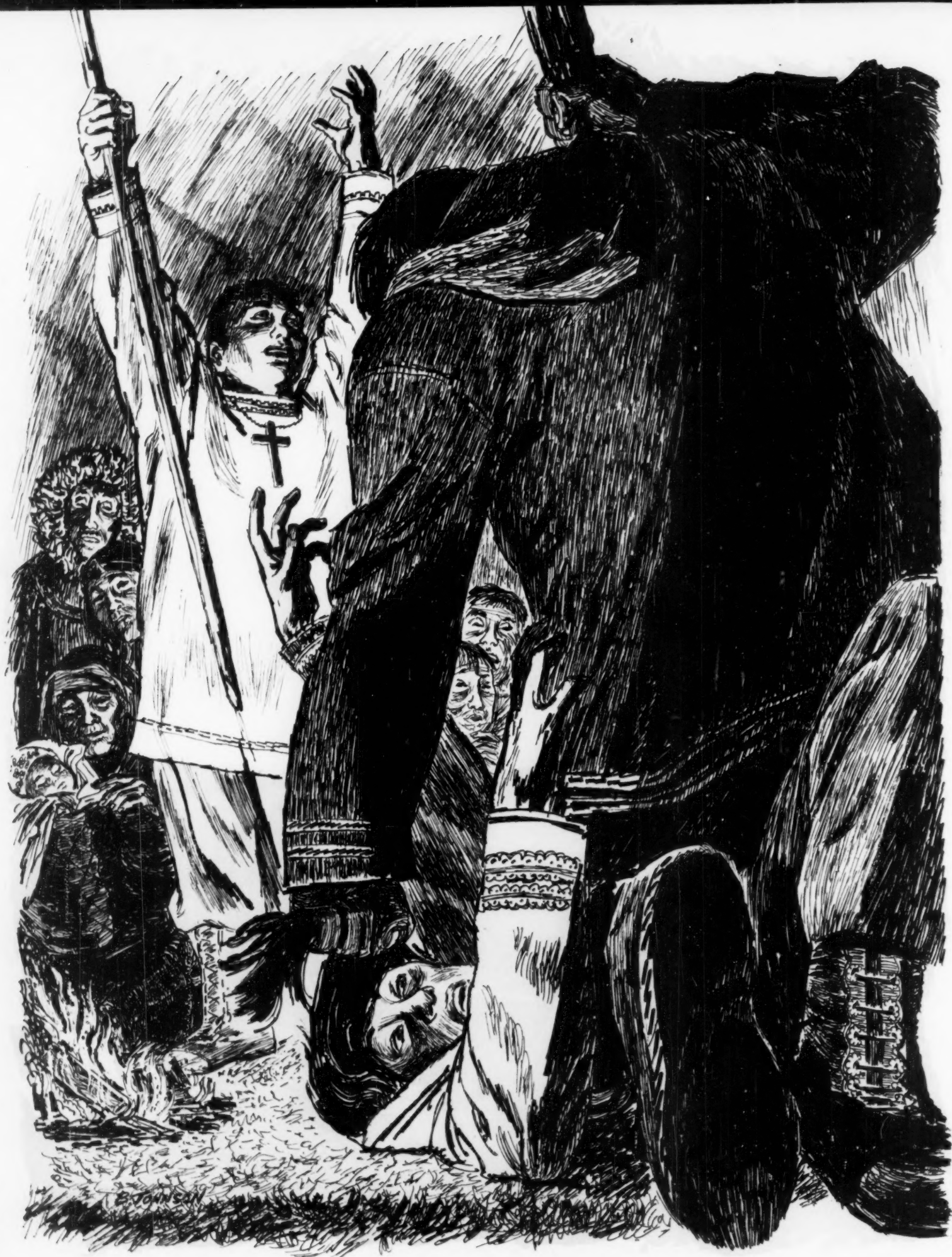
basks in the attentions of Italian singers Christina Denise (left) and Daniella Floriana whom he imported last fall for his Italian Festival of Song. Selling tickets in his grocery store, he packed Toronto's Massey Hall for four nights.

f music and macaroni

VICTUALER LOMBARDI

sings the praises of Italian cheese for shoppers in his all-Italian grocery. He also gets lyrical about olives and pasta but has to watch his own diet nowadays after a strenuous bout with ulcers.





In their ecstasy the Eskimos cried, "God! We want God!" Charlie Ouyerack rose. "I am Jesus," he said; then, "Kill her!" for the girl did not believe.

Three Eskimos had already been murdered when word filtered out of the north. Then the Mounties began to unravel the macabre and bloody story of a would-be Messiah and his chain of human sacrifices

The tragic case of the man who played Jesus

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK BY ALAN PHILLIPS

Off the east coast of Hudson Bay a group of islands hump from the sea ice, low, snow-covered, starkly bare. These are the Belchers, scene of the most bizarre and perhaps the most tragic murders ever committed in the north.

Here, in 1941, a strange drama unfolded. In a time of desperation the Eskimos of the islands turned for help to an alien faith they did not understand, and out of their striving for sense and hope produced a false Messiah, nine victims and, perhaps, a Christian martyr.

The first news of this tragedy to reach the outside world was a wireless message from the only white man on the islands, Hudson's Bay Company factor Ernest Riddell. It came into the company's Winnipeg head office on March 13: "THREE MURDERS HAVE BEEN COMMITTED ON BELCHER ISLANDS. ADVISE IMMEDIATE POLICE INVESTIGATION."

The message was relayed at once to Ottawa, to the deputy commissioner of the Northwest Territories, who passed it on to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. But this was wartime and no planes could be hired. Before the force could act a second wire had arrived: "THERE HAVE BEEN MORE MURDERS. COME IMMEDIATELY."

On April 11 a hastily overhauled Norseman landed Inspector D. J. Martin and Corporal W. G. Kerr on the Belchers. Both men had spent years in the north but they had never seen land so bleak. The caribou had left fifty years before. As late as August pack ice surrounded these islands. In all their length and breadth, ninety-one by fifty-one miles, there was not a solitary stunted tree. Even moss and cranberry bushes grew in only a few secluded areas. Soil blew away as fast as it formed. There were only the seals, the fish, and the ducks and geese that bred in the shallow lakes in multitudes to feed and clothe some forty Eskimo families.

These facts, the investigators found, were relevant to the case. These islands, the icebound reefs, the long dark winter, the scarceness of game, the influence of the white man on the way the Eskimo thinks—in this complex situation the motivations were rooted.

By April 15 the two Mounties had most of the

killers in custody and arrangements had been made to bring in the others. Then, caught by the spring breakup, they abandoned their plane and returned to the capital by dog team, canoe, railway handcar and train. Here they reported the fantastic details.

It had begun with Charlie Ouyerack, a small man with the sullen face of a disappointed child. In January 1941, Ouyerack convinced his neighbors that he was Jesus.

He was an unusual Eskimo. When he was a boy his father had been murdered. He had never outgrown his sense of helplessness, loss and resentment. Now, at twenty-seven, he had not the self-sufficiency so characteristic of his

people who, finding nature outside themselves uncontrollable, have evolved toward control of their inner nature. He had some of the traits of the white man, rare in an Eskimo: he sometimes struck his children, envied other men's skills, coveted their women and spoke less than the whole truth. Confronted by the cruelty or indifference of the elements, he gave way at times to panic or anger. And since he could not respect himself, he practiced self-deceit and craved the respect of others.

Charlie Ouyerack was clever and imaginative. He claimed mastery of the trance by which medicine men project their souls through the ether to locate caribou. continued on page 119



Key figures in 1941 Belcher Islands murders were Peter Sala and his sister Mina. Sala posed as God, another Eskimo, Ouyerack, as Christ. Mina went mad and led naked women and children on the ice where six died.

The comic whose best jokes are on the house



Paul Kligman makes a good living on the stage but,
as master of the Jewish joke, he works overtime for nothing . . .
just to hear his friends laugh. Have you heard
his latest about The Day The Bread Fell Buttered Side Up?

BY BARBARA MOON

PHOTOS BY PAUL ROCKETT

Theatrical parties are notorious showcases for parlor tricks in which all present seek to outdo each other. But at current Toronto theatrical parties, if a man named Paul Kligman says, "I've got a new one about Levy and Bernstein," the other actors are apt to abandon the imitation of the circus barker or the Singing Parrot bit and listen.

Levy and Bernstein, it seems, are sitting over their teacups, saying nothing. At last Levy breaks the silence. "You know, Bernstein," he says, "life is like a glass of tea."

"Life is like a glass of tea . . . why?" asks Bernstein.

"How should I know?" says Levy. "Am I a philosopher?"

Paul Kligman himself is an actor—an actor, moreover, who can't help entertaining even when

he isn't being paid for it. A beefy young man with features as pliable as raw bagel dough, he tells his jokes lovingly. His dark eyes pucker. An expression of innocent glee dimples his cheeks. He shrugs his shoulders and turns out his hands expressively. He tells the one about the noodles:

"Someone asks Motke Chabad, the wag, why are noodles called noodles," he confides to the company. "Motke answers right back: 'What a question to ask! They're long like noodles, aren't they? They're soft like noodles, aren't they? They taste like noodles, don't they? So—Kligman rolls his eyes—why shouldn't they be called noodles?'"

He stops only when his showman's instinct tells him it's time to leave his audience laughing. Just as some people have mice, his associates say, Kligman has Jewish jokes. Consequently they think of him most often as a raconteur. To producers, on the other hand, he's a competent and versatile **continued on page 96**



KLIGMAN TELLS A STORY: A man was eating his black bread and butter when it fell—miracle of miracles—buttered side up . . .



Now he knew that for a poor working man the bread never falls buttered side up. Was it a sign? He decided to ask the rabbi about it.



"What do you mean it fell buttered side up?" said the rabbi. "It never falls buttered side up—especially for the poor working man . . ."



"It's true. I have witnesses. What does it mean?" The rabbi said, "The problem is too big for me. I will call a conclave of all the rabbis."



While the rabbis deliberated, the whole community eagerly awaited their verdict. It must be a sign, for the bread never falls buttered side up.



At last the edict came. The bread did not fall buttered side up. On the contrary, the man had buttered his bread on the wrong side.



A MACLEAN'S \$5,000 NOVEL AWARD

THIS is the story of

Olga



She's naïve
She's beautiful
She's trying to be good
...which can be
hilariously complicated
when you're in love
and half the town
throws
its clothes away

A swift and rollicking story
by **JOHN CORNISH**
with illustrations
by **OSCAR**
begins on next page



Ewanochka, Olga's mysterious neighbor: He silently painted his name on the mailbox—then secretly switched it with Olga's. And it was after that the house blew up.



Olga

knew people talked
but what could a girl do
to prove her innocence
in the strangest
comedy of errors
that ever
made a Mountie blush?

Mrs. Gombov and daughter Dafina: When Olga refused to help thwart Dafina's rival, Mrs. Gombov did what any good Little Brother would do—she went out and set a fire.



Bussey: He found Olga's innocence disturbing to a roving father who wasn't married. **Mrs. Mercer**: She brought a child, and Olga and the town learned the secret of a rake.



Marcelyn: She worked at being beautiful, amused herself with movie magazines, made a home for Olga and dreamed hopefully of the day when her husband would marry her.

At seven-thirty a train porter woke Olga Stepanyskaya in her upper berth.

"Upper nine? Miss? Miss?"

"It's Tansey?"

"Pretty soon now."

"I have time for breakfast, I expect?"

"That's right."

"Porter! You believe in dreams, that is correct?"

"Dreams? I believe in dreams sometimes."

"The good ones?"

"If it's too good, no, miss."

"No? For me, I do not know either. All the same, I dream this dream about a person who beats me, with a whip. I wonder why is that?"

"Maybe you ate something bad."

"And then, it never hurts. But it never hurts in dreams, I think. He was on horseback—he was a Cossack, this person. Then he said—Donald said (he is a real person, his name is Donald)—he said I poisoned him. There was poisoned cake in the dream, you understand."

"I see. You want to watch this fellow Donald, miss."

"But he was right. Oh, I did not put in poison, no; Mama did, and I knew it was there. Mama baked this poison cake because she did not wish the marriage."

"You sure you want breakfast?"

"I want breakfast, yes. I consider you believe in dreams, porter."

"Maybe so, maybe so. You watch Mama too. Young girls, they got a right to marry."

"Oh, Mama is dead—I am with Grandmama. She wishes I am married. I am certain of that."

"You want breakfast, miss, you arise right now."

"Tell me, please, do you consider the colored races must assimilate the white race in the next five thousand years?"

"See here, miss, you jump in your clothes and climb right down my ladder and go get breakfast. I'll put your bag in the corridor."

"But you have an opinion, all the same?"

"The boy in the next car, he's been to college. You ask him."

"I ask you."

"Another time, miss, another time. I got my laundry to count. I'm a busy man. Excuse me . . ."

continued on next page

The Harbottles: The Colonel and his wife were perfect in Olga's eyes, and the handsome Donald was the man she loved. But he was aloof till he became a hero by mistake.



Howard Mercer and Lucy: "I'm rotten," he said as he made love in the orchard. Lucy knew Olga's warnings were true, but she found him irresistible—even with a wife.

Grandmother Stepanyskaya: Her only worry was Olga: her granddaughter was a dreamer: "Always her head in clouds. One day she will fall in lake. Splash! No more Olga."



Madge Harbottle: She was Donald's madcap kid sister and Olga's friend. She collected dragonflies, liked dogs better than men and thought secrets were "absolutely wiz."



Olga said:



"I do not understand these crazy things."
And neither did anyone else -
even the Little Brothers who lit fuses and set fires
weren't sure whose house they'd blow up next -
or why



continued from previous page

In Tansey Junction the train was expected at nine; at seven forty-five a maidservant woke Bussey, bringing him in tea and thin toast.

His chest was uncovered and the maid's gaze settled on its triangle of hair; because he believed it the custom of American young men, Charles Bussey slept without night clothes. Sudden possibilities suggested themselves to him. Watching her under prickly eyebrows, seeking to catch her eye, he swelled his chest with a deep intake of air—but she looked on blankly, unmoved. There was nothing doing; Charles Bussey might heave and wheeze with passion but the maid who hovered over him by the bed table was thinking about her tip.

And then somehow it seemed all the time Bussey had no more than stared out the window. "Yes. Thank you." His voice was faraway, the voice of a man who has stared out his window but is rapidly collecting his wits. "Yes—and I

think in about twenty minutes I'll take a bath," he said.

The maid said, why not? The bath along the hall was free.

"Yes, well, you might draw it for me."

"It's not my job."

"My dear . . . to oblige."

"It's not my job."

He reddened. "Oh. Then get out."

"I'm not your valet."

"Get out, get out, GET OUT!"

The door slammed and he was left alone with his pounding heart. He lay still, telling himself to keep his mind off them.

When presently he felt better he did his morning exercises; then he stood before the dormer for his deep breathing. He breathed deeply and looked out over the empty lake. He saw nothing; he was not much interested in the outdoors. As he stood there he did, however, become pleasantly

aware of a morning freshness, a smell of mountain evergreens in his room.

He returned to bed and breakfast. Perhaps he smelled furniture wax, he thought, climbing back in bed; and true, everything to be seen did shine waxily—the hotel room was sixty years out of date, and yet shining-new; everything was embalmed in wax, all the sturdy pieces of another age's design, another age's standard of comfort. He thought, this must be what the old boy saw, skipping out on Mother and me—hotel rooms just like this.

He finished his Spartan breakfast and wondered whether to ask the insolent chambermaid for shaving water. He padded across the room, stooped to the yellowing square above the washstand jug where he examined his stubble. The pepper-and-salt hairs of his chin disgusted him. He wished his stubble away, so that, in his mind's eye, he instantly saw himself soaped, scraped, perfumed,

continued on next page



Bussey's hungry eyes rested on Olga across the coffee-bar table, and he smiled. "My dear," he asked, "is it still a secret?" Olga fidgeted. "You pretend," she complained.



Olga *continued*

a lean and wolfish man of distinction, and under fifty. The mirror gave him yellow jaundice, and he wished the jaundice away too.

He poured out some cold water and shaved.

Now was his time of day to think seriously about hair dye. It may have been the strange room that banished customary meditations; whatever the cause, he presently found himself thinking romantically of the insolent chambermaid instead. But he decided her broad lymphatic face meant Siwash blood, and after that he tried *not* to think of her. . . . A Siwash! There you were—all your life you felt attracted at the wrong time, in the wrong place, by the wrong woman. He patted tale on his jaw and once again reminded himself to keep his mind off them.

He measured himself a bracer, then sat in a tragic attitude in his bathrobe on the edge of the bed, his door ajar, breathing out cigarette smoke and awaiting his turn. He listened for the gurgle of bathwater along the hall. Each time the maid of Indian blood passed in the corridor, their eyes met and both scowled.

Bath over, and dressed, he went downstairs, a warm rich wave of breakfast smells—cereals and syrups, sausages and kippers and eggs and bacon—meeting him as he descended. He fought his way past and across the lobby, and threw his raglan cape-fashion about his shoulders and strode out to the railway platform.

Here was Tansey Junction, the station-hotel, train installations, the stationmaster's frame house in railway colors, some tracks branching away, Tansey Lake. The platform was empty, the lake was smooth, the air was perfumed with spring. It all had a charm of sorts, thought Bussey, looking around, actor's nostrils flared, but the Jerry prisoners had probably been right about it. No, give him California, give him lots of people, a hot climate, skyscraper cities, crowded bars with chic women.

Then, obeying the exile's inner voice, he paced

the platform. Bussey never questioned this inner voice (it came to him in the accents of one or another eminent British actor). Once, only once, had it misled him: when the Hitler war began, it dictated he race up from California to enlist. Too late he discovered his age precluded service overseas, and he spent his war guarding German prisoners in northern Ontario. An ambiguous status below the border had not inconvenienced him before 1939. When, however, he overstayed his 1945 American visa, this time the authorities found him, deported him, debarred him for life. It was a bitter blow. That he might be alien in the eyes of the consul at Vancouver seemed natural enough, but that southern California shared the stuffy attitude was preposterous. Someone had blundered; and the consul at Vancouver, the immigration border posts, little by little had assumed in his mind the aspect of natural obstacles, like mountain ranges, that posed a challenge to his skill and manhood.

Far off in the mountain gorges a train sounded its bugle. He paid the overnight bill and visited the spaniel in the luggage room, where he stood watching frantic tokens of love, his mind on Portland, Oregon. It would be pleasant to walk out on Marcelyn, he thought. The trouble was that though Immigration might fail, without a doubt Marcelyn would discover where he'd gone; he pictured her interrogating every sporting man between Nome and Sunset Boulevard. Dogs had been known to home right across a continent and he thought it exactly the spiteful form one might expect of Marcelyn. With no actual marriage bond these eighteen years, no mortgaged dream house, probably his own person represented home to her.

He flinched at the thought. By heaven! it made a man sick.

He stood among little islands of freight, staring at the spaniel and twisting his face in grotesque shapes, for in anguished moments Charles Bussey ground the fringe of his mustache between his teeth; and meantime the train rolled in, rattling window glass and darkening the doorway.

The platform filled with life. Bussey, roving again, groaned involuntarily as he recognized his daughter's friend, Olga Stepanyskaya, step down. His groan was his salute to innocence; he always groaned. Twenty years back this specter of innocence might have swept him into marriage, he reflected; and what were the odds? He was pondering odds when stopped short by a face, a look—it glared out at him from a windowpane.

He stroked his mustache self-consciously, and

sternly he surveyed the lake. Then he stole a second look at what was his own image, then strode off to overtake his daughter's friend.

"Muttering and twitching. Did you notice?"

Curious glances lapped over him, comment rippled in his wake; travelers noticing Charles Bussey in nervous agitation on the platform may have thought him touched; a young mother, adjusting her child's harness buckles, looked up, alarmed, while he bore down on her. He glanced briskly at the young mother's face, ankles, ring finger with an air of ritual, and cut past, a tall poker-back presence, haughty and remote. Walking like a guardsman he overtook the younger girl ahead; he dropped a fatherly hand on her shoulder and the pair disappeared together into the coffee bar, watched by half the platform.

Olga Stepanyskaya was returning from a folk festival and full of it. For five minutes Bussey, tenderly smiling, watched her face and nodded. He didn't listen. Young Peggy Ashcroft, he thought, in something by Chekhov. The Gish sisters of the Twenties? No, no, not the Gish sisters. Presently he asked, "How's your college boy?"

"You ask me this, Mr. Bussey? I do not know. We are not deeply acquainted even, Donald and myself. We are mere strangers."

"Pooh, you're practically engaged, according to Lucy."

Olga always rose to the bait. "What's this nonsense? Nobody is engaged. You pretend this so you embarrass me. That is your wish I expect." She looked away, frowning. She had a young and fresh and solemn face; a single honey-colored braid looped across ear to ear to frame it.

He leaned back amused, his hungry eyes on her. "My dear, is it still a secret?" And he ran on about it and she twisted in her chair, sighed exaggeratedly, turned weary eyes to the ceiling.

But all the while half Bussey's attention was elsewhere, for the young mother of the platform had followed into the coffee bar.

They passed through, the mother and her bow-legged and wobbly charge, to settle against a far line of windows poised above the lake, where walls and fittings were bathed in watery reflections and a mottled bright-dark pattern rocked about the ceiling. Quite a picture, Bussey thought. Pretty in the English pink-and-white fashion, with delicate features. He had never seen her before. His restless eyes roved the room and returned to the young mother. She stared moodily over the lake—a comely lake, hardly *continued on page 34*



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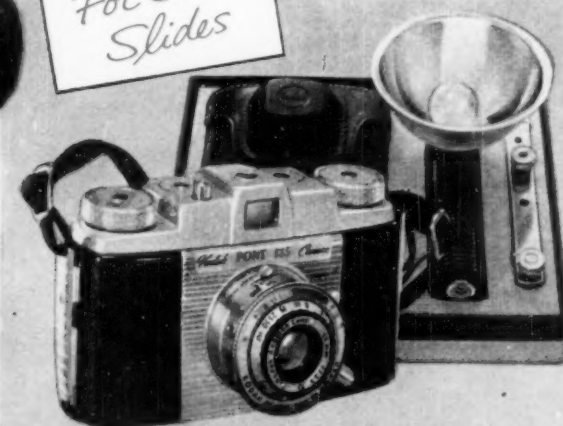
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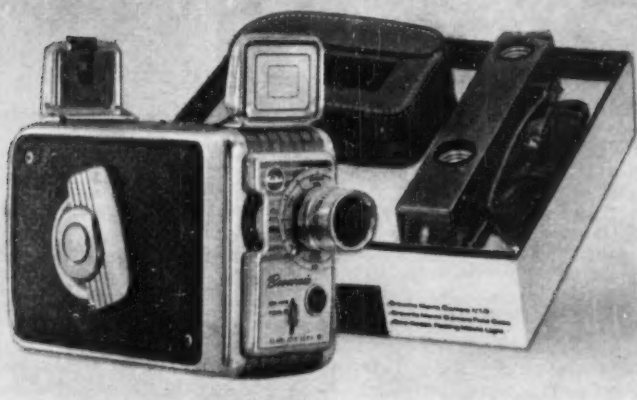


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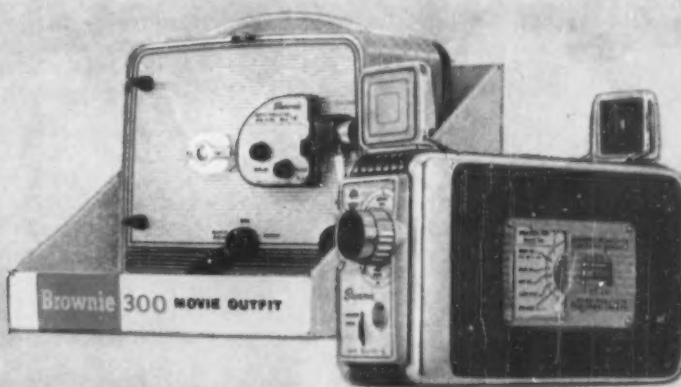


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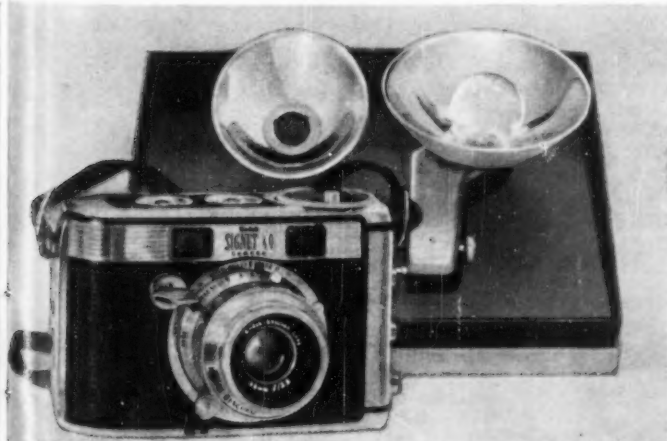
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Friendly Persuasion: A promising screen newcomer named Anthony Perkins does well as a Quaker lad trying to decide whether to defend his home in the Civil War, while his worried mother (Dorothy McGuire) helps him pray for guidance. Corny in spots but funny and warmhearted, this is a pleasant comedy drama for the whole family, with Gary Cooper in fine form as the solemn but fun-loving Quaker father.

The Boss: A crime drama with several powerful scenes in it. However, the whole enterprise is weakened by John Payne's boyishly inadequate portrayal of a ruthless racketeer.

The Opposite Sex: A remake, with music, of *The Women* (1939), a tough catty comedy about divorcees and husband-stealers. The original was better, but the new version is good entertainment. With June Allyson, Joan Collins, Dolores Gray, Ann Sheridan, Leslie Nielsen.

The Ten Commandments: Cecil B. de Mille's vastly expanded remake of his 1923 silent epic takes three hours and thirty-nine minutes to sit through, and the time, for me, often dragged heavily. Its best scenes are staggering in scope and deeply reverent in tone, but few of them carry any emotional impact deeper than might be stirred by a succession of stately Bible posters wired for sound. Some of de Mille's camera "miracles" are convincing, others not. Charlton Heston is a noble figure as Moses. With Yul Brynner, Anne Baxter, Edward G. Robinson, and twenty-five thousand extras.

The Unguarded Moment: Esther Williams performs creditably in her first nonswimming role, as a schoolteacher whose future is threatened by a sex scandal. The story is farfetched in some particulars but holds the interest. Edward Andrews is outstanding as a prim middle-aged psychopath.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

The Ambassador's Daughter: Comedy, Good.
Attack: War drama, Good.
Back From Eternity: Jungle suspense drama, Good.
Bandido: Adventure, Fair.
The Best Things in Life Are Free: Musical biography, Fair.
Bigger Than Life: Drama, Fair.
The Black Tent: Drama, Fair.
Bus Stop: Romantic comedy, Fair.
The Catered Affair: Drama, Good.
Charley Moon: British musical, Poor.
Eyewitness: Suspense, Fair.
The Fastest Gun Alive: Suspense in the West, Good.
Foreign Intrigue: Spy drama, Fair.
French Cancan: Music-drama, Good.
Gold Rush: Chaplin reissue, Excellent.
The Harder They Fall: Drama, Good.
High Society: Musical, Good.
Invitation to the Dance: All-ballet, no-talk musical, Fair.
I've Lived Before: Drama, Poor.
Jacqueline: Irish comedy, Good.
Jubal: Western drama, Good.
The Killing: Crime drama, Excellent.
The King and I: Music-drama, Tops.
A Kiss Before Dying: Suspense, Fair.
The Ladykillers: Comedy, Good.
A Lamp Is Heavy: Hospital drama, Fair.
The Last Ten Days: German drama about Hitler, Excellent.

The Last Wagon: Western, Good.
Lisbon: Melodrama, Fair.
The Long Arm: Detective story, Good.
Lovers and Lollipops: Comedy, Good.
Lost for Life: Drama, Good.
Moby Dick: Sea drama, Excellent.
The Mountain: Alpine drama, Fair.
Partners: Western farce, Poor.
Port Afrique: Crime drama, Poor.
The Power and the Prize: Big-business drama, Good.
Private's Progress: Comedy, Good.
The Proud Ones: Western, Good.
Reach for the Sky: RAF drama, Good.
Richard III: Shakespeare, Tops.
Run for the Sun: Suspense, Good.
Safari: Jungle melodrama, Fair.
Santiago: Adventure, Fair.
Satellite in the Sky: Science-fiction adventure, Fair.
The Solid Gold Cadillac: Big-business comedy, Excellent.
Storm Centre: Drama, Fair.
La Strada: Italian drama, Good.
Tea and Sympathy: Drama, Good.
That Certain Feeling: Comedy, Fair.
These Wilder Years: Drama, Good.
Timetable: Crime drama, Good.
Trapeze: Circus drama, Good.
23 Paces to Baker Street: Mystery and suspense, Good.
The Vagabond King: Sword opera, Fair.
War and Peace: Outsize drama, Good.
Who Done It?: Comedy, Fair.



Olga continued

a mile wide and round as a saucer; low hills surrounded it and a pearly morning sky reflected from it. She steadied the child's drinking glass, and dabbed its mouth; then again she stared out into space. Bussey longed to rush over to the windows with tender enquiries.

Instead he said, "You're hedging, Olga. This Donald thing—"

Outside, the transcontinental gone, a noisy little local, all museum pieces, had backed in helped by shouts and windmill gestures from the platform.

Bussey steered Olga to the day coach of the young mother and child; he chose a seat where he could watch them. Others arrived. Into the seat facing the mother settled a farm woman of enormous size.

When the train crept forward, the child set up an uncertain little noise, half song, half whine. The farm woman gazed at the child and the child gazed back. Except in size the pair looked not dissimilar; the size, however, was the woman's principal characteristic: she suggested a large domestic animal—cow, mare, sow — anthropomorphic through some vagary of biology, and, by heaven! thought Bussey, she could be a Wog. He determined to keep sharp watch on her.

Piper Creek, Quilty, Coticoote, Jamot, Shipka; to every way station the train paid its respects. It was rolling through grazing land, following in the trench of the Tansey. The watercourse was a thicket of thimbleberry, huckleberry, salmonberry, of alder and willow; but to either side opened out the ranges, great grassy bosses of land, twenty miles of them, rising two thousand feet above the stream: they were the Tansey hills in their monotonous succession. Occasionally could be seen broken white streaks on their lower slopes, traces of the abandoned stage road.

The train held a steady twelve miles an hour.

Olga Stepanyskaya thumped back against her headrest; she grimaced to heaven to witness her patience. "Nobody is engaged—that is well known, Mr. Bussey, believe me."

Then when Bussey changed the over-worked subject she calmed down at once. There seemed to be two Olgas: one that talked and groaned, laughed and gesticulated, and another secret Olga, objective, sometimes hostile, an outsider who kept guarded eyes on Bussey's face, studied him. "We will have no more talk about Donald Harbottle, that is decided," she said evenly. "But we will talk of you, because it is so serious to have an unmarried stepmother, Mr. Bussey dear."

"Lucy says that."

"Lucy! I consider Lucy is sad because her father is not a respectable man and English gentleman, yes."

"But what if I'm an American?"

"Well, you are not, in my opinion. You are like the other ranchers, all Englishmen, all. You are so like that, except sometimes when you are not. Why is that? Have you ever been to Pittsburgh?"

"Let's take this a little slower, Olga, Pittsburgh?"

"Yes, the gold medal went there. To Pittsburgh."

"Gold medal?"

"Yes, Mr. Bussey, I am telling you all morning!"

"Oh, you mean your do. Sorry."

"Do! That is how the ranchers talk."

He leered. Bussey never looked more jaded than when, in the company of a young woman, he answered smile with smile. His was all too eager; the effect was to caricature hers. "My dear, you've ranchers on the brain. Donald Harbottle still."

"We do not talk about Donald, Donald, Donald. I am talking about the festival—dancing, songs, girls singing about their wedding day—that is what I am talking. Always the brides are beautiful like the *kalina*—that is the cranberry bloom, very beautiful. The lovers sing poems and the mothers wail—the dowry will ruin the old folks, you understand? Do you picture it? The husbands go to war. A Jealous One bakes a poisoned cake." She scowled. "It's a lot of nonsense, we all know that, of course." In spite of which, she jumped up, reached over her companion's head to fumble with snaplocks and straps, and she sat down again with a species of guitar on her lap. She hesitated, looked across at Bussey with furious suspicion. "You do not wish?"

"My dear girl, I'm all ears."

"You do not like folk songs, I can see that."

"Wouldn't say that. One never knows."

She nodded, and tuned her instrument, then plucking it vigorously, her dark eyes softening, she sang a ditty about a girl who poisoned the wheaten cakes.

My mother dear, what could I do?

My heart could find no other way.

My soldier-love had sweethearts two—
So lies he cold upon this day!

"Charming," murmured Bussey.

"It is based on some old tragedy, no doubt, and nobody is to blame. Here is another, also sad." She sounded a single note on the bandura.

Oh my field, my field!

Ploughed with bones,

Harrowed with my breast,

Watered with my blood

From the heart! from the bosom!—

"But perhaps you laugh at me," she interrupted, speaking shyly and rapidly. "This Olga Stepanyskaya is so serious, you think I can see you think that. Do you understand our debt to agricultural science, Mr. Bussey? No, but I think you smile—why is that?" She gave a gruff imitation, her chin in her bosom. "Chawming, chawming." They both laughed at the imitation. "Is that why, please, Mr. Bussey?" She watched him, laughing, but with sharp attention, with a kind of hunger of her own, so her steady gaze contradicted the laughter. Olga wanted respect and attention from adults—any adults. "But perhaps I will sing you a love song," she rattled on. "Let me see, let me see. Yes, listen please."

Oh, cruel is my lover, Ivan, the widow's son—

"Are they all tragic?" broke in her companion.

"No, Mr. Bussey! Very good, instead I will sing you *The Ring*." She picked out a melody.

He gives me a ring. I laugh, I ask him,
"Why is this, please?" "For you,"

laughs he;

When at his rival I smile also,

He weeps hot tears. "You're mine!"

shouts he;

And—

She peered in Bussey's eyes. "Something is wrong?"

"No. Why?"



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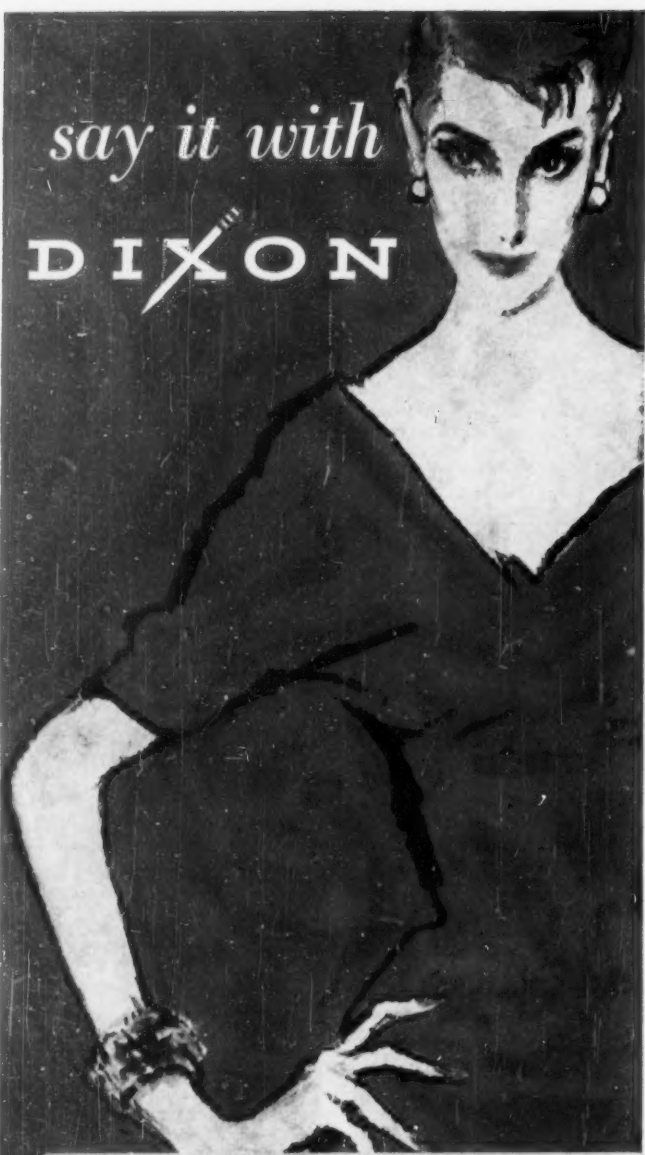


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"Aie! Aie! Aie!" bawled Mrs. Gombov. Bristling at the sound, Bussey sat up, alert for trouble

"But I heard you groan."

"Nonsense."

"You did, Mr. Bussey dear, believe me."

"Dare say I was thinking of something else."

"Are you unhappy, poor Mr. Bussey?"

"Quite the contrary."

"Oh. Perhaps you consider Christianity is menaced when there is common-law marriage, and children of holy marriage also?"

"We're back on that again, are we?"

She gazed down at the bandura on her lap. "Yes—we are back . . . in my opinion."

He said aggrieved, "If it makes you any happier, I plan to separate from Marcelyn—decided it years ago. Not ideally suited to each other, dare say."

"But you continue in sin? Why is that?"

"Oh quite, certainly, ever know a woman pay attention to a man's decisions? Olga, you're spoiling my morning." He glared down the coach, cheeks puffed out and one bristling eyebrow reared.

She said gruffly, "With me your secrets are safe, all the same." She suddenly twisted aside, as though in this manner to demonstrate her tact.

And she stared out into a blue distance. *Your secrets are safe*—it was like a line in a ballad. Olga wondered, did he too say things as she so often said things: half in earnest, that was, but also half for effect? Did the actor in Mr. Bussey carry acting over into real life? For her own part she frequently gave out, as her considered opinion, the first thing to come into her head—then, afterward, she liked to pretend to herself she believed it.

Olga Stepanyskaya—and it was, perhaps, an especially Slavic gift—could sometimes persuade herself she believed in the wildest nonsense if her sympathy, her eager imagination, or her partisan instinct was roused.

"Yes, true, except for Donald Harbottle we are all liars and scoundrels," she thought. She stole a glance at her bulging-eyed, rabbity-mouthed admirer, who, perversely, was not looking in the least scoundrelly, he was simply looking pained. Oh poor Mr. Bussey! In a little choked voice (but whether choked by emotion or suppressed laughter she herself could hardly have told) she resumed:

"Do you believe then, if God had willed it, that the horses would have made a nobler civilization than the monkeys? Yes, you must certainly believe that."

"Lucky it wasn't the earthworms."

"You are joking."

"My dear, what queer thoughts buzz round in that noodle of yours. Expect you read too much, like Lucy—I say, Olga, you knew young Chester Glossop's aboard?"

"Pardon, young Chester, you say, Mr. Bussey, yes?"

Bussey was looking down the car. "Of course Chester's young," he said, preoccupied.

Chester Glossop was their neighbor and was thirty. Thirty, fair, a little fat; he had boarded the train at Shipka, to sit, in ginger-colored shorts, directly across the aisle from the young English mother. A Taplestown neighbor on hand, Bussey had relaxed his imaginary role of protector, for Chester Glossop was another Bussey for chivalry.

He was just a little simple though, and

this might have been guessed as he sat panting on the edge of his seat, waiting, moment by moment of the train ride, for something to happen. Breathlessly he eyed each passenger in turn. When his glance met the mother's he blushed—produced a tiny cardboard suitcase—munched sandwiches out of it.

However, soon something did happen for him. Abandoning study of the downy knees the small child began a fight toward the sandwiches, so that mother and child silently wrestled at close quarters while Glossop beamed his apologies across. More happened: the farm woman suddenly became the centre of puzzled attention of the car. Earlier from her had come a fitful and subdued moaning of animal character—a strange noise indeed to those who heard it. Now she electrified the coach: she was seen to be aiming blows at her forehead with the palm of a hand, and was at each blow heard to cry out in Russian.

"Aie! Aie! Aie!" she bawled from her cushions.

Just what so excited her was a mystery, but down the corridor Bussey bristled at the sound. He said darkly, "Wog." He leaned forward, alert for trouble.

And Olga opposite him stiffened in her seat: glancing over her shoulder she recognized the woman for a certain Mrs. Gombov from the east-shore Russian-language colony; the prodigious flesh was unmistakable. She said carefully, "I do not believe the fat lady is one of the Brothers—no, certainly not, that is plain enough to me." However, Bussey, who was staring along the car, dropped her such an amused glance that at once she contradicted herself. "All the same it is possible. A Brother, yes."

"Can't simply wish them out of existence, y'know," he said gently. "Perhaps she'll strip and answer you."

Olga nodded, her face stern—the sterner because he spotted her faked innocence. "Yes, that is possible too. All the same it is bad, a bad thing, the naked demonstration. Her dress on the floor gets filthy—and serve her right too—and bad for morals, very bad for morals too."

"Oh I don't know, with that figure she couldn't be desperately bad for morals, Olga." Bussey was still studying the far end of the car. "I don't suppose she will demonstrate though. I don't think she ever can. Too fantastic. We'd have heard, people would have talked about it before now, figure like hers."

"Her figure is not of interest," Olga chided, talking above the noises from Mrs. Gombov. "She eats too many potatoes, I expect. You must not stare, Mr. Bussey dear. No doubt it will encourage her to civil disobedience." And she herself stared with exaggerated interest at the prospect outside, where the Tansey hills had fallen back and fruit ranches had begun. "Oh! Oh! Look! We reach the lake! One hour more! Look, Mr. Bussey!"

He bestowed on her another amused darting appraisal.

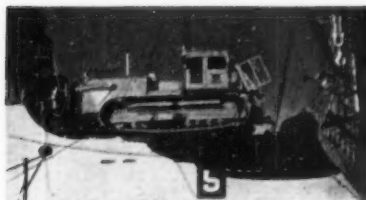
Persisting she pressed her face against the glass: when a little opaque circle blossomed out there, she rubbed it away. Apple orchards spread out across the valley, probed its corners, climbed the ranges to their flume lines, and everywhere they flowered, white and starchily in hard sunlight.

"Aie! Aie!" It went on and on. "Aie! Aie! Aie! Aie!"



Photograph by Dempewolf

DIESEL POWER IN THE SOUTH POLAR ICE



A D8 Tractor is unloaded from the ship at an Antarctic base

It's summer now in the Antarctic. The long night and the terrible winter storms have ended. At Little America V and other snow-buried bases, the men of Operation Deepfreeze have tunneled their way out to daylight. And the big Caterpillar Diesel Tractors and their sled-trains are rumbling into action once more.

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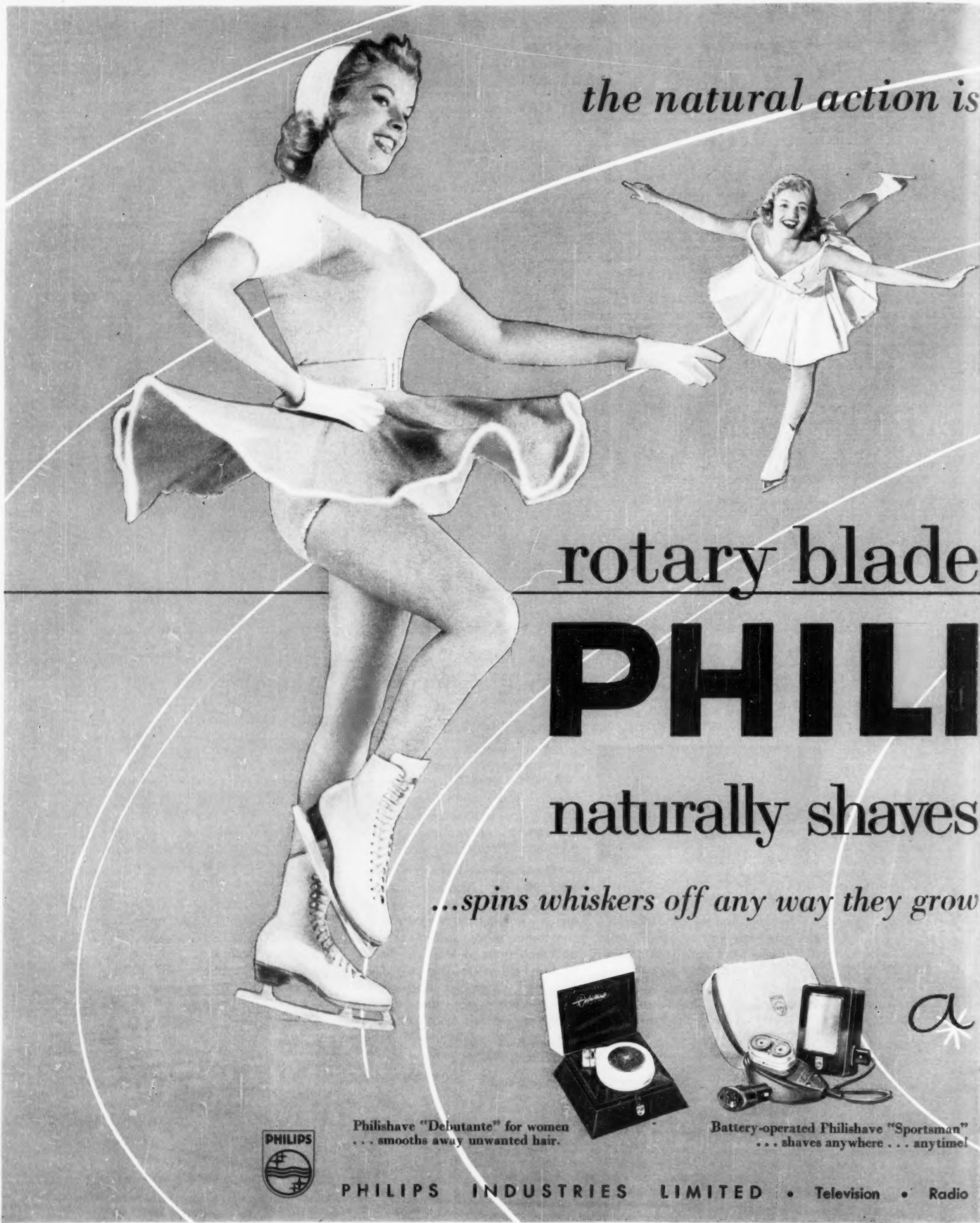
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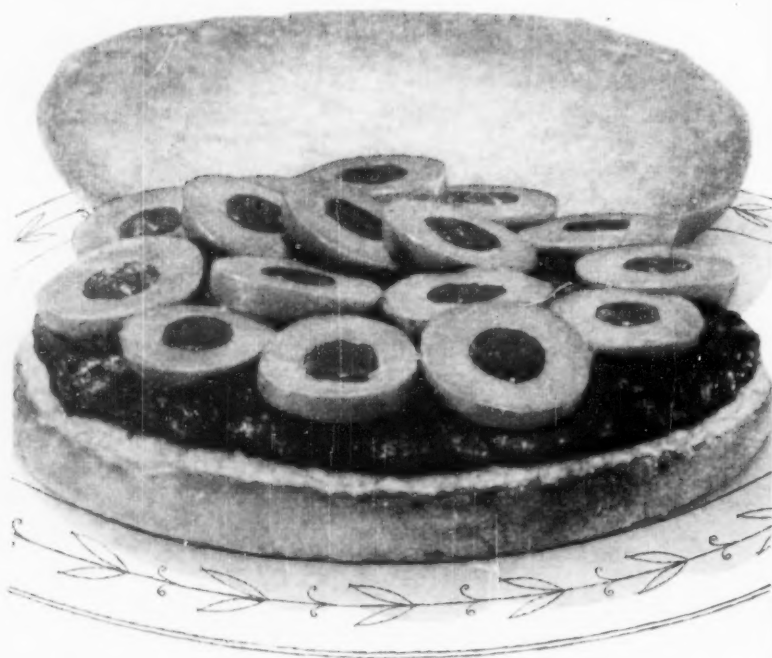


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There was a scream, silence — then pandemonium

It was so very alien a sound. Not for that reason however did it daunt any would-be Samaritan in the coach, but to the Anglo-Saxon ear it was exaggerated and unreal, the ready emotionalism of it suggested trickery and east Europe and Little Brotherhood, if not the Oriental marketplace. So no Samaritan approached Mrs. Gombov, wailing and clapping her forehead like an Arab in the out-moded rolling-stock setting of red rep, horsehair, gas fittings, spittoons. Nobody quite cared to ask her what no doubt trifling matter so excited her.

A familiar voice enquired, "Charles?" Bussey's neighbor Chester Glossop, ginger shorts, chubby knees, eager smile—Glossop always looked rather like Tweedledee—stood over him.

"No, I mustn't stay," he objected as Olga made room beside her. "What I mean, oughtn't we to do something? Charles? What d'you think the Nature Girl's up to? She's getting violent, and a girl is opposite—pretty girl with a baby. I was reading the labels on the girl's bags too, and, Charles, she's just out from England."

"Yes, well, perhaps we ought," Charles Bussey answered thoughtfully. All his teeth glittered for a moment then one half of his mustache withdrew from sight; his face twisted to a satanic mask, then his mustache popped back out and his face reassembled. "Perhaps we ought," he repeated thoughtfully. "This Wog making a nuisance of itself, no question — girl frightened — what she must think — good Lord! Yes, should do something." He rose up. Bussey gave a kind of knightly impression, arising from his cushions.

"We must protect the ladies," agreed Glossop, watching him with admiration. "What's more," he added, "d'you know who she is? She's Howie Mercer's wife."

"Howard's not married."

"But he must be, mustn't he?"

"Howard's not married," repeated Bussey.

Down the corridor Mrs. Gombov wailed louder yet, but for a minute the two men hesitated to act.

"Wonder if she's sick," said Bussey.

Olga said gruffly, "She is sad. She is sad because she has set a small fire in the ladies' lavatory, very likely."

The two men looked at her sharply.

She didn't offer to elaborate but continued to scowl, through their waiting silence, out her window.

The Slavic lamentations—grief, terror, whatever they represented — failed to alarm Olga because, for one reason, the performance reminded her of her own grandmother. As for the mention of fire (fire and dynamite were constant possibilities in the Little Brother country), this was something she'd said simply for effect.

Bussey's face brightened. "Why, Olga, you speak Wog language. Nip over, will you—find out what's doing?"

She leaned dreamily back. "Excuse me, I do not speak Wog language, Mr. Bussey dear, I assure you of that. Oh no! You are so mistaken! I speak Ukrainian besides English but that is not Wog language or Nature-Boy language either, and I consider it is rude to call it Hunky language; Uke language even is not very polite in my opinion."

"Well, Russian. Don't take umbrage at little things I say, dash it. Now hop along like a good scout."

She answered slowly, "So you wish the fat lady asked why she weeps and wails? All right, very good, I go, yes, but I do not think it matters. If there is

a fire, there is smoke by now; and if there is a bomb, what can we do anyway? It is too late, probably; the fuse is lit. I do not think there is a bomb all the same, and I do not care to speak to Little Brothers either. But I go."

However, she made no move to go; instead she stalled some more. Olga had made it a point never to be seen in public with a Little Brother. She imagined (or she had persuaded herself, in self-punishment, to imagine) that the lunatic sect of the east shore and such relatively new if second-generation Canadians as herself, were much of a muchness to Blue Heron's ranchers. Blue Heron's ranchers of course included the Harbottles.

She was still in her seat, and had thought up new reasons for remaining in it, and fresh objections to rescuing the Englishwoman from her seat, when Mrs. Gombov now let out a shriek.

It lasted just two seconds. Mrs. Gombov's shriek; and one second of pained silence followed. Then pandemonium broke out—broke out late, like a delayed reflex—squealing coach wheels, violent braking, a continuous engine whistle. The train jarred to a halt, coats wildly swinging on their pegs and small articles scattering under seats. Glossop staggered and Bussey swore. Mrs. Gombov barreled from her seat, teetered a moment before her legs caved under her and passed out smack along the aisle—her collapse unnoticed for the moment in the confusion. Passengers everywhere scrambled to their feet. Outside a steam connection began to hiss.

Charles Bussey strode down the car with Glossop at his heels to introduce himself to the Englishwoman, to reassure her. His face shone in anticipation of a grateful scene. Like bees to a honey pot, the two men closed in. Mrs. Mercer! Good Lord, he knew her husband. So did young Chester. Well, well, a pretty pass. Evidently something was wrong with the tracks. Or, yes, the train itself, but likelier the tracks. He was willing to bet any money the Wogs were involved. And he bit on his mustache and explained about the Wogs, and stopped stern-faced before the plate glass, peering out.

Olga, watching him from her seat, noted a demarcation line of light and shadow where sunlight caught a blue vein down his forehead. What caused it, she wondered—blood pressure? Very likely blood pressure; however let Mrs. Mercer worry about that, now that she'd lost her admirer to Mrs. Mercer.

Bussey meantime was assuring Mrs. Mercer that to act the Samaritan to the prostrated mass of fat in the aisle alongside was in the present instance unnecessary, or positively dangerous — they might do something wrong, break something. His daughter's friend Olga was in the car and she was a first-aid enthusiast; she doubtless knew what to do. His personal impression was that the Wog's trouble was all hysteria and nonsense anyway.

Olga meantime had transferred her attention to the out-of-doors in order not to miss anything anyone else might see there. Her window overlooked a mile of orchards and the lake, Blue Heron Lake, which unwound to the south, a blue and shimmering floor of sunlight. No Little Brother stragglers were to be seen in nearby fields; no gasoline-bottle bombs, helpfully labeled The Hermitage, were overlooked, left about. But she didn't doubt Mr. Bussey was right about the tracks, and the Little Brothers. How else



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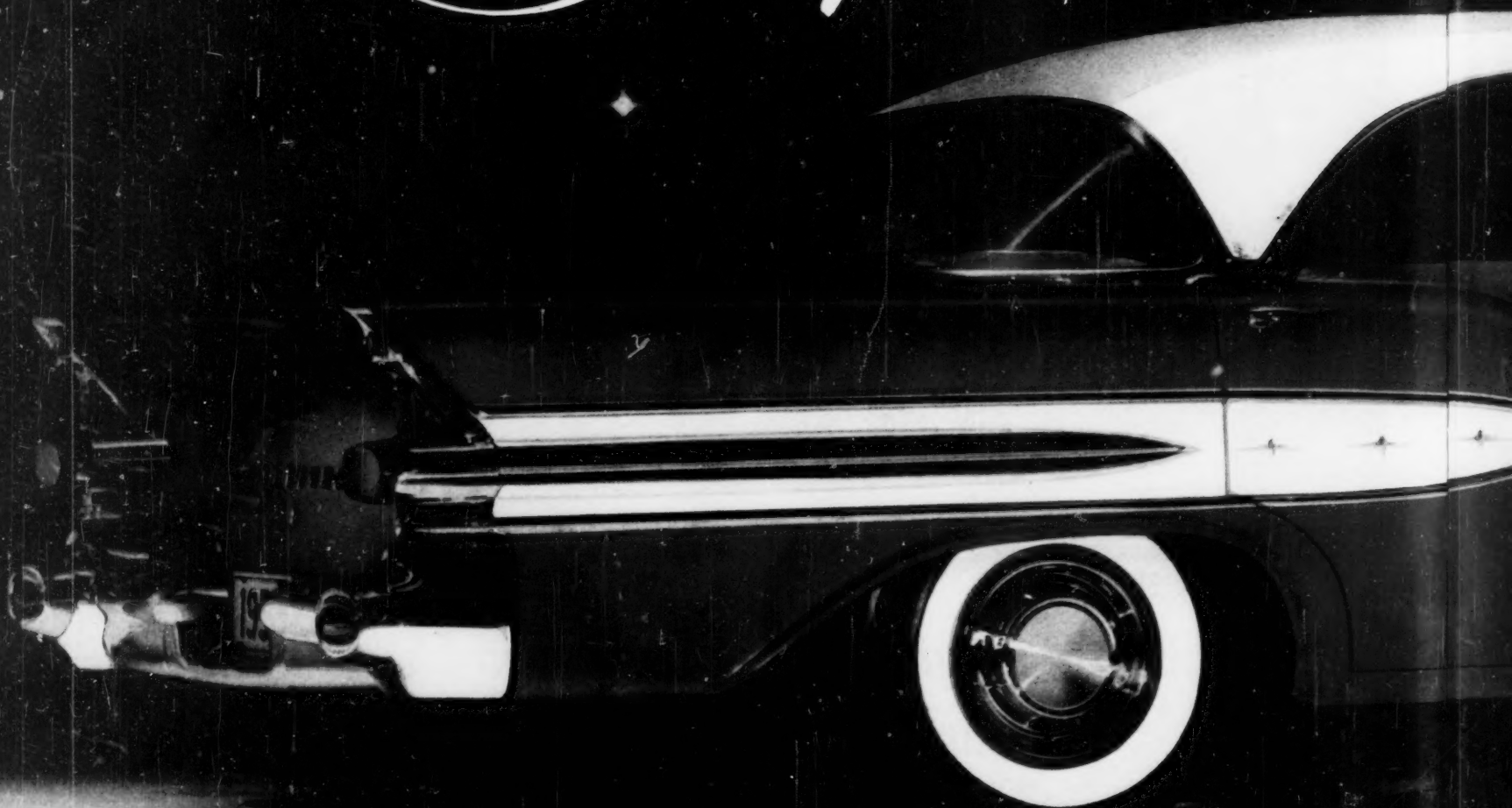
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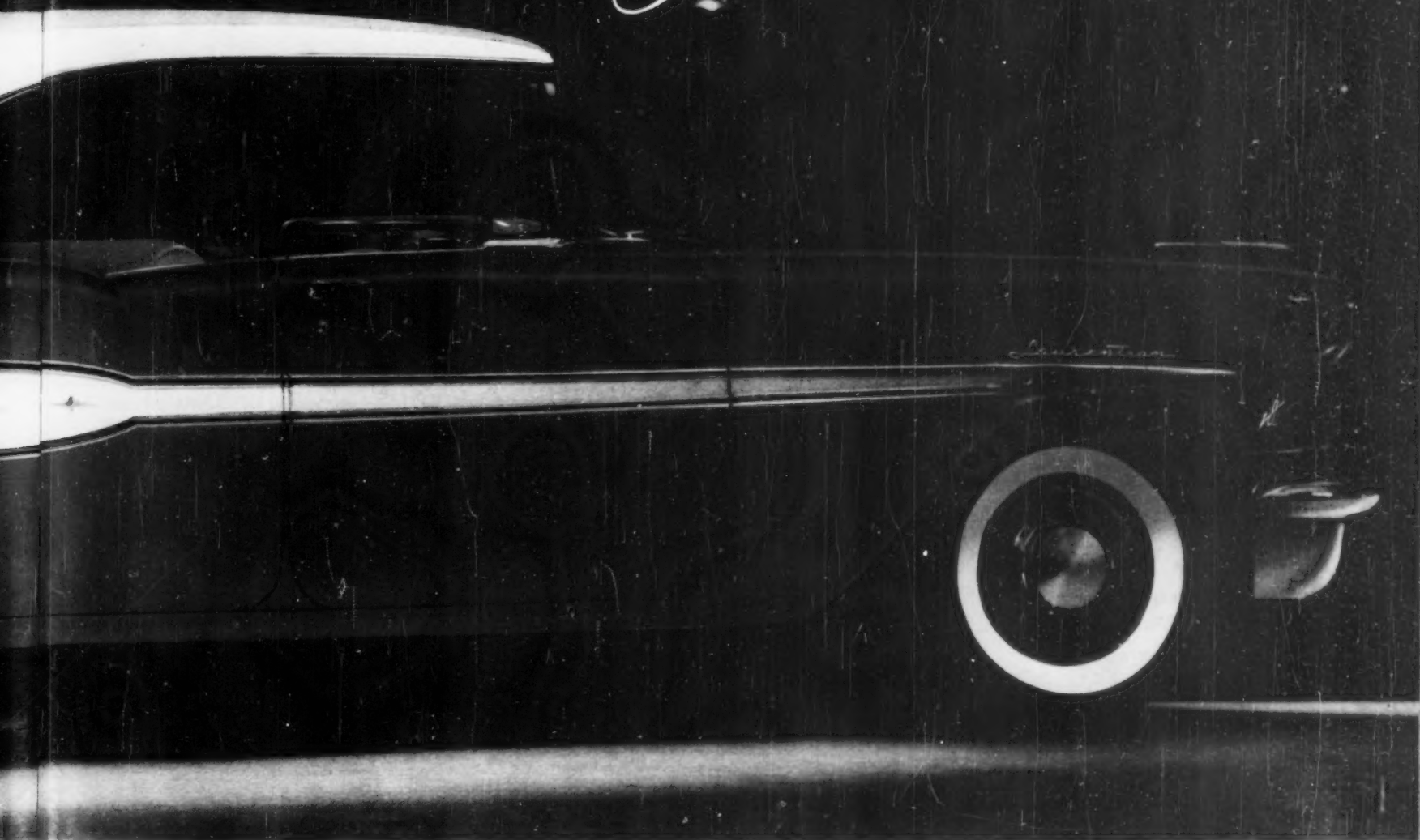
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explain Mrs. Gombov, who had shrieked too soon?

Olga leaned back on the headrest and sighed: people with Slavic names were bombing railroads; presently Donald Harbottle would read their names in the Blue Heron Weekly; mental associations would form and it was only to be expected . . . Life was one long frustration.

She gazed at gas-lamp brackets overhead, determinedly shut her mind to the present. She conjured the gilded curlicues of the ceiling to be tendrils of *barwenok*, vine of marriage, and she closed her eyes and summoned back the festival days—her own bronze medal, the really excellent voice from Pittsburgh. How agreeable the week past, how lively and colorful its singing and dancing; some of the men had worn the blue *shupan* and scarlet breeches of the Zaporagian Cossacks; the girls wore peasant dresses of white, threaded with bright bold colors in intricate pattern. The festival building had been gay with ribbon streamers and creeping vines, and yellow fields rolled out to every horizon. It was Saskatchewan but it was the orchard of Ukraine too, the land of legend, the smiling land before the years of the Turks and Tartars, Muscovites and Poles.

As she'd watched the Zaporagians, Donald Harbottle had somehow got mixed up in it—a dazzling Zaporagian Donald of bright-hued facings and shoulder straps, in lambskin cap and with a Cossack's whip and a habit of bending from his saddle and kissing her, then galloping away, laughing coarsely, cracking his whip . . .

"Doctor . . . first-aid . . . send back shortly." Glossop gabbled something, his tubby Tweedledee shape inclined down toward her; then he was gone. And Olga recollected that while she daydreamed she also had watched a general movement of her fellow passengers, who'd piled out of the coach on a common impulse. Now the coach was empty although her ear still retained a passing voice. "Before they mend the tracks—" the memory voice said, which meant that the tracks were breached. But then she

knew it already: Mrs. Gombov had as good as announced the tracks were breached.

Everyone must have decided to walk up ahead and stare at the damage. A steady dribble of passengers from the back cars passed below her window. Her own car was only just emptied. As she watched, Bussey passed her window, the Mercer child riding high on his shoulder; then Glossop passed handing the child's mother over a patch of mud.

Neither of the two men spared a glance for Olga.

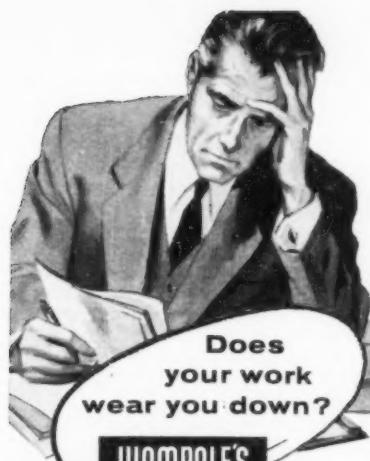
Ignored—forgotten in the morning's excitements! She felt a wallflower shame; she sat doll-like on the cushions. Nothing stirred the length of the coach. She sat tense—the doll was clockwork, the main-spring wound tight; a motionless Olga never suggested repose—and a minute passed before she returned to life. But then she suddenly shifted weight, scowled, and said aloud, "Yes, I agree!"

She wriggled in her seat, and her eyes glazed over once again, and she mumbled, "Ladies and gentlemen, a tragic error! Miss Olga Stepanyskaya . . . bronze medalist . . . and a certificate in first aid also . . . we see here the patient . . . epileptic . . . heart . . . hysteric . . . Nurse Stepanyskaya considers . . . In the opinion of Dr. Stepanyskaya the gold medal must go to Dr. Stepanyskaya . . ."

She strummed a moment on her bandura, then laid it impatiently aside. She took from her neck an old-fashioned locket and inspected the scrap of newspaper she carried inside. Humming the tune, *Cruel is My Lover*, she drifted down the aisle carrying her bandura to the unconscious Mrs. Gombov, and, locked in a brown study, her movements slow and dreamy, lighted on a seat arm. Presently she slipped off her shoes, and rested stockinged feet on the fleshy neck. She stared hard at the prostrated figure, then suddenly she bent forward and, with screwed-up eyes, whispered to it, urgent and harsh. "It is me—Donald, Donald. Your master speaks. You hear? You are my slave, you understand? My slave! No task is too low. I make you humble, Olga Alexandrovna, you weep at my feet,



Mrs. Gombov collapsed in the aisle. Dreamily, Olga strummed her bandura.



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you cry, 'Mercy! Mercy!' I spit on this mercy! Now I beat you, yes!"
Indeed she began to sing in a low voice to twanging strings.

*Oh cruel is my lover, Ivan, the widow's son;
He rode away, and whispered, "Farewell, my little one."*

When, after long delay, a string of automobiles approached by a nearby road, and groups of passengers returned for handbags—the two men, excited and preoccupied, with one group—Olga by then was sitting prim and aloof several places distant from Mrs. Gombov, who lay limp yet in the aisle.

A police constable appeared—someone had remembered the telltale shriek. He saluted Olga.

"Yes, I know nothing," Olga told him. "I do not understand these crazy things one bit. The fat lady is nothing to me. But I think, here is my duty, it is in the manual of first aid where it says, 'Never leave the patient unattended.' I have a certificate in first aid, and I stay."

"Quite right, miss. But shall we see if we can bring the patient round?"

The Little Brothers worked in darkness; a curious scene had been enacted by them in the dark of that morning. They were out on the Blue Heron branch line's roadbed, or some score of them were. In the distant ranch houses the comfortable last quarter-hours of dark were slept away, but out on the roadbed all was stir and bustle, with time pressing, daylight gathering behind the Tansy hills, much remaining to be done. Here men with picks broke ground and shoveling women delved, husbands swung on crowbar, wives on adze, daughters held in readiness a dynamite stick or length of fuse. Each toiler on the roadbed had his designated task.

Presently arose a muffled cry from twenty throats; the steel rail, prised from the sleepers, had tilted over to one side. No need now for the dynamite, a dangerous expedient, inviting curiosity. The explosives were set aside, and then all the brethren lined up along the rail for the heavy work to follow.

At a signal their burden was shouldered. Thus encumbered, the group made a slow progress to the centre of a nearby field where a trench was ready. Shovelers now stepping to the fore, the rail was hidden under earth; after which, at another signal, the twenty Brothers fell back some paces and sank to their knees. A voice rose confidently in prayer and the strengthening light of dawn showed twenty shaggy heads bent in response. They prayed that no train appear along the track newly ravaged; but if one come, no life be lost; and that if a life be lost, the released spirit might speed to its reward in heaven.

As they prayed, small creatures cheeped and rustled in the fields. Morning sounds arose about the valley; round the ranch houses doors banged, gates sighed, kindling cracked and rattled off the block. The half-light's indigos and violets dissolved in grey, in transparency, in a watery-bright, early sky. The sun came up over the miles of orchards. It was May, and blossom rode the stiff tree branches, gleamed in the sun.

A last supplication was intoned; the twenty brethren ponderously rose to their feet. Some now spat; some stood about with vacant faces. Daylight revealed the Little Brothers to be stolid, heavy-limbed countrymen, the women deep-breasted, thick figures like monumental statuary in their full skirts and



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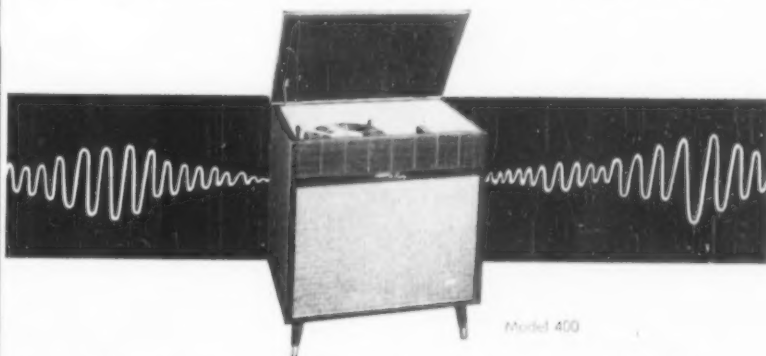


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peremitskas; the men pilose, short and stocky.

For a little while these countrymen hung aimlessly about . . . they hawked and spat . . . they stood and scowled. But soon they departed, singly and in pairs.

Such had been the curious, early-morning scene.

Mrs. Gombov reported back.

"I am back as you see. The train stopped and nobody is hurt. There is not a broken head, not a broken leg or

arm even. One or two, Little Father, but not any more than that, I assure you, and I can take credit for it too. I called out in a loud voice that I had a vision, that the track was broken, as it were, in my vision, and so they stopped the train at once. That was how it was," she concluded.

Her superior nodded his head.

"You tell me to do this thing," she resumed. "Pfft! Tschah! It is done. It is a good thing, and it is done."

Her superior, the Little Father, asked whether the train had been crowded.

"And a kind thing also," she added. He repeated his question.

She ignored his question. "This thing that I do—it is a good thing." A conversation with Mrs. Gombov was never easy; she listened only when inclined. "A good thing," she said again, "and a kind thing, and it is done also. That is how it is."

These sentiments off her chest, she smiled. She smiled in a particular way, roguishly, the smile of a mother with an unmarried daughter. She flicked a strand of sticky hair from her forehead

and in her hearty fashion went on. "There is something else. My pretty Dafina, she is telling me, 'This man, he is such a kind man also, Mama?' I am telling her yes. She is telling me she dreams this man, he says, 'Who is this who says you are my queen?' Yes his queen, observe that. Excuse me, she is a virgin, you understand, Dafina Vlassyevna is a virgin—"

But the man wasn't listening; he seemed preoccupied with the train and its passengers.

"Train? Train, yes. Lots of people? Lots of people, yes." She was about to resume on the subject of her daughter when he asked whether she chanced to know the Little Brother called Eudoxia Yefimovna Ewanochka.

Mrs. Gombov said a trace impatiently. "Eudoxia Yefimovna, yes, she is known to me, yes. Dafina Vlassyevna speaks with her, yes, and I speak with her, yes."

"This girl is on the train also?" the Little Father asked carelessly.

Mrs. Gombov's eyes narrowed. "She is, yes. Ach, no! I cannot remember. But I can remember perhaps . . ."

"Yes?"

"I remember . . ."

"Yes?"

"I cannot remember, yes."

"Excuse me, but you remember," he said patiently. "She has this broken leg, perhaps?"

"It is broken, yes . . . Aie-e-e, what do you care?" she wailed. Her bosom worked. "These people with the broken necks too—what if she is one of these people too? What then? Do you care, perhaps? Do you care about every pretty girl in the world, perhaps? What are these questions about this bitch, this Eudoxia Yefimovna?" Suddenly she shrieked. "Oi! Pig! Oi! Bandit! He saves her! So! But how can he know she is on the train even?"

He jumped to his feet and shouted. "Next you are telling me her head is broken!"

"It is broken, yes."

"Marfa Nikolaevna, you are saying that? Now you are breaking her head, yes?"

She arose to her feet. "I am breaking it, yes!" She waved her arms. "Broken head, broken legs, arrr, how do I know? All these people lying about . . . all this blood . . . the screams, yes! yes! How do I know if this bitch, this Eudoxia, is one of these people, underneath other people perhaps? I do not look."

And she thought: this Eudoxia, I fix this Eudoxia Yefimovna. Perhaps God is telling me to burn up her house. Aie. I fix her, yes! yes!

Olga meantime supposed Mrs. Gombov to be in jail. The two rode the same ambulance to town; then when Olga got off, in the main street, she reflected that by this means she severed the chance and embarrassing association. "Yes, that is plain to me," Olga had thought. "And now she must go to jail." And over the week end when her mind reverted to her Saturday she thought, "Now she is in jail, yes, good riddance, yes, true. Or perhaps hospital."

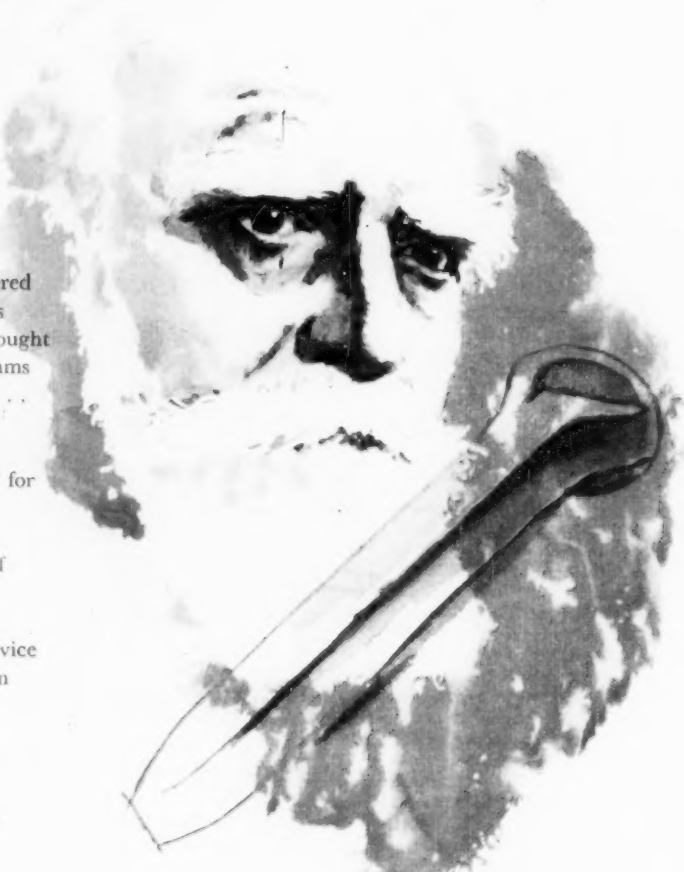
Monday she had forgotten her. It was Olga's shopping morning, and she set off early. She moved dreamily along the pavement. She paused before Kazak's, glanced inside—and instantly recoiled. It was peeping from the store at her, the familiar moon of a face, there one moment, gone the next. Mrs. Gombov in Kazak's! Olga could almost but not quite persuade herself she fancied it as she hurried past, hurried on to Bester-Desmond, the butcher.

The pavement was crowded, for the

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every great achievement

he bound the
land together
with a belt
of steel

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police had called in boatloads of scowling Little Brothers to question, then consulting precedent, released them all for lack of evidence — Tapleystown's classic recourse. Olga nodded across the road to Mrs. Glossop, Chester's mother, then to a Mrs. Pawlenko. She returned with interest the numerous scowls of passing Brothers.

At Bester-Desmond's she surprised her friend Lucy. Bussey's daughter these days was giving a woman-shopper performance modeled on Tapleystown's solidier matrons, principally Mrs. Harbottle. Olga just managed to catch the latest effect—a faint preoccupied smile—before it was spoiled by a broad grin.

"Well, hello!" Lucy briskly discarded middle age, and, Olga's twin in years again, she tugged her across to the far corner of the store where two might comfortably talk both at once.

Soon the bronze medal was mentioned offhandedly, then, soon after, certain imitations were acted out by Olga to the accompaniment of snorts of pleasure from Lucy. Next—for Olga shared Lucy's secrets, or enough of them to bring this up—Olga mentioned the English wife of the train journey, Mrs. Mercer.

Lucy, laughing at "Daddy and his Wogs," abruptly stopped laughing. *A wife!* She knew nothing of this; she was thunderstruck. Howard a married man—it sounded fantastic. "So like him though," she said slowly. "He spoils everything. I suppose she's impossible?"

"She looks nice. She has a little girl of two."

"My God."

"Poor Lucy. But now you must recover from this—this terrible love."

Lucy frowned at the sawdust. "Yes. I wonder if I can. Could you recover from Donald?"

"Oh, Donald is different; it is not possible to recover from Donald, no, but Donald is not married, Lucy. Besides, Donald is not bad like Howard. Well, possibly sometimes he is not perfect either . . . All the same I think Donald is ideal," she ended thoughtfully.

Her friend laughed. "Okay, you like him."

Olga said dreamily, "Very good, you are blind to him—then how I like you for that."

"You're welcome to him."

And conscious of a warm glow, the girls beamed at each other. Circumstances favored their friendship. As they were both well aware, Donald much admired Lucy, while she remained indifferent to him; both girls considered Lucy's indifference a great consolation, and a bond. Olga was constantly reminding Lucy of Lucy's sentiment of indifference, exclaiming with fervor, not to say anxiety, "We will never let any stupid man spoil our friendship, no!" On her side Lucy too sometimes went out of her way to marvel aloud at her indifference to Donald's charms, for there was keen pleasure to be taken, listening to the grateful Olga's protestations.

The two made their purchases, then out on the pavement parted company. Lucy turned home, her manner thoughtful. Olga made for the lakeside park where, perching on a bench, she thought with pleasure of Mrs. Mercer. To Olga, product of strictest upbringing, Lucy's affair with Howard Mercer, the Harbottle hired hand, had been more than a little unsettling.

She sat watching the lake. She had really come to the park to think about Donald Harbottle, and she was picturing him in the character of an Oriental despot, bejeweled, cruel-mustached, when someone behind her touched her shoulder. She craned round. To her chagrin,

there above stood Mrs. Gombov—she must have followed her in.

"Away, away!" Olga snapped, and pointedly she used English. "Go off, do not haunt me. You ought to be in jail."

Mrs. Gombov waddled round the end of the park bench and sank beside her, breathing noisily.

After a numbed moment, Olga exploded, "Very good, then I go." She snatched up her shopping and had half-risen when an arm like a round of beef on her shoulder forced her back down.

The Little Brother was winded and

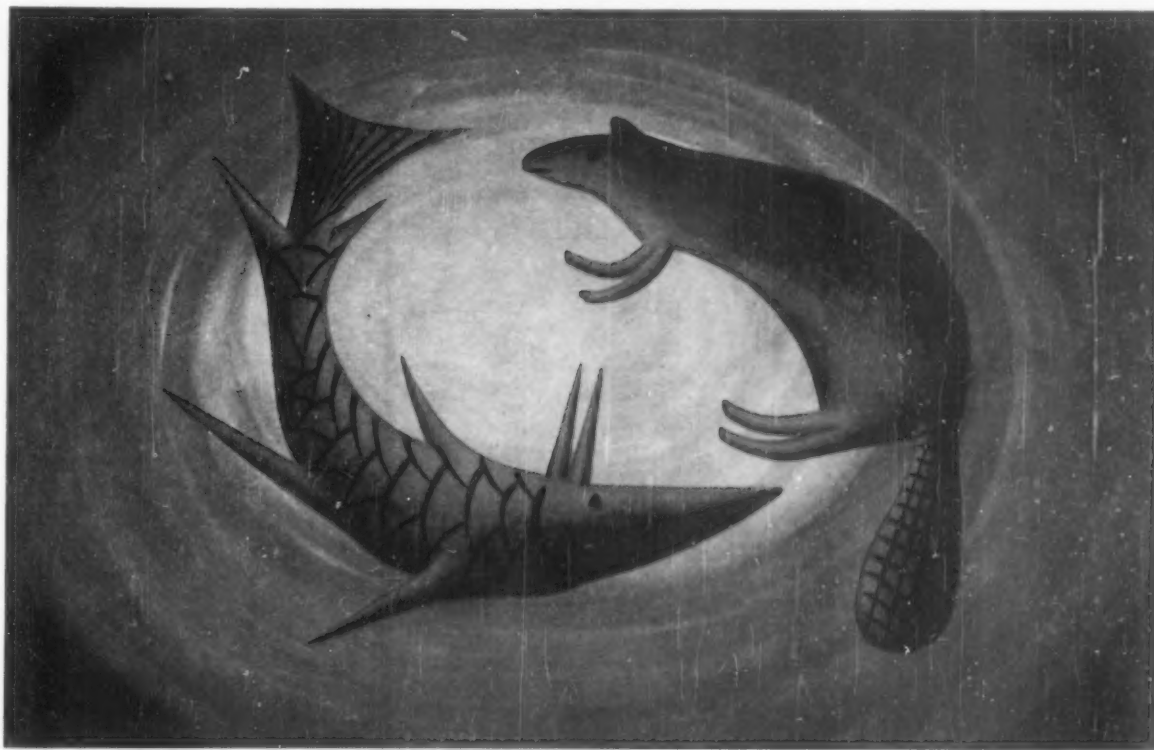
some seconds passed in silence; then she unbosomed. "Olga Alexandrovna, I brang massiges," she announced, also using English. "Dafina Vlassyevna speak Liddle Farder she vand, yas! Farder nod, no! Eudoxia Yefimovna, yas! I speak nod, no! no! Eudoxia Yefimovna, yas! I speak nod, no! no! Priddy Dafina vand, and also yas, Eudoxia vand Farder, no! Little Farder nod vand."

"Fat lady, we have not met even!" exclaimed Olga wrathfully. "Besides, what is this to me? And if you wish to know my views on the Little Father, I

do not consider that Tolstoi must—must—" Her heart thumped as she broke off. She'd glimpsed Donald Harbottle across the park. By unlucky chance the real-life Donald was strolling its paths with his mother and younger sister, and headed her way.

A threatening gesture from Olga had unintended effect: it secured Harbottle attention. The three waved sociably back at her; Mrs. Gombov meanwhile shut her eyes, and, lapsing into Russian, talked on.

"Olga, Yefim Petrovich Ewanochka



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They knew Mercer had a secret wife. "A cad, a rotten cad," growled Bussey, "and very likable"

buys house beside yours. Eudoxia comes also and Little Father visits also. You tell the Little Father, 'Go back, you want pretty Dafina Vlassyevna, my daughter, yes.' You tell—"

"Good morning!"

"Good morning, Mrs. Harbottle," Olga moaned.

How peculiarly they looked at her. She turned on Mrs. Gombov with fury. "Off! Away! I refuse to talk—you are mad. A case for the police! Besides, I do not know you, even. We are not introduced, anyway. I never speak Russian, what is more. Not to jailbirds, at any rate. Go back to your own people; in my opinion they are not our people. Mrs. Harbottle's or mine either. Oh, I am very upset, dear Mrs. Harbottle."

"Why, Olga—"

"Please, no, I am too ashamed." She turned her face away.

Mrs. Gombov had opened her eyes, and now she arose, heavily, and ignoring the newcomers she said everything over again. She said it in Russian, and Olga, without thinking, accommodated herself to her.

"Pig," she answered in her low register, "bandit, I hate you. Be off! This is my last word."

The Harbottles — their ears cocked, Olga thought—turned polite faces to the landscape. And then her tormentor waddled away, and Mrs. Harbottle came to the rescue.

"I was about to say, what a magnificent outburst, Olga," she said. "You have talent, you should go to London. Olga Stepanyaskaya in The Constant Nymph—I can see it!"

"You mock me."

"Indeed I don't, child. I adore the theatre. I was meant for ballet myself."

Her children hooted: Mrs. Harbottle was a stately, greying matron in pincenez. She said indulgently, "Now, children, I was a mere slip of a girl—you know I was."

Marjorie responded with a flash of spectacles and teeth. "Oh Mummy," she grinned. "You are ridic!" Madge was an old Girton girl of an age with Olga but with a dream life populated by splendid Head Girls, not brutal Asians.

"Now, Madge, don't be coltish," chided Donald. "Who was the old girl, Olga? Looked to me like an emissary from The Hermitage."

This was so close to truth it rendered Olga speechless. Fortunately Mrs. Harbottle had a rebuke to get off.

"Donald, I won't have Madge teased; better to be young for one's age than too old. No, children, I'm entirely serious about my ballet. Of course I'd never have married if I'd danced."

"I shall never marry," announced Madge. "I shall keep hundreds of dogs."

"How's your friend Lucy?" asked Donald.

Olga said bravely. "Lucy pretends—of course it is a joke—she needs me, Olga, for her chaperone. Then she will accept your heavenly invitations." She twisted on her bench; her transparency horrified her. But again Mrs. Harbottle intervened.

"I'm quite sure Lucy might equally well chaperone you, my dear child. Though I can hardly believe Donald is so formidable his ladies need chaperones. Donald's very full of talk—all young people are. But he'd be delighted to have you to the house; we all would, Olga. Madge, whatever are you doing there?"

Yes, we must arrange something. I wonder what we're doing Saturday?"

Olga's face lit with rapture. "Oh thank you, dear Mrs. Harbottle! I shall be there!"

"Yes—it would be very nice," murmured the mother, a little startled. "This Saturday, then."

"And you might bring along Lucy, will you?" added Donald, signaling with his pipe that this was important.

"Madge, what is going on?" asked her mother.

Madge had cut herself a switch with her pocketknife. Legs straddled, she stood thwacking heads off a park bed of wallflowers. "All this mushy talk," she said fiercely. "Lovey-dovey stuff. Makes me vom."

"You take my point, Mother?" enquired Donald in a mild voice. "What sort of word is vom? A hangover from Girton, I'll be bound. The Girton vocabulary is notorious."

"Don't be absurd, Donald dear," said Mrs. Harbottle placidly. "Everyone knows Girton is a stage of life. It works out of one's system gradually. Madge is only eighteen. Why, if we hadn't had the sort of thing she gives us, it would have been all crooners, dates with boys at fourteen, unwanted babies at fifteen, heaven knows what not. We must hurry, we'll all be late for lunch. Do stop that, Madge."

After the exchange of further pleasantries, mother and son moved off. Madge was evidently unready to accompany them; she thwacked away a little longer at the spring flowers. Then abruptly she wheeled about.

"Name's Olga Something-or-other?" she demanded, staring hard.

"Olga Stepanyaskaya, yes."

"Jou a Brother?"

"What! How can you possibly think that!"

"That absolutely imposs Nature Girl."

"She is a stranger, the fat lady."

"Care for hockey?"

"I? No, not hockey."

"Care to go camping some week end—bonfires, moonlight, sleep under trees?"

"I—I'm not sure."

"Great fun—cripes! Got a pal?"

"Have I? I have a dear friend in Lucy, yes."

"The Bussey kid?"

"Yes."

"Green eyes—care for them?"

"I do not consider if I care for green eyes. I care for Lucy—she is my friend, you understand."

"I get it," Madge thrust out her hand.

"See you Sat then. Bye-bye." She wrung Olga's hand, then she raced off to overtake the others.

Olga sat still a minute then gathered together her shopping packages.

II

Olga was not first with the news of Mrs. Mercer, though Lucy, despite the shared secrets, had let her think so. The fact was Bussey had mentioned the English wife the morning he returned from Vancouver, the morning of the track removal.

When he told his daughter about Mercer's wife his tone of voice told her that he'd guessed how matters stood.

Of Mercer he said, "Well I know the type. A cad, a rotten cad, and very likable."

The two, father and daughter, hung



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The room was cluttered, Marcelyn half-dressed. It was too much for Bussey.

over the fence of their dog runs; they looked down on a wriggling mass of spaniel puppies yearning toward them, eagerly whining, arching bellies against the mesh and overtopping. He was cooling down; he had come outdoors to cool down. He had been foolish and violent indoors. He had thrown a cactus plant across the living room, he had scuffled with Marcelyn, he had frightened both his women.

He had had a very full morning. The singular behavior of Mrs. Gombov on the train had not in itself much roused Bussey, who was, after all, an old Hollywood hand; yet as the morning journey's excitements piled up, the Oriental lamentations, the victimized Mrs. Mercer, the jarring halt, the Brothers' handiwork, neither had he quite kept his head. The victimized Mrs. Mercer! What must she think! What had touched him closest was the spectacle of a girl fresh from England, reasonably attractive and gently reared, harassed by some outlandish bumpkin.

The train had halted fifteen feet short of disaster; when he'd foregathered with fellow passengers along the roadbed he felt a strange elation, and bit on his mustache. Handing over the child to its mother, he felt protective emotion welling up; he had longed to give physical expression to it.

No new alarms had materialized. The idle passengers stood about gossiping. Bussey resolved to ride to town with Mrs. Mercer and conveniently to forget Olga Stepanyskaya as he collected his bag and Judy, the spaniel, and hurried back to the automobiles.

He rode with his bitch in front, however, for Chester Glossop had anticipated him; the latter was already settled in back with Mrs. Mercer, the child between them, its continuing interest in downy knees checking Glossop's gallantry.

But he prattled away; Glossop was a local patriot. "There's Scout Hall. Kazak's store. Can't get over you as Howie's wife. The first war memorial. Desmond Bester-Desmond's Meats. Anglican church, Greek church. The park—see the lake through the trees?—pretty, isn't it. Pretty as Howie's wife."

Bussey too was curious about the unsuspected marriage but because something was painfully lacking about Glossop he couldn't bring himself to the point of polite enquiry here, in the car.

They left town behind. Shaking along the washboard, swerving from the pot-holes they skirted flowering orchards. The car pulled up beyond the Harbottles'; there was a barred gate, a break, a mailbox.

The girl declined help, made her way up the path with the child and the suitcase. She was a well-bred girl and Bussey wondered at the disillusionments ahead. In imagination he saw the dirt yard, the pit of cans and smashed liquor bottles, the shabby homestead and the Mercers, father and son. Last time he'd looked in, Howard Mercer was comfortably sprawled on the big iron bed in the principal room. He was squinting at a dark corner. Bussey, unnoticed in the doorway, squinted too. He saw a heavy chest and on it, five feet above the ground, a blue-jeaned twenty-year-old he didn't recognize. Her shoulders hunched and the back of her head pressed the ceiling.

"Go ahead, Fan, jump."


The girl, Fan, stared at Mercer, summoned courage, then jumped. She went down on bent knees and rolled over and lay still on her back. She said tightly, "I'm all right." Lying there head foremost she gave Bussey a long, upside-down stare over the pinnacle of her eyebrows. She'd clear brown eyes and from the unusual angle they seemed disembodied. She sat up and shrilled, "Go away! Howie, who's this snoop?"

Mercer winked. Tactfully Bussey withdrew.

That was the Howard Mercer of Bussey's acquaintance—too attractive, too available for his daughter's good. Bussey watched Mrs. Mercer with her small daughter disappear at the turn of the path. He felt curiosity and pity; then recollecting Lucy he felt relief.

Up the road the automobile dropped Glossop at his mother's. The neighboring orchard was Bussey's—Bussey was its lessee. At his gate he freed Judy, followed up the driveway.

He breathed in deeply—the air smelled of the Dutch clover. It was well enough, he thought, but Los Angeles smelled better. Around him his orchard trees were dusted-green and papery, and in the blue overhead the sun lay becalmed. His spirit felt at ease, and when he saw his daughter, curls in her hair, reading a book in the veranda sun, he was moved to tenderness.



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BIRKS
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STORES FROM COAST TO COAST

"You're late, Daddy."
He kissed her forehead. "Reading a book at eleven in the morning! Why can't you be like that girl at Harbottles?"

"Madge?"
"Nice wholesome thing." He nodded. (What was the special charm of retarded adolescence? So many better-class natives had it.)

"We can't all be hockey captains, Daddy."

She was without enthusiasm, without passion, her mother over again, too cool altogether, he thought, squinting at the

rambler rose. Neither Marcelyn nor he was cool and ironical; it seemed unnatural in a girl Lucy's age. Skimpy flesh and freckles, a wide mouth and a mauve shade of lipstick, that was Thelma, that was Lucy. No sex appeal. He pinched the life from a white-green aphid; he sighed.

"Mother's up."
He glared about him; the longer he could potter round, the longer before he needed face Marcelyn. He strode over to test a loose support in the railing.

"Was Olga on the train?"

"Lord! Perhaps she is still."

"Did she say if she won a gold medal thing?"

"She won a bronze medal thing. Some filly from Pittsburgh nosed her out the final stretch. Olga pounded in second. Dare say it was fixed. By heaven, if I was the jockey!"

"Don't be disgusting, Daddy darling."

"I'll be what I bloody please to be, dear."

Lucy arched her brows and returned to her reading, two little folds appearing between her eyes by way of comment.

Her father sighed again. He went indoors.

Young girls on whom he doted and who saw in him a dotard, a gentle old thing, would have been astonished to meet him at home, where he could be a wild man. The moment the screen door flapped, it was as if the weather changed—squalls threatened and under the horizon black storm clouds swiftly gathered. He peered about in the dim hallway but he noticed nothing, the passage was too familiar, a corridor of prison. Bussey's prison was feminine: hairpins lived in his shaving bowl; lipstick was found on toothbrush tumblers and sherry glasses; for a year he'd noticed lip prints decorated the hall wallpaper over the telephone. (How did they get there? Why didn't they go?)

Marcelyn in peignoir and slippers sat moonstruck before the radio from which streamed a serial play and organ music like cheap scent. The room was disordered.

He kissed her briefly; her nail file paused a moment in its busy work by way of acknowledgment. Marcelyn was better than forty and a work of art; she could have passed for her stepdaughter's sister.

How much did the litter bring? she wanted to know, and he told her, first subtracting twenty-five percent. His tone was provoking; he itched for argument; he had an enormous backlog of grievances, and the nail file, the lip prints, the bobby pins, the studio organ and this slippered ease between them drove him to fury, part of it reflexive, part self-induced. She extricated his account of the business trip. He stood planted above her, a bristling figure, when he felt a fluttering in the veins of his wrists and neck; then he knew he was going to knock over her worktable, the beauty kit, breakfast tray and the rest in a minute. He had once sent a loaded dinner table crashing through swing doors; he was very strong. He checked his impulse to immediate mischief, sensing that his act of violence needed a buildup.

Absently he began noting the crockery, one part of his mind calculating the cost of his coming paroxysm. One small part of his mind always stayed cool; prudence tempered his rages. When once or twice before he had struck out at Marcelyn, one part of his mind had steered his fist above the hairline where a bruise won't show and an assault charge is harder to sustain.

"And the pet shops? Mustn't I know that?"

His reply was a bellow. She quailed. He began to enjoy himself; indeed so much so that this might have satisfied him, except, unless he perform some male act of destruction, Marcelyn's apprehension wasn't so readily to be roused in the future; he needed to safeguard her future.

His glance lit on the cactus plant; his teeth found his mustache and he rolled stiff hair between incisors with savage pleasure. As he snatched up the china pot that held the cactus and dashed it against the brick fireplace, he cried out in a choked voice above the clatter of breakage, "I won't stand it!"

Marcelyn screamed and ran at him, her expression half fright, half fury. She tried to pummel his face with her fists but he clutched her wrists and held them fast. The two stood there breathing hard, eyes screwed up, faces close together.

He had created his scene. The pressures inside eased up at once. He broke off and flung from the room, Marcelyn's hysterical abuse following him out.

What had happened to the love women once stood ready to lavish on him? Why was he here?

Sadly he made for the kennels and



Yes! they knew we changed to "Cinci"



Here's one Christmas present they'll open before the 25th! In fact, this case of 'Cinci' will be doing its refreshing duty the moment thirsty friends drop in.

change to "Cinci"...
the lighter lager beer

stared down at his spaniels with their big wet eyes.

Then when Lucy joined him by the dog runs his hand was steady again, his voice level; he had cooled down. Father and daughter hung over the rail, now one, now the other absently dipping an arm in the cauldron of pups below.

"Lucy, my dear," he said, staring ahead, one bristling eyebrow reared, his long-view expression. Its significance she knew: he wanted to break to her gently some bad news, but there was, as there always was, something—his own derelictions? a nervy forbidding air about her?—to prevent frank speaking. Just the same he did manage in a rambling way to say his say, telling of the surprise appearance of the Mrs. Mercer and the infant he'd encountered that morning. What he really told her, she imagined, was that he'd guessed her secret; but if she prefer, she was to take his hesitations for an apology for the tantrums of ten minutes back.

She listened impassively, and she thought, yes, trust Howard to spoil it. She singled out one puppy to watch while her father talked on. But he worked briskly round from stigmatizing her lover (rotten cad and very likable) to the subject of worming powder. She murmured an excuse and slowly returned to the house and Marcellyn.

With her back to him her expression didn't alter—she had a capacity to absorb bad news without fuss; upbringing had conditioned her. Howard was a married man, she thought; she crossed the veranda wondering whether her life promised to repeat her turbulent father's, all waste, all lopsided, idiotic love; but she rejected the idea.

"Daddy's always in a flap. No we're not at all alike."

Marcellyn, when Lucy came in, was hunched in a deep chair, her peignoir tightly drawn about her shoulders. She contemplated the ravished cactus with the disagreeably surprised face of a puppy tasting soap.

"This is the end," she announced in the idiom of domestic drama. "Darling, we're leaving forever. Change your dress."

The distraction was well timed; Lucy leaned gratefully against the door jamb, remembering other partings. The day was made when Marcellyn resolved on flight. The ritual of flight was firmly established—shopping spree, matinee, expensive lunch and tea, air of conspiracy, Marcellyn all generosity and affection. Then, with the money exhausted, a tacitly assumed change of heart, and poor wicked Charles allowed another opportunity to redeem himself.

"Oh, Mother! I'll wear my new coat."

Smart in their spring clothes the two conspirators slipped from the disordered house by a side door. There was nice time to look at hats at the modiste's before tea. Should Bussey suffer a money shortage the remainder of the month, all the better.

The outing followed time-sanctioned lines. They shopped; extravagance seemed a solemn duty after the way Bussey explained Tapleytown to them: "We're living here," he said gloomily, "to save money." They sat, back to back, bleakly peering in mirrors at impossible hats while Marcellyn reviewed ancient history (Bussey had once promised marriage). "But never trust any man, darling. When he shows you his papers, take them to a good lawyer." She snorted. Divorce papers could scarcely be more misleading about a man's intentions than good eyelashes.

"Seems to me, Mummy, men don't mention they're already married."

"Assume it, dear. Weak men always marry. And what men aren't weak? Those rough diamonds with their sporting goods, tool sets—toys, darling, just toys to impress on you they're he-men. That's how they mean you to tell, but believe me, it's just playacting; the country's full of children in men's bodies." In Europe, if the air serials were to be credited, men were nasty jobs, too. "I often feel Charles thinks he's Hungarian or something. Charles would have made a great hand-kisser. These hats are out of style, don't you feel? Let's have tea."

Then, for these two also had their shared secrets, over the teacups Lucy brought herself to mention Mrs. Mercer.

"Lucy darling, does it feel awful?"

"Miserable."

"Oh, my dear, one day you'll be thankful. Life with this Mercer boy would have been as impossible as life with Charles; women will spoil him to his dying day; his good looks are bone-deep."

Lucy coughed nervously. "I suppose I shall have to give him up."

"That's right, dear, you do it first," agreed Marcellyn.

By six-thirty forgiveness hung in the air; by eight o'clock they'd returned home. Bussey said nothing, he was hungry and in this circumstance seemed relieved to see them back.

Lucy began to show some confusion of purpose: she considered various ways to avoid Howard Mercer, and at the same time she began to bicycle past the Harbottle orchards, where Mercer worked, on every pretext.

Presently she chanced on him. It was a day or two after Bester-Desmond's; as



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"I'm meant to drop in your arms?" asked Lucy. "Suit yourself," said Howard.

she pedaled along she heard a crackling in the tangled break ahead and his familiar form stepped to the road, an owl expression on his face, what resembled an antique rifle in hand. He leveled the barrel.

"All right, Lucy. Talk fast."

She dragged to a stop. "Have you turned gangster, Howard?"

"Faster."

"Not a very good gangster, I think—you're having trouble with the sights. This is my heart, this side. But you're quite off: it's a shotgun."

He lowered the gun and strolled up. "Hello, Lucy. It's not a shotgun, it's a pollination gun—it fertilizes. This is old home week for Howie."

"The bees don't mind?"

"I've been shooting up the orchard. It's fun. I saw your bicycle pass every hour on the hour."

"Oh nonsense." She laughed nervously.

"No?"

"You think I think only one thing. You think every girl in the Blue Heron thinks only one thing."

He heard this out with courteous attention and encouraging nods. He said, "Don't away to lunch. Come on into the orchard."

"I'm going to Olga's, Howie."

"Come into the orchard."

"Really I am."

"Olga can wait."

"I don't think I'd better."

"I won't argue here." He turned and walked off; she watched his trim, tight-trousered outline. Ditching her machine she followed meekly through the break. In the orchard he leaned the gun against a wheel of the tractor there and threw himself in the clover beside a half-eaten lunch. He lay on his back. For the first time he smiled at her; the smile said, "Now you may." It stung her—all this was too easy.

"You're very sure of yourself. I suppose I'm meant to drop into your arms?"

"Suit yourself. Here I am. There you are." He never allowed her any pride, never had. Because she needed to be romantic about him he was elaborately matter-of-fact. He took a sandwich in one hand, his thermos in the other; he

put half a sandwich in his mouth and poured in a little hot tea; he chewed with exaggerated gusto. This too was part of the anti-romantic pose, and his eyes twinkled and mocked her above the teeth and sodden bread.

"Been dinking too, Howie?"

"Changing the subject?" he asked thickly, spurring out a stream of crumbs, and recovering some.

"You can't offend me, darling, not by bad manners, however hard you try."

"Yes dear."

"You're just a small boy trying to shock Nurse."

"Yes dear. Changing the subject?"

It had not changed; she must crawl, and perhaps then he rebuked for obsession with sex.

She sat beside his drawn-up knees, and his mocking boy's face, the memory of other afternoons, and the present sea-sawing uncertainty so oppressed her she couldn't breathe naturally.

"I can read every thought you have, Lucy." He lay back again, watching her, the Dutch clover of the cover crop cushioning his dark head with its heavy masculine chin, his outflung arms.

She shook her head. "About the sandwiches," she said.

"All right. Back to the sandwiches."

"I mean about shocking me and spitting out crumbs. I was trying to say you waste the lunch your wife took such pains over."

He watched her with curiosity. "That's all right, she loves me."

"I should hope so."

"So we know about the wife," he said reflectively.

"Yes, Howard."

"What a funny way to tell it. Charlie Bussey's daughter—what a funny girl. Tighter inside than a seven-day clock. Nervous like a peahen. Sings like a violin for me." He shifted on his elbow and went on quietly. "Did you know I was poison, Lucy?"

"Joke."

"No, I'm rotten." His mouth twitched.

From honest feeling to pose; the process was irresistible in him; Lucy watched his chin push out. The brutish chin imparted an ugly-duckling charm and she

Avalanche



*The thunder
that strikes like lightning*

1 "When the 'White Death' of the Austrian Alps rumbles its warning, time runs out fast for any skier in its path. If caught, his only hope is his avalanche cord," writes Fred Klaus, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Skiing on Haflikerberg with my friend Tom Morison, I heard that growl of sliding snow. I knew we had only seconds to make our get-away . . .



2 "Right on my heels as we streaked for safety, Tom was gone when I turned around. When a rescue party arrived, we traced his red cord to where Tom lay buried—six feet under but only bruised.



3 "Waging war against avalanches takes military equipment, we learned later. Tyrolean guides showed us how they use 85 mm. mortar fire to bring down menacing banks of snow before they get too big. Despite these precautions, a few people are swallowed up by avalanches each year.



4 "Tom's narrow escape called for a celebration, and at the Hochhaus in Innsbruck we found the perfect answer—Canadian Club. Safe for skiers who avoid avalanche areas, the Alps attract sportsmen from all over the world. The ones I met all knew Canadian Club."

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thrilled with protective emotion. She was helpless; she sat with arms encircling his drawn-up knees and defended his character. It was not what she planned, earlier that day, in the course of imaginary dialogues, to say.

Then abruptly: "Tell me about her, Howie."

"Helen? What about Helen?"

"What is she like?"

"Pretty."

"Do you love her?"

"Nope."

"Me?"

"Nope." He twinkled. "Go on. I like questionnaires. I like to be a centre of interest."

"Which of us would you choose for a wife?"

He looked away. "I'm married to Helen and I play about with you. If I'd married you I'd play with Helen."

"That isn't an answer, darling," she objected.

"Well then, Helen. She's a good girl from a stuffy family. Everything about me shocks her and she tries so hard not to show it. It's fun."

"Not for Helen."

"Oh well, she loves me."

"Was that what took you back to England, after your navy days?"

"Everyone meant to go back to those pubs and those women."

"You must have had a lovely war. One more question, Howie. You deserted her?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?"

"And now?"

"I don't plan any changes." He regarded her with mocking affection.

She made an effort and said, "I don't think I want to be a home wrecker."

"Don't worry. You won't." He watched the words sink in. He said softly, "Nothing need be any different, Lucy. What Helen doesn't know . . ."

It was the tone of his voice, she told herself. Or life was too short, or the price of nobility too steep. Smiling without knowing it, she gazed into his face; she would crawl now. She reached out both hands to take his. It was his clear victory.

She felt at peace immediately. A strange part of Mercer's hold on her imagination involved the small girl in Lucy; something had been lost along the way and in the comfort of strong arms was illusion of recovery.

The air smelled of clover. In some remote corner of her brain a single thought presently formed itself, lazily alive, a candle's tongue wobbling in a puff of air, the thought that now she'd reached a boundary. Nothing was beyond it.

III

When Olga dropped by, Marceyn in peignoir was drifting back and forth between the dusty cluttered rooms. Pausing before the radio she pointed to a chair stacked high with film magazines. "Make yourself cozy, dear," she said. "Just push those to the floor and I'll find you the Breakfast Sausages Club."

"Give me five minutes," Lucy called from the bathroom.

When Lucy came out the two friends sat on the veranda steps, chatting in the sun.

"Tennis things or the satin? A night of horrible drinks or an afternoon splashing about the lake in Madge's catboat?"

"I hope it is neither."

"I'll ask Madge. Do you know, Howard hopes to ruin Madge one day? He's a beast. Once he said his great ambition was to ruin a girl wearing knickerbockers. He said what spoiled it was that, secretly, knickerbocker-wearers itch to be ruined."

"He is a pig."

"He says these things, Ol. I don't know

that he means them. Anyway a man who talks like that is a weakling really. Any girl in knickerbockers is made of sterner stuff. She loves and loves and hangs on and hangs on, and in the end it changes the man's character and he's putty in her hands."

"How I wish Donald had a character to change! But he is already perfect."

"Of course Madge is tougher than anything in knickerbockers."

"Well, she is strange to me. I believe she does not care for green eyes, Lucy."

"Lucky me. I think I'll phone her about

today, incidentally," said Lucy, rising.

At the wall phone under the lip prints she said, "Oh, I haven't ridden a horse for years, Madge . . . Oh, isn't that the game where one drowns one's opponent? I don't care, water polo is out. No, tell your mother we're invited to tea."

At the Harbottles', Madge sought out her brother, who was reading Trollope in the terrace sun, a bottle of beer at his side. "Chum's coming to tea," she complained, standing over him. "Won't ride, won't sail, won't play. Just sit and jaw."

"Doesn't sound as though she'll do,

does she?" sympathized Donald from canvas cushion, not lifting his eyes. "Do you love her very much?"

She snorted. "Not my chum. Your chum. The Bussey girl—green eyes, filthy lipstick, lovey-dovey with Howard."

He offered no comment.

She shuffled her feet. "She's bringing that Olga Something-or-other."

"Madge, please, do go away, you're raising a dust. The stuff always settles in one's wrinkles, don't you find? Makes one look a hundred."

She kicked his pillow. "And Mummy

may your Christmas be merry,
your New Year full of happiness



says please shave today." She bounded off.

Donald was fair and just twenty-one and not much grown yet for his razor, so the unkind words misled if they implied torpor; indeed had it not been contrary to the spirit of the thing he himself might have explained he was phlegmatic. He was slightly built, not tall, not short, and with long heavy cheeks, for all the family looked horsey.

In accordance with his private religion he greeted the two guests calmly when they arrived. "Nothing is planned," he

said, a pipe-in-hand gesture tendering apologies. "If we want anything strenuous we'll hunt up Madge though."

"It must be lovely just sitting here."

So they sat in deck chairs, staring out over the lake, Lucy's gaze traveling to the far-off Mercer homestead. "Going east soon, Donald?" she asked.

"Fortnight," Donald spent seven months of his year at agricultural college.

Madge bounded up and stood blinking over Olga. "You know me without my specs?"

"Yes, certainly, yes, this is very attractive without the spectacles."

Madge flushed with pleasure; she settled on the ground facing, hugging her knees. "Now for a good old pi-jaw," she said happily.

Donald closed his eyes.

Why did people search her face, Olga wondered. She scowled, quickly glanced at Donald, then tossed back her head, staring into the blue of a dreaming sky.

Following a long silence a faint voice issued from Lucy's chair. "Really nothing ever happens at Blue Heron, really."

"I don't know," responded Donald's depth of canvas. "The Brothers."

Pause.

"Nothing exciting."

"No." A yawn. "I suppose nothing really exciting."

"True! True!" Olga burst out with shattering effect. "How very true that is! How wise you are, Donald!" She was living every moment intensely, savoring the lazy voices and the silences charged, for her, with the drama of Donald's presence.

"Why, thank you," the latter murmured. He shifted an inch on his chair. "You feel strongly about Nature Boys?"

"They are dirt, these Brothers!" she cried. "Let us not talk about them! Let us talk about you, Donald, for instance."

"Oh, I don't think Madge could bear that," he answered in reasonable tones. "The subject is distasteful to her."

"Brothers and sisters — they always sound like this, Ol," explained Lucy. "We were lucky."

"He teases, yes," Olga nodded. "But I consider to have a brother would be heavenly."

"Hear that, Madge?" said Donald.

"What absolutely imposs soppo mush!"

Tea arrived and a minute after, Great-aunt Harbottle, and Mrs. Harbottle and her husband, the Colonel, a tall, equine, mild-mannered man with a mild strangled voice.

Mrs. Harbottle busied herself behind the battery of china and silverware on garden tables. When the young people's conversation resumed she remarked amiably, "Don't be ridiculous, children. All of you are far too young to know what you're talking about. Eat up your scones. I believe I shall need more boiling water."

The great-aunt piped in a penetrating aside to Donald, "Bless my soul. Sitting there large as life. How extraordinary to have one of them to tea."

"Olga is not a Little Brother, Great-aunt."

Olga crimsoned.

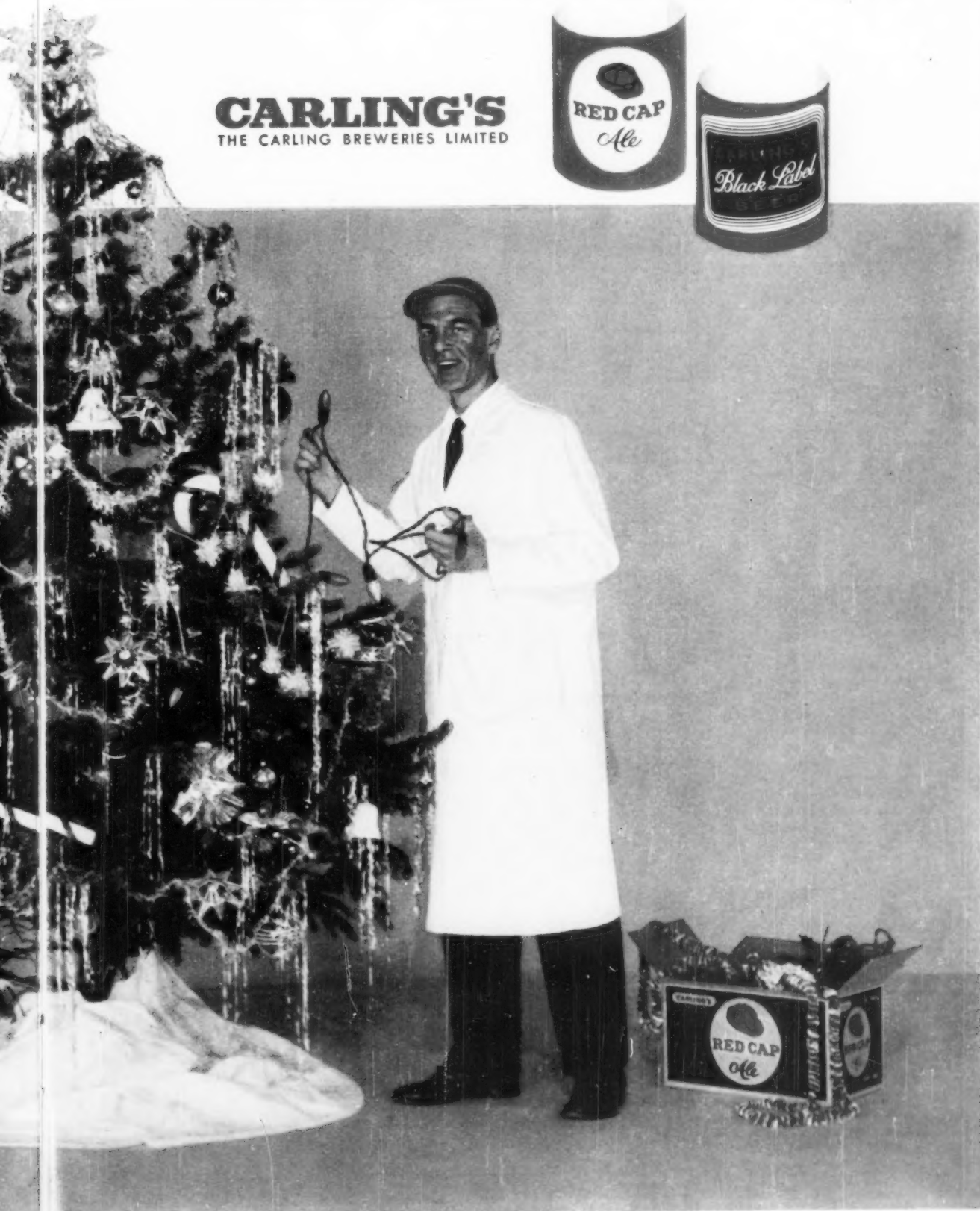
"Aunt, Olga's outfit were Ukrainians," explained the Colonel in his choked voice. "White Russkies. Came here to farm. Nature Boys came from thousand miles east of that. Chinks, really. Right, Olga?"

"I know nothing. This foolishness is not my people, Colonel dear. We live here sixty years and we all the time marry you, we marry the English ranchers; we are no different one little bit except with some things we are, like songs and dances and our names also. I could be Olga Stevens too, but I consider Stepanyskaya is a pretty name. Myself I cannot talk so well because Grand-mama talks Ukrainian; there is no school for us up in the north. So I read Dostoevski instead. So I do not talk so well because Dostoevski is not translated so well. But these Little Brothers, the Little Brothers are not Stepanyskayas or Harbottles either; they are crazy people. To me they are dirt. I do not understand how the fat lady talks to me in the park, either. I am ashamed. If a tramp talks to Donald, Lucy will think, 'Here is this relative of Donald, this tramp, this Mr. Smith, because Smith and Harbottle are true English names. I am finished with Donald and tramps in his family.' Lucy will think this, perhaps? Excuse me, I have made a long speech, excuse me."

"Mr. Smith," said Donald. "You must mean Uncle Fred."

"Don't be absurd, Donald. Poor Fred-die has had a very hard life. Olga, my child, none of us associates you with the east shore—the idea is preposterous."

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Harbottle, it is, yes." She decided on the spot she loved them all, the great-aunt, Madge, the chil-



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"Caught one once in Great-auntie's hair," Madge chattered enthusiastically.

dren at Valley and Girtton, even the shady Uncle Fred. Her gaze swept over the lawns falling away, over dwarf tree and privet hedge and rockery to fruit orchards below; and for a minute she saw herself another Mrs. Harbottle, impulsive and kindly, ensconced behind these same silver tea things, and then beside her she saw Donald, a wonderfully preserved fifty, hot-blooded like a Cossack too.

"Come back to us, Ol." Lucy was speaking.

"I was dreaming. I am sorry."

"Madge wondered if you cared to see her dragonflies."

"They're absolutely wiz, Olga. Do come."

The two went indoors.

Madge's airy playroom upstairs bore evidence of a strenuous and full life; Olga gazed at its silver trophies and at a home-fashioned Girtton pennant, at retired cricket bats and retired hockey sticks, at horse pictures, dog pictures, pictures of Brownies, school hockey teams, anonymous Girtton heroines. The Little Princesses, Joan of Arc and Lady Baden-Powell. Pride of place went, she saw, to the dragonfly display cabinets that stood hedged about with collector paraphernalia, cork presses, tins, butterfly nets, poison bottles.

Madge clumped across the playroom, pulled out drawers. The mounts gave off a faint ammonia smell.

"That violet one," she explained. "Caught it on Daddy's sleeve. Caught one once in Great-auntie's hair. This one is a gift from Betty Brock—to seal a compact. 'Jever know Betty? Used to adore Betty. Used to be absolutely wiz ragging with Betty in dorm after lights-out. Fun with the poison bottle—cr-cr-IPES!"

"You keep a poison bottle in this place, this school?"

"'Snothing," she chuckled. "Used to

keep tamed magpie in dorm linen room, and darlinest white mice. Keep everything. Used to wait till the seniors were asleep. Betty and me'd sneak in with the old poison bottle—put old Chetty in the infirm for three days once. Oh, needn't feel sorry for that witch. She got her revenge all right—stole Marjory from me. How the sixth-formers laughed! Marjory took one look at Chetty in her confirmation dress, and wham! What a flirt! Never looked at me again. Later she went man-crazy. See this 'fly? Sally Monthroste caught it for Miss James. But Miss James hated suck-ups so she gave it me."

"This girl, Sally?"

"Yes—just for love. She hoped! Sally was a big absolutely impos slob, the worst type of third-former. I nearly gave it back. She's man-crazy now like the rest of them." She kicked her heel in the rug and momentarily looked angry and bewildered. "Oh well. And this one was a trade," she said, back in stride. "Dotty Ferguson caught it. She drowned it."

"Oh? How so?"

"Oh I promised not to tell; it was by mistake. But she was too scared to touch it and I had to keep it in the poison bottle for ages. Dotty's man-crazy now too. This 'fly was Miss Lafleur's, the head. She confiscated old Ethel Maunders' 'flies, then all the girls got 'flies for Sunday cols."

"Sunday cols?"

"Collects—it was something you learned for chapel. Word perf you got another 'fly. This one was another trade."

They spent twenty minutes bent over the mounts, Madge with shining eyes and a voice choked with the flood of memories. Later Olga stood before the windows and admired the lake. Madge joined her, dropping an arm across her visitor's shoulders while she, too, stared out over the lake.

But her mind lingered in the past. Her face darkened. "Sometimes you want to jump out," she said huskily. "Jever feel you've lived your life already? Best part's behind you? I do. Feel sometimes I could jump off a cliff."

"Yes, it is so, the burden of life is very intolerable," Olga sighed in ready agreement, looking as ought a young and radiant heroine in a Chekhov play. "I understand so well. The English soul is not a mystery to me, no."

"Oh, Olga."

"I too think death is the best thing, perhaps for a young girl."

"Feel I've had my life now. 'Jou too?"

"My people have a proverb," Olga replied evenly. "'One is born too old, yes.'"

"I mean, here we are—nearly nineteen, even too old for sixth-formers."

"But another proverb goes, 'Milk for the little ones, tears for the others.' We must bear our lot, dear Madge. For our grandchildren there will be a little happiness."

Madge brightened. It was not the sense of the aphorism, but the adjective of endearment, that encouraged. "But darling," she said, "how beastly to have grandchildren. Sooner have dogs any day, I'd have thought."

Olga said with a wry face, "The despair of the soul—somewhere I read this is cured by fresh air and exercises, with cold showers."

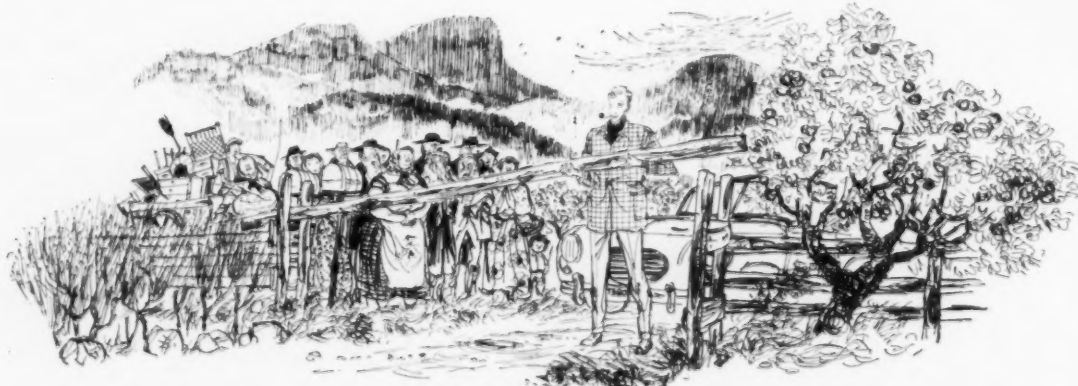
Madge nodded vigorously. "Oh! Yes, isn't it! And capping! Olga darling, have you got a pal? Wouldn't you care to come camping some week end? Bonfires, moonlight swims, sleep under trees — cr-IPES! It is so absolutely wiz and friendly, somehow. And we could swear a blood compact. Oh, do! Would Lucy be furious?"

For a moment Olga wondered why Lucy should be furious; then her thoughts returned to those melancholy aphorisms; she was really more interested in dark generalities than in sleeping under stars.

Madge evidently mistook her bemused silence for indecision. "Jou decide yet?" she whispered just as the two girls stepped back out on the terrace again; then, to Olga's blank look of enquiry, she winked.

She was still winking, and talking of pup tents and blood compacts, and being generally cryptic, when Olga took baffled leave of her.

Donald ran his guests home, a short ride that Olga wished could last forever. They had overtaken a horse-drawn van of household furniture and then rounded the last bend before the Stepanyskayas', when up ahead near her orchard gate were discerned a score of loiterers. From their Tolstoi beards and peasant air she knew they must be Little Brothers. And indeed so they were: Brothers were taking possession of the vacant house next



A score of loiterers watched as Donald opened the gate. Olga studied them from the car: these were Little Brothers.



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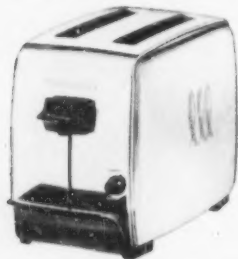
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As her grandmother listened, alert for errors, Olga slowly, doggedly translated into Russian.

door. Olga had discounted Mrs. Gombov's announcement; now she was so taken aback that her usual quick wits deserted her. Before she could invent reasons for driving past, Donald had pulled up alongside.

She scowled out at two matrons whom she recognized, Mrs. Pulypuk and Mrs. Pudyk in full skirts and babushkas, and then at a dozen strangers who, like the other two, suggested another age, another continent, and then at young Yegor Kukov who, on the contrary, might have been any country lad in pinching clothes. The assembled Brothers scowled back at her and scuffed their boots and muttered and spat in the dust.

In another moment the gate was open and Donald was back in the car.

"Orchard looks very picturesque, Ol," murmured Lucy, squeezing her friend's arm.

They drove up a lane between tree skeletons in thoughtful silence and presently stopped.

Olga said, "It is a mystery to me. All the same—illegal loitering!—I think I go and phone the police. Good-by!"

She scampered across into her house, didn't look back.

Donald reversed and turned. He tried to catch Lucy's glance, but she stared out the car window at the old, frozen-out orchard.

"Olga's illegal loiterers looked a bit hostile to me," he commented.

"They are dirt," murmured Lucy, sense of fun overcoming loyalty.

"Myself, I know nothing," responded Donald.

"Poor Ol. She's scared stiff you'll get things wrong. We shouldn't laugh at her, she's nice."

She stared out of her window. My loyalty to my friends, she thought mockingly, Olga told lies, while she, Lucy, was disloyal. She did wonder why. Upbringing, being eighteen, being only children—were these the reasons? Little use asking her fuzzy-minded father, less use asking Marcelyn—women to Marcelyn, unchurched wife and radio-serial fan,

were an oppressed class and every artifice was permissible . . .

At Olga's gate she said, "They do look annoyed about something. But I suppose they have their reasons; I suppose everyone has."

At the fork in the road she said, "Please, no, Donald. Straight home."

Olga's days were filled; she kept house with her grandmother, sang on Sunday at St. Vladimir's, and in the evening, in deadly earnest, she improved herself. All week end now she expected bizarre happenings next door, at the Ewanochkas'; but only for the first quarter hour did she station herself behind window curtains. Then her patience gave out. A voice shrilled from the kitchen.

"Olga Alexandrovna, why am I not hearing practice sounds? You are dreaming again?"

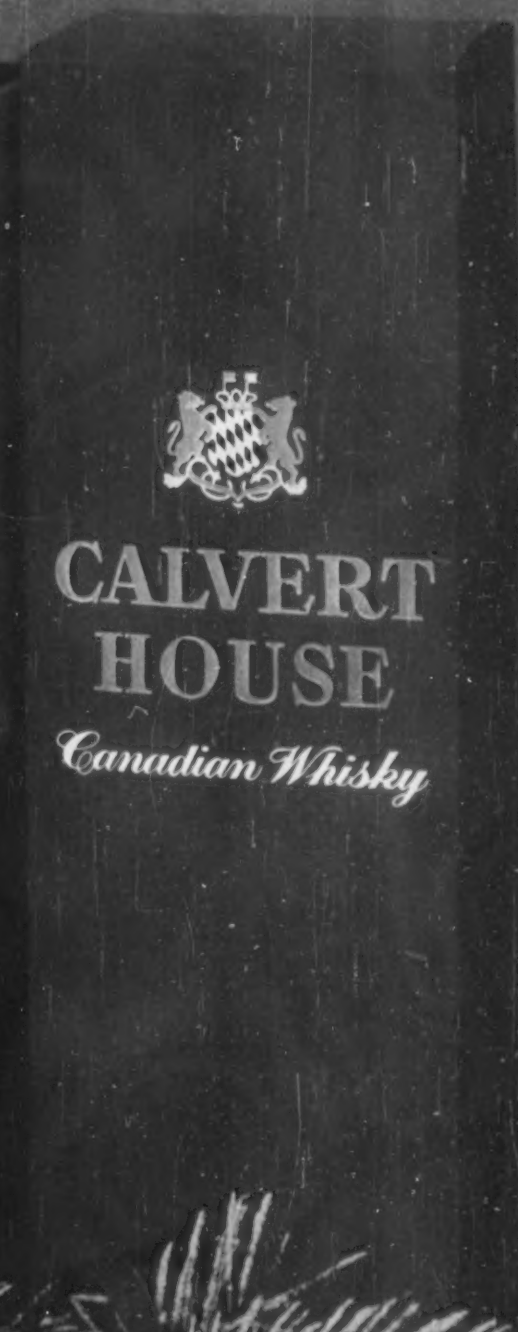
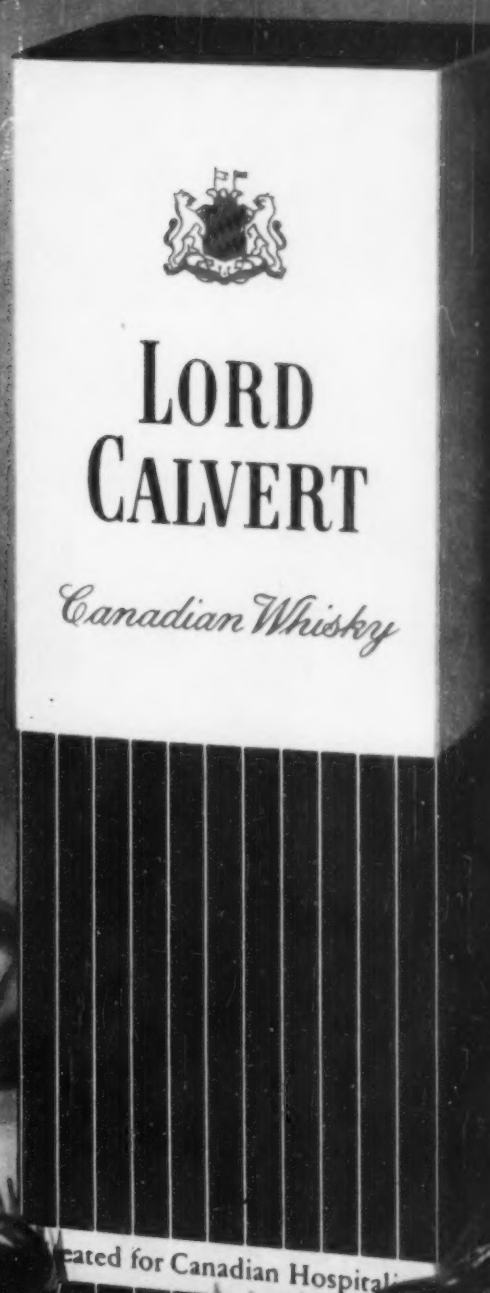
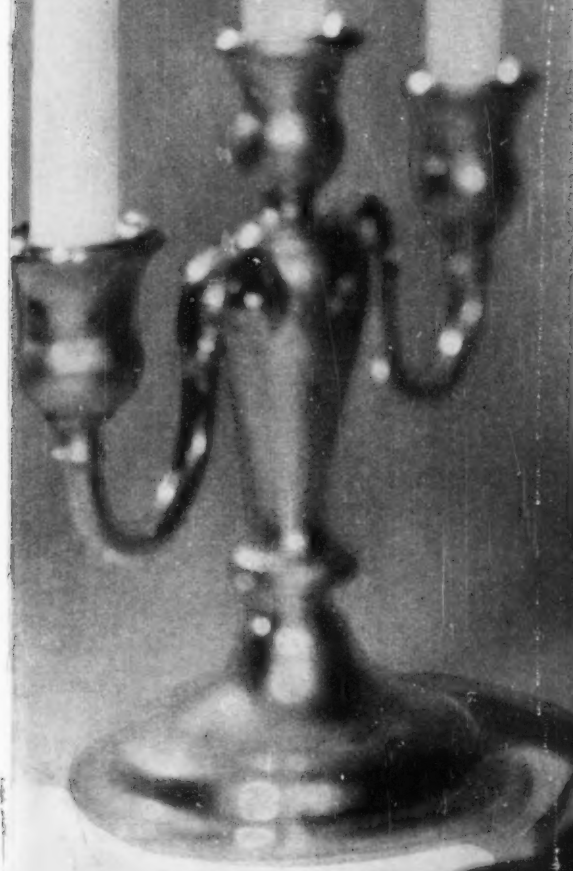
She forsook the curtains and took up her bandura from its velvet. For another quarter hour she plucked out accompaniments; the melodies she hummed. Each time she took a breath she heard moaning in the kitchen, for when she sang her grandmother sang too, but something different, something from The Songs of Unhappy Women. The old lady was tone-deaf.

Afterward, the evening meal over, she sat with Olga in their parlor, a pudgy little creature with a flat nose and bright bird's eyes, ageless, soberly clad but with a brilliantly patterned *peremotka*. Open in her full-skirted lap lay The Possessed in the original tongue. Opposite her Olga hunched over a baize table, pencils, pads and dictionaries at her elbows, her cheeks flushed. She read slowly and doggedly from a translation, rendering it back phrase by phrase into Russian.

"Nyet," said the grandmother. They tried it again.

This exercise was only part of Olga's literary activity, but by far the most taxing part. Her purpose was to master idiomatic English or, better, Harbottle English. As each of the Harbottles talked a different English—the Colonel's clipped

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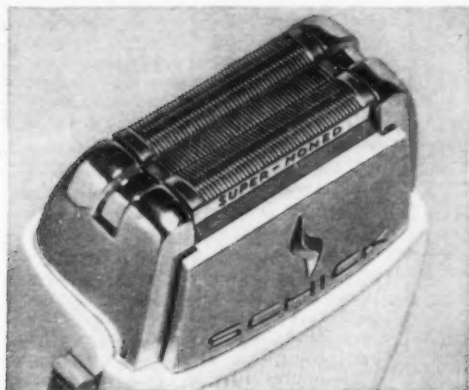
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and breezy, his wife's sociable-effusive, the great-aunt's old-maidenly, Donald's studiously casual, Madge's Girtonian and the absent youngsters' something else again—her problem was formidable. Accepting Lucy's view of Mrs. Harbottle as a sort of walking repository of upper-middle-class virtues, usually she selected this lady as the criterion. How would Mrs. Harbottle say the following? "You are a blackguard, Nikifor Vsevolodovich; so speaks one who loves high thinking." Olga would close her eyes, summon the image of Mrs. Harbottle, full figure,

pince-nez, kindly aspect, and listen while the image talked. It would begin as Mrs. Harbottle and finish as Olga. "Don't be absurd, my dear Nicky," it said. "You are so like a cad, that is plain to me, yes! I agree!"

"Olga Alexandrovna!" exclaimed the grandmother.

"I have been dreaming. I am sorry."
"Always her head in the clouds. One day she will fall in Blue Heron Lake. Splash! No more Olga. No little ones. This wonderful Donald Harbottle jumps in the lake in grief! Splash! Everywhere

is grief and wailing because Olga was a dreamy girl. Olga!"

"I am so sorry, Grandmama."

The reading resumed. After an hour the Dostoevskis were laid aside; the grandmother took up her woolwork and Olga turned to more congenial literary matters.

She was making a fresh translation of *The Ring*. This sample of folk humor never failed to amuse her; it seemed wonderfully comic. She had made numberless translations of the song before, but none had done it justice. She bent

over her pad now, a serious expression on her face, and chewed the blunt end of her pencil. In another moment she was chuckling with gruff painful effort—too much of *The Ring* could mean another stomach ache.

I throw my ring at the foolish man.

I say, "Hurry from my sight please!"

I never know such a stupid person . . .

The grandmother's hand dipped, paused, pulled up, paused, dipped again, in a complex rhythm; Olga with her raptures and her dreams sat as though flung at her worktable, the picture of arrested motion. The room was warm and sleepy; time stood still in it. It had maplewood, glazed chintz, china figurines; it had an old, unworkable tile stove and, on a corner bracket, a treasured ikon.

Olga scribbled busily until her page was filled, then she stared at the old tile stove. She stared at a china shepherd boy. She stared at the mantelpiece glass-panel clock that didn't go. She saw none of them, nor the ceaseless dipping and pausing, pulling and pausing across the room—she was in another world. Everywhere the air had filled with song; voices sang of love and of wiving and of butchery at war, of dowries, jealousies and poisonings. Back and forth across the landscape dashed the Harbottle-faced Cossacks on grey steeds, stooping down to whisper farewell to the maidens, then racing off to coarse laughter and the report of whips. In the nearby poplar woods Pan Kanovski sent old women into the tree-tops to call. "Cuckoo!" then shot them down. Here was the abode of the robbers Haidomaki and Oprishki, of the swamp devil Chort, in his swamp, of the serpents Haspid and Basilisk. There was to be a wedding feast, with rich braided bread, and *The Songs of Unhappy Women* gave way to the twanging of the *kobzas* for the wedding of Marusenka. Ruthenians in their highland jackets whirled in the dance. Cranberry bloomed everywhere; mint, emblem of virginity, scented the air, and from the sky throbbed the joyful birdcall. Ki-hi! Ki-hi! Wreathed in *barwenok* Olga held the marital candle encircled with hyssop; and while the grandmother wailed and the jealous squeezed poisons into ruby-red jellies, the far-off bridegroom could be heard singing the catalogue of her beauties, the black brow,

The body white, fine as seeds of poppy.

But alas! By the riverbank she threaded mallows, and she cast the wreath on the waters. Would it float? Would she marry? The swift current swept it under! And now they laid the red handkerchief over her face: she was dead. From a branch of the *kalina* above her grave a young man was fashioning his flute. Sitting on her headstone, with stricken face, Donald piped an air. From the first notes a voice sighed, "Brother, play not so loud, do not bring sorrow to my heart, no."

"Olga Alexandrovna, such dreams! You go splash!"

The spell broke.
"Oh, Grandmama, I am so unhappy. If only I was not born. It is two hundred years too late."

The grandmother laid aside the wool to rub her creased flat nose, the gesture of a dressed-up monkey at a zoo tea party.

"Poor Olga Alexandrovna. One day in two years she has a papa. For the rest, nyet! He searches the ground for gold, perhaps. What? No matter, he searches for radium. What? No matter, he searches for oil. Poor girl, her father is not yet a millionaire—who can be sur-

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prised that she is unhappy! Her father sends two hundred dollars. What is two hundred dollars? It is food, it is shelter, it is life. But perhaps she wishes for three hundred dollars. Olga Alexandrovna! Are you not ashamed?"

"You do not understand, I think. I miss my father, yes, but it is because I love Donald Harbottle that I am so unhappy."

"This surprises me." The grandmother made a spurious show of surprise before she resumed. "But I am thinking, 'What is bad about Nikolai Yevchenko, who is handsome? What is bad about Porfiry Plecas, who is clever? What is bad about Chester Glossop even, who is good to his mother?'"

"Donald is ideal. Grandmama. Nick is a schoolboy merely and Porfiry Panteimonovich is very ugly and Chester Glossop is very old. He is stupid, too, Chester. He is so like the lover in *The Ring*, that is what is bad about him, and I would marry poor Mr. Bussey before Chester."

"What nonsense you speak. Hem, hem, it is past time we go to bed. God give you rest."

Next morning the grandmother smirked and said, "*Dobry den*, Chester."

"How do you do? What's she say, Olga? Does she know Mother?"

The adjoining churches, St. John's, Anglican, and St. Vladimir's, a little brick box with onion dome, had emptied one upon the other, the two congregations flowing together on the sunny pavement. Chester Glossop and his mother, a lady of stern character and few words, were borne along on the Anglican wash. The grandmother eyed her shyly.

"Does she know Mother?" Glossop, all fatty eagerness, waited openmouthed for an answer.

"She does," Mrs. Glossop said grimly.

"The old one is angry?" the grandmother asked Olga.

"She is angry, yes," Olga replied in the grandmother's tongue. "Chester is so stupid, that is why she is angry. She is angry also because life is sad, like Uncle Fred Harbottle. She is also angry because she is sour, and sour because nobody loves her except stupid people."

"Behave yourself, Olga Alexandrovna!"

Glossop winked. "Talking about my good looks?"

"Chester! Don't play the fool."

"Sorry, Mother. Now, Olga, no secrets. I'm glad we met. I thought I'd visit you this afternoon."

"This stupid person wants to visit us."

"Olga Alexandrovna, accept at once!"

Walking home beneath the lakeside chestnuts of the park Olga and her grandmother happened next upon Charles Bussey and Marcelyn. Ten puppies tumbled about underfoot; the arms of the two ended in tangles of leashes; progress was slow and circumspect. Padding along behind came a black spaniel bitch—shepherd, nanny, vessel of life, and dignified as a bishop fetching up the procession of a choir.

The old Hollywood hand and his lady were, really, one of the Sunday sights of Tapleystown: they had the breathless elegance of a fashion plate. But whatever pleasure the pair took in personal display, business was its prime object: the Sunday promenades showed dogs to fine advantage. Olga was enchanted with the encounter and within two minutes she'd talked herself into a purchase.

"And if I pay in installments, poor Mr. Bussey?" she laughed.

"My dear, of course. That's all right. I'll bring him round this afternoon. Might worm him. Pretty him up."

She told her grandmother, "Mr. Bussey will also visit us."

"And the sinful woman?"

"Not the sinful woman."

Bussey started back in fishy horror. Then he recollected himself; but for a moment Olga thought he had understood them. But no, she thought right after, this must be the actor in him. And so it was, Bussey had once spent a day in a liberty cap, croaking, "Death! Death! To the guillotine!" behind a rank of toothless and bloodthirsty hags. After the MGM knitting women and *A Tale of Two Cities* all foreign-speaking grandmothers made his flesh creep.

Olga said in English, "Take my love to Lucy. Good-by, dear Mr. Bussey and dear Mrs. Bussey."

Starting off again she gazed back at the fashion-plate Busseys, the ten puppies, the waddling dignitary in the rear. "Oh, Grandmama, how happy I am! How right God was! How interesting that I am alive!"

Occasionally nodding to others of their acquaintance they strolled on past an SPCA trough, past a bed of municipal wallflowers, past a bed of headless stalks and on up to some tree-shaded gates.

Then they were suddenly upon Howard Mercer and his wife.

Olga didn't mean them to stop; she nodded stiffly and took an arm of the grandmother, who was bobbing her head and smirking, to steer her past; but Mercer blocked the way. All chest and thighs, he wouldn't budge. He seemed able to turn almost anything into a sexual contest, and now he watched her face with a faint teasing smile, enjoying himself while she made a motion to pass, hesitated, drew back exasperated and then, sighing, resigned herself to a conversa-

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"Madge is possessed by demons when she drives," bubbled Mrs. Harbottle. "Church has no effect"

tion that was certain to provoke.

He introduced his wife. She seemed to Olga to look dazed. "Olga's a hunky but she's a good girl," he explained, eyes twinkling at the effect of his words. "And she's a friend of Lucy. I told you of Lucy, remember? Who you're to make a particular friend? Remember?"

His wife said she remembered.

"I'm coming round this afternoon, Olga. Helen's got an all-hen tea fight; she wants me out of the way. Isn't that so, Helen?" he prompted.

Helen swallowed. "Yes, of course. If you'd be so kind, Olga?"

"We are having quite a tea too," said Olga with a fierce look.

"The handsome dog with the hair cream," interjected the grandmother. "You do not like? This is the wicked Howard Mercer?"

Olga nodded. "I do not like it how he speaks with his wife either," she said. "It is how a stern teacher speaks with a stupid pupil. He is patient, but what he says is final."

"Hey hey! No fair speakee hunky."

Olga shot him a black look. "We do not use this word, please."

"Oh, Howard's awful," apologized Helen Mercer, coming out of her shadow. "You mustn't take offense. He labels everyone: I'm a limey. You must let me work on him a little while." She glanced anxiously at her husband. "You see? He does look willing."

He didn't, but he looked quite pleased: he was being "a centre of interest."

Presently he drew back a few begrudged inches, then, as though at great personal sacrifice, a few more. He looked owlishly at Olga, who seethed with impatience. He shut his mouth tight, and with an air of determined cheerfulness under exceptionally trying circumstances he gave enough ground so the pair could squeeze past. As the grandmother passed she angled her elbow into his stomach.

"Expect me, now," he called after them. "And don't forget. Never the samovar to the kettle—always the kettle to the samovar."

The two marched to the end of the pavement without exchanging a word, Olga fuming, the grandmother, pleased about the elbow, tunelessly humming.

Half a mile of white dust road remained, and here, near the memorial cairn, occurred the last encounter of the morning. From afar a great slanting funnel of dust could be seen racing toward them. It roared down on the shrinking pair then leaped up all around. Car brakes squealed, tires hissed. A sudden white choking silence fell; then a husky voice called out of the cloud.

"You decide yet?" The form of the Harbottle automobile established itself, with Madge hanging out the driver's window. Two underwater blurs on the back seat presently became the other Harbottle women—the mother and the great-aunt. Coughing and gasping, Olga and the grandmother crossed over. Mrs. Harbottle called out of it, "Watch the step."

Olga pushed her grandmother ahead, scurried in herself and slammed the door. Then she wriggled adroitly across to the front seat beside Madge. Room was made in back for the grandmother, who, however, alarmed at the speed of events, clung to the upholstery, softly moaning. Olga twisted back and gently detached her and seated her.

Mrs. Harbottle bubbled with pleasure. "That was smart work, Olga. We do apologize, and the least we can do now

is drive you home. Though I can't guarantee your arrival," she added with cheerful unconcern. "Madge is possessed by demons when she drives. Church has no effect whatever. Not that I can imagine our dear vicar exorcising so much as a wart, strain at it as the poor man would to oblige. Madge dear, do put up your window, the dust is suffocating. Or should I have said gnat? No, wart. No, I can't think which I mean. Well, Olga, introduce us to your companion."

Madge let the clutch smartly out and the car shot forward and raced up the road. She turned in her seat. "You decide, Olga pet? What? Oh, don't mind them." She jerked her thumb at the other passengers, who in fact were entirely absorbed in each other, all talking together. "Tell you what. Shall I pop round this after' for your answer?"

"It will be crowded," said Olga sombrely.

"Sno matter."

On the back seat Mrs. Harbottle was being muddled about introductions, the great-aunt was muttering, the grandmother was bobbing her head, smirking and exclaiming in Russian. A chaotic situation, it was cut short as the car rocked to a halt by the Stepanyskaya orchard gate, and, everyone talking, the two guests climbed out again to the road.

Madge shouted, "This after, then," and the car lunged forward.

Olga had a glimpse of three women snapped back in their seats, to be hurtled away in a dust cloud.

"Madge Harbottle too," she said.

They all came, none too pleased to encounter one another in the Stepanyskaya parlor, their presence a not very welcome disruption of the Sunday program of self-improvement. At Bussey's prompting Olga sang them The Ring. The grandmother kept to her kitchen, and as The Ring finished, one of The Songs of Unhappy Women was finishing in the kitchen.

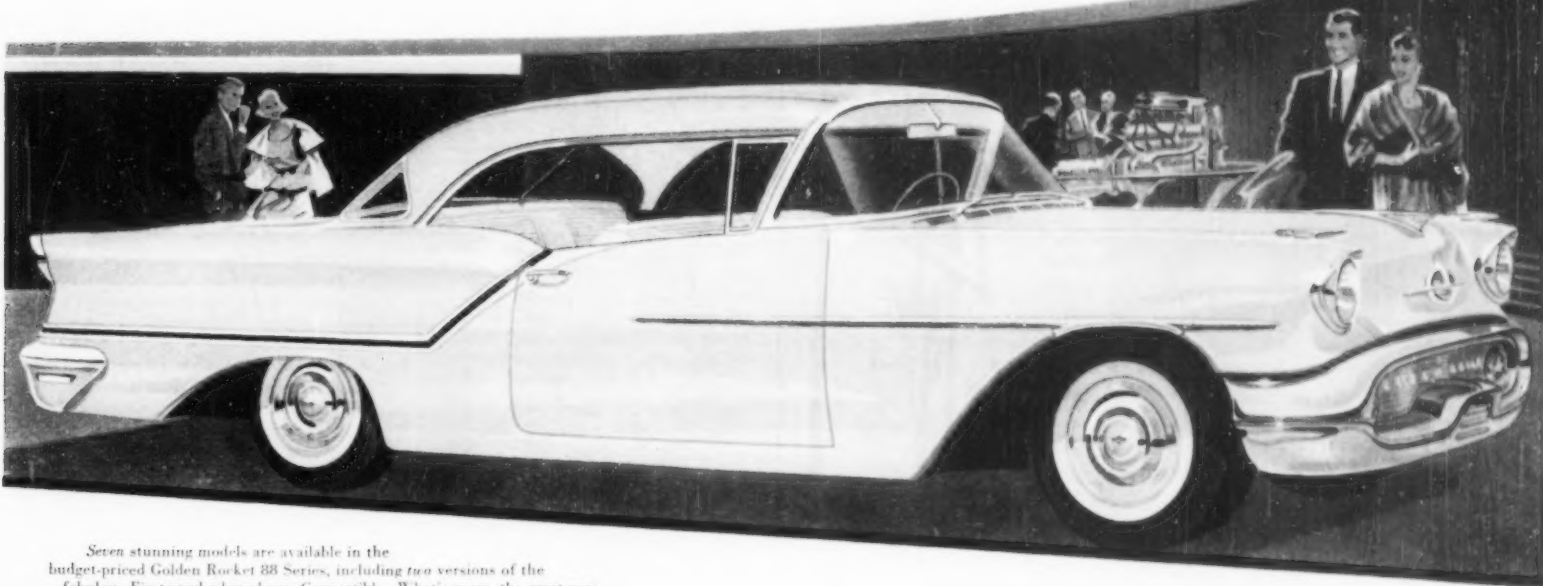
*Drop drop goes the rain
On the grave of dead Vaska;
Tears flow from my eyes;
The little one is beneath the ground.*

Sun poured in and the parlor grew warm and close; Sunday-afternoon doldrums afflicted the self-invited guests; they forgot the purposes of their visit. When they left, Olga gathered together the dirty plates and cups and told her grandmother, "How stupid they looked. Donald Harbottle is worth two hundred other people. It is too late now for music practice and I am so vexed."

The wormed and prettied-up puppy offered some consolation. It had consoled Madge earlier. Olga said, "I consider I do not care to camp under the stars, dear Madge. But I will see your dragonflies again, if you like, and we will have another talk about life." Madge had taken this hard and for consolation she sat on the floor with the puppy. Howard Mercer in unaccustomed Sunday clothes had stiffly sat on the edge of the sofa, teasing the two Mercer-proof girls. He saw just two things in Olga—the woman and the Slav; he joked tirelessly about "the way we did it on the steppes." Bussey, staying on, and as if aware of the falsity of his position, had assumed a loud and lordly tone, and chewed on his mustache. Chester Glossop with his tendency to fall in with Bussey's attitudes had been a piping echo.

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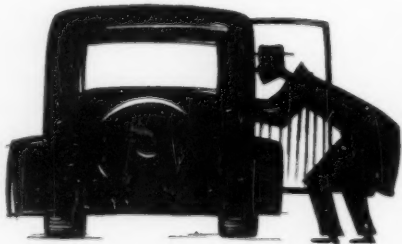
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But now they were gone, the grandmother was singing again of dead Vaska, her nimble fingers juggling plates and dishcloth, and Olga was dreaming before the sink, soap bubbles tickling her elbows. Other kitchen tasks followed this one, then another meal; then the pair sat once more in the parlor, blinds drawn, baize table out and copies of Dostoevski before them.

"We begin," said the grandmother with a brisk rub of the nose. "You are a blackguard, Nikifor Vsyevolodovich; so speaks one who loves high thinking." Olga took it from there.

"Nyet."

The evening wore on. Yet another try to improve on *The Ring* succeeded the study of the Harbottle tongue. At ten the grandmother with heavy-lidded, simian blinks, said, "You are tired, Olga Alexandrovna. Tomorrow is Monday shopping. Let out the dog."

The week end had passed with little sign of the new neighbors, but early next day Olga surprised them at her orchard gate, where a patriarchal figure in unseasonal clothes and a white full beard like Tolstoi's, was painting EWAN-OCHKA on the mailbox adjoining hers.



A mother and grown daughter looked on.

"Good morning! I think I do not know you, Little Brothers," said Olga brightly, in Russian.

The patriarch turned great blank ox-eyes on her, and just stared. The dumpy figure in a snood who stood beside him cleared her throat, shuffled her feet, then slowly moved away to her own orchard gate. The girl grinned at Olga and followed the mother. She looked a buxom willing girl; presumably she was Eudoxia, rival of Mrs. Gombov's daughter, Dafina Gombov.

Olga tried once again. "Moving in? You'll be the first Little Brothers to settle on our side of the lake."

The patriarch stared again, and at length said, "We are not Little Brothers, no! no!"

"You are orthodox, perhaps?"

After an uncomfortable pause he replied, "They are bad, the Little Brothers. We are not this thing."

"Well, you are the first, I suppose?"

To this there seemed no answer forthcoming; paint can and Tolstoi beard alike hung arrested in time. But finally he murmured, "I do not know, little miss."

She regarded him with a solemn interest; and suddenly said, "Excuse me, do you consider intelligence is an affront to God?"

The patriarch appeared to ponder the question. After another of his long dazed silences, he murmured, "I do not know, little miss."

"Very good," she nodded. She collected her mail and went back indoors. "He is not a Little Brother and he

does not know," she told her grandmother.

"Not a Little Brother? Not a Little Brother. What is he then? Tolstoi in person? Tolstoi buys the house and orchard next door. Very nice. Olga! Olga, you are dreaming again?"

"I am sorry, Grandmama."

"He is a Little Brother. I can smell it."

"He is not very intelligent, whatever he is, that is plain enough."

"He tells you this?"

"He is not a firebug anyway."

"You know? She knows."

"Well, I consider he has a kind face. Yes, I know nothing, I do not understand those crazy things." She slipped into a coat. "All the same, I do not wish to think about firebugs. I have more interesting things to think about."

"Donald Harbottle?"

She picked up her shopping bag. "Possibly. Good-by now, Grandmama, I go to Kazak's."

At Kazak's were thrown together the English- and Russian-language groups that comprised the community, and Olga, early there for the day's best choices, today encountered Mrs. Pawlenko, Dafina Gombov, Lucy. Mrs. Pawlenko, who was a great gossip, beckoned her aside.

"See across." She jerked her head toward the breakfast-cereal counter—Dafina was there, rummaging among the boxes—and spoke from one corner of her mouth. "Her mother seen this morning. Carrying bundle of rags. Rags. Soaked in oil. Oil." She nodded, hard-eyed, but then before Olga could look properly scandalized she had spied another acquaintance across the floor and she bustled over with her news.

Olga began to circle the counters of groceries.

"Hello, Dafina."

"Hallo, Olga."

"Nice day."

"Nice, yas."

"Anything new here?"

"Is cake mix yas, vordy sands, and jolly-roll slice for nozzing, yas! yas!"

"So?" She nodded pleasantly and moved away. Another Little Brother, Dolly Stoyanov's mother, was pondering the deep-freeze showcase, and Olga in passing nodded pleasantly to her too.

Olga, in truth, was not quite such a stranger to the Little Brothers as she gave out. She had a somewhat furtive acquaintance with a score of them; many times in the past she had exchanged commonplaces with the less inarticulate among them on the ferry, in the park, or here at Kazak's. She knew several passably well. Dafina was familiar to her because a number of times in the past Olga had retrieved from Kazak's floor canned goods that the clumsy young woman, a box-top collector, knocked aside in her eagerness after cardboard; on each such occasion polite exchanges had ensued. As a matter of fact Dafina, Olga reflected, faintly resembled Madge Harbottle. Olga reflected a good deal about the Little Brothers, and, like an adolescent who tries on different personalities for fit, sometimes her busy imagination decked her out as one of them. But at other times she would reflect that she really must mean what she always told her Anglo-Saxon and Galician friends: "They are dirt, these Brothers!"

She was standing by the pet foods, searching for puppy biscuits, half of a mind to go back to pump Dafina about her mother, when Lucy appeared in the doorway. She beamed as she came across the floor.

"Did you put the police onto your illegal loiterers?"

Olga looked blank; because she'd had

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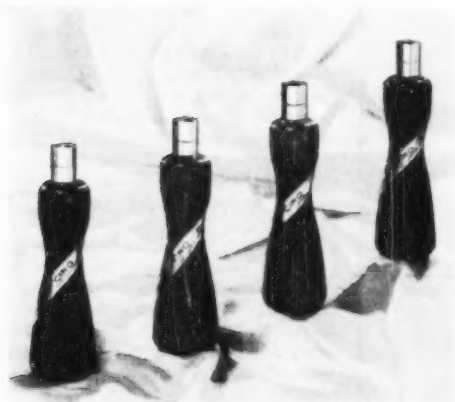


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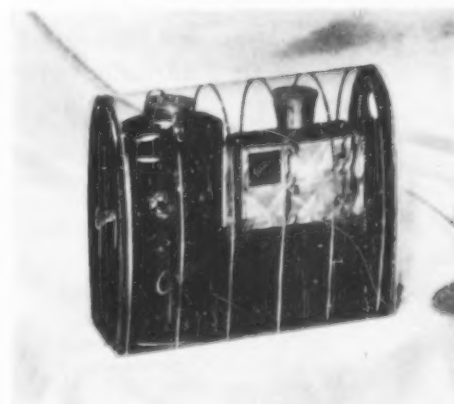


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no real intention to telephone the police she forgot she'd mentioned them. Circumstances were always obliging her to invent before people like the Harbottles.

Recalling the last words in Donald's car, she confessed, "I lied. Oh, I am bad sometimes."

"Why, all's fair, you know. But Ol, what were the Nature Boys doing?"

"They are moved in next door to us."

"Olga!"

"Yes, and I am vexed. Lucy! You must promise me Donald Harbottle will never hear about it."

"I won't breathe it," Lucy assured her.

They strolled laden with parcels along the sunny street, Kazak's to the bakery, the bakery to Bester-Desmond's, Desmond's to the drug store. Setting aside the parcels, they sat down to sodas.

"Yes, the fat lady was right," Olga resumed. "She is angry because she has some plans, I do not know exactly what. But he is not a Little Brother, Mr. Ewan-ochka next door. I think he is an ex-Brother really."

"A defecting Little Brother."

"Yes."

"I shouldn't suppose that's a very healthy thing to be."

"Well, I am vexed; I do not wish to talk of it, I think. Let us talk of other things."

They sat in a booth against the store window, chattering above their straws. Lucy said her father's mood was difficult this morning; he'd gone about the house writing DAMN with his forefinger on the undusted furniture. He'd called her a "sad little mouse." She gave an imitation for Olga's entertainment. Lucy, daunted at home by Bussey's fits of temperament,

daunted in Mercer's presence by the cat-and-mouse play, blossomed in the ingenuous and friendly presence of her friend.

Olga laughed over the imitation then rapped a coin on their window, which brought in the town newsboy from the street.

"Latest Hermitage Outrage," he intoned about their ears.

"Please!" She glowered at the Weekly's headlines then glowered at the editorial pages, which she opened across the table, planting her soda on top; Olga relied on these inside, hotly indignant pages to fill an emotional want. Today there were the customary bitter letters from ranchers; there was the letter signed P. Onakov, beginning "We, the mothers, do declare unto you, Mr. Prime Minister . . ." there was the customary letter against the Mounties.

"We are at loss when we see in these 20th centuries civilized and most educated times, the most famous Mounties of today in late hours of the night in large numbers bursting with full force unto peaceful residents, attacking a house from all directions and rushing into a dwelling with women and small children in it, the said educated officers throwing various threatening questions at children and standing before them like death makes the blood freeze in these poor children as well as in grownups."

"A letter signed Tschaikovski!" Olga exclaimed, as she skimmed down the page. "How does he dare!" She took a long pull at the soda, then she read out in a firm clear voice for all the drug store to hear, "What is this foolishness says your Brothers do this thing? Are your Brothers angry? No! Besides, your train stop and no peoples get hurts. But your police are jealous and they make your Little Brothers unhappy."

Following this she read aloud the leading editorial, headed Tapleytown Awake, the drug store with her all the way.

Lucy said quietly, "Ol, Ol, don't work yourself up," and turned on her friend a wan smile, copied from Mercer.

"But I am so hot and angry."

"Darling, who cares what those lunatics write? It's so morbid of you. Colonel Harbottle says Tapleytown will wake up when someone is burned out on this side of the lake, and not before."

"I spit on the Little Brothers!"

"Don't. Cool down. Isn't it a lovely day. Anything new with Donald?"

"Very well, we talk about Donald, but I am still angry. If only I was dead! But about Donald, there is nothing new, nothing. It is like April, and March, and February. We are not deeply acquainted even. Our paths do not cross, it is that simple."

"Child, you must make your paths cross."

"It is too late. Next week he goes back to college."

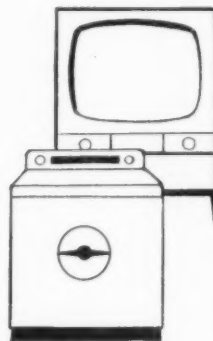
"There's this week still. Suppose I lure him to your house, then slip away?"

"Lucy! Yes!"

"You'll need to do your share. To begin with, your grandmother should be parked someplace else for the evening."

"It is easy. Grandmama has lots of friends. For the evening, you say!" Color raced to her cheeks as, with sudden resolution, the two friends settled down to plot over their sodas for the body and soul of Donald Harbottle. Such a prize called in play the utmost concentration of their faculties, and, indeed, so absorbed did both girls soon become that they failed to notice the change in the life of the street they overlooked.

Outside much was happening out of the ordinary. Men shouted at one another, scattered men and women ran



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down the middle of the road toward the lakefront. At the same time, up and down the street, shutters clanged down on store windows. Then in a cloudburst of pattering feet the street emptied, puffing men, stout trotting women and prancing children streaming across the girls' window. A further commotion announced the passage of the local firefighters aboard their scarlet engine, a near-antique of monstrous proportions.

Unaccustomed-quiet succeeded, and it was this that roused Lucy. Wrestling Olga's attention from the plot, snatching up the shopping, she hurried her from the deserted store. The two followed to the lakefront, the last of the stragglers.

Here, along the front, a concourse of fellow townsmen was drawn up, with the scarlet monster in their midst. All patiently awaited the return of the ferry, at present berthed on the opposite shore.

Three quarters of a mile off, across the narrow waist of the serpentine Blue Heron, the Little Brother homesteads dotted shoreline and hills behind. They looked like children's play blocks, and six of them were seen to be ablaze. These six homes flashed with light as if their windows caught a setting sun; above them dark plumes rose vertically to heaven. Human figures the size of mites could be made out in the miniature fields, moving slightly as the eye held them.

"I wonder what it means this time," "Oh, it is madness!"

Tapleystown gazed across its lake in wonder.

It was later in that week when Lucy told her friend to expect her, with Donald Harbottle in tow, the same evening. Olga was ready; she had misled her grandmother to suppose the caller was Chester Glossop; her grandmother had grumbled but in the end promised to pass the early part of the evening with the neighboring Plecases.

And shortly after supper grandmother Stepanyskaya set forth. On the far side of the orchard gate she came on Mr. Ewanochka, who was standing out in the road and staring at the twin mailboxes. She called out cheerfully in Russian and went on her way. Because Olga had talked of his slow wits she sensed nothing amiss when he didn't reply.

It was more than likely Mr. Ewanochka had not heard her: he was a distracted man. He had behaved peculiarly for several days now; and had the old lady's glance taken in more than the white flowing beard, she might have guessed it.

In the fast-fading light this troubled patriarch continued to brood over the two mailboxes, his own and the Stepanyskaya's. He sighed, and wagged his beard, and mumbled to himself. At length he stirred; he shuffled forward, tested each box on its axis. He peered about him, then hastily unfastened one box from its post and laid it on the ground, unfastened the other and re-fastened it on the wrong post. His hands were trembling as he stepped back. He stared unhappily at his handiwork, then after a space moved off, into the gloom of his own orchard.

The old man, Eudoxia's father, had taken what was perhaps the only measure he was able to imagine which might head off Mrs. Gombov with her oil-soaked rags, her shutter lantern, her gasoline bombs, her directives from God.

In the Stepanyskaya house, meantime, Olga had slipped into her new dress and was wandering through downstairs rooms switching out overhead lights. She laid her newest record album on the parlor table; from the works of a grandfather clock she produced a bottle of

whisky, and she circled the front room wondering where it ought to sit. She planted it on the mantelpiece beside the china shepherd boy, sank on the sofa opposite to ponder the effect. It looked to her a rough masculine article, integral to the Harbottle world but wholly out of place in this parlor. The Harbottle world held pieces called highboys; what could be the Stepanyskaya equivalent? In Dostoevski where was vodka kept?

This was a problem, and she sat thinking about it, gazing at the whisky bottle and thinking that, if memory

served, for all his drunkards Dostoevski had never specified where . . . The puppy gave out a soprano yap, and Olga let him outdoors.

She was back on the sofa and deep in her daydreams, and gazing unseeing at the whisky bottle, when the lights failed. A moment after came a kitchen explosion—splintering glass and a great jarring blast. She leaped to her feet. A soft sinister fire-sound—WHOOSH—shuddered through the house and brought a smell of ignited fabric, gasoline and smoke. From a rosy kitchen doorway,

winking firelight caught her moving about like a child playing in a darkened room, blundering across it at tangents. Remembering the bandura, the work-book, she rooted about among her treasures in wild haste. It was astonishing to her that the kitchen burned with such a vigorous homely crackling—the sound of a snug winter evening.

She reached the front door with the salvage held tight to her breast. At that instant there was a flash of flame about her head, searing and brilliant; she plunged in terror down porch steps.

Your Baby And You...by Ruth Parsons

What's the "when and where" of protective pantie wear?

Is there a special knack to feeding a baby?

Solid food for little folk! In grandpa's day a little nipper practically had to get up and walk to the dinner table under his own steam before he was considered old enough for solid food. Nowadays little folk enjoy solid food much earlier. Actually the "Big Day" that will mark a new era in eating for your little one will be your doctor's decision . . . a decision he bases on each individual baby's needs. When baby is ready Heinz is ready with scientifically prepared baby foods that are easily digested . . . taste delicious . . . and maintain all the essential food nutrients.

• If anything rivals Jack Frost in making folks miserable it's winter germs. Colds, flu, grippe . . . they have a heyday hopping from victim to victim in crowded places. It's a wise mother who keeps her baby out of crowds in cold weather.



"Special occasions only" . . . is the general rule for protective panties in the diaper set. When your little bundle-of-joy is taken out visiting, or is being "shown off" to admiring relatives, protective panties (bless 'em) can rescue you from embarrassment. But it's a good idea to make sure they are worn for brief periods only. Make sure the legs fit snugly . . . otherwise they will betray your trust!

Know the knack of baby feeding. . . . or how to win the battle of the spoon! Patience is as important as a bib for this venture.



Remember . . . the jump from sucking to spooning is as big as the jump from forks to chopsticks. So don't hurry the little man. Hold him in a half sitting, half reclining position. Place a small amount of food far back on his tongue. He is accustomed to sucking liquids and is likely to try to suck the unfamiliar solid and may push the food right out of his mouth. Putting the food at the back of his mouth helps him to learn to swallow. Heinz Baby Foods help too, for they have a smooth, smooth texture and a fine quality that helps them slip down easily. What's more, your little fellow will like the taste of Heinz Baby Foods . . . they're as delicious as they are nutritious. They'll bring him back for more!

• Extreme cold can be just as startling as extreme heat . . . especially to a tender little bud of a baby. So how 'bout coddling him a little by covering metal scales and table tops with a light blanket before setting him down on them.

Does chewing on toys mean teeth are on the way? Eventually . . . yes. But even before your baby's first tooth appears he will like to chew on something to harden up his gums. He will probably pop his toys into his mouth and gnaw on his crib frame at five months of age. This is where it seems sensible to see that his toys have no detachable parts that might be swallowed . . . that his nursery furniture is painted with a non-poisonous paint. In fact, now that his mouth seems to have become a happy home for everything he owns you might introduce him to Heinz Teething Biscuits. Made from pure wheat, and corn flour with added powdered milk, these unsweetened teething biscuits offer a smooth hard surface that is a delight for baby to bite on.

• A nice gift for new parents is an easy-to-operate camera.



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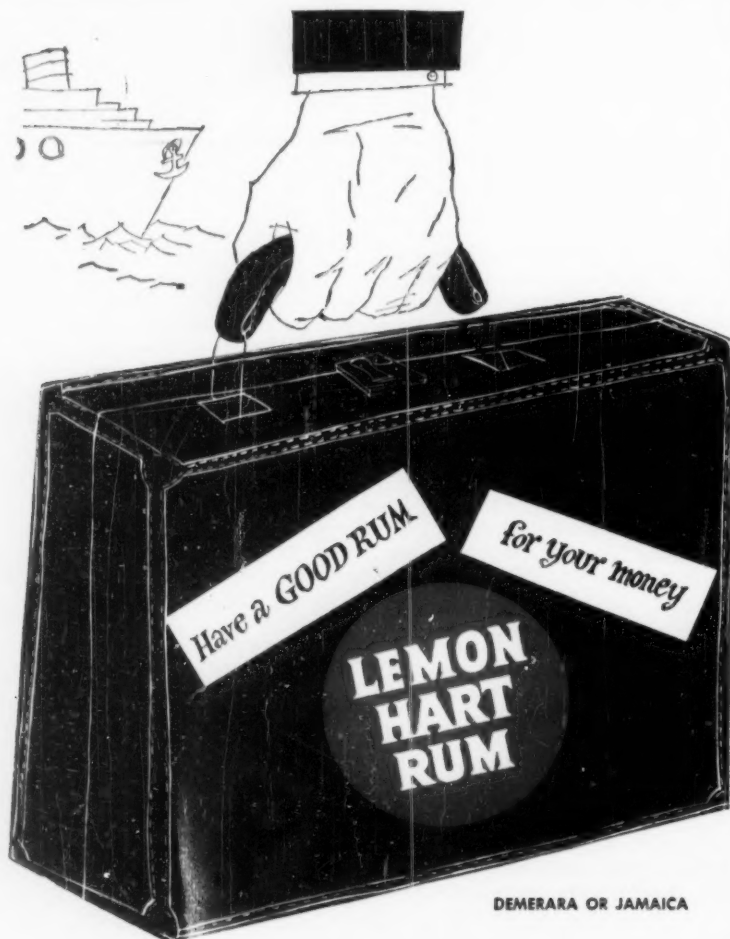


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The cool night air reassured her. She trod dazed then into the middle of her front lawn still clutching the treasures, moving automatically away from fire. She had a dreamlike sense of floating over grass, then of lying on her back on the lawn and clutching the top of her head. The windows of the house brightly glowed through funneling smoke, while across in the drive was more light—auto headlights. Someone over there was shouting.

She recognized Lucy's voice calling her. Lucy had walked into the headlights; she swiveled on her heels back and forth uncertainly in the glare; Olga watched this idly. "No, I am mad," she thought. She raced across the lawn and flung herself into her friend's arms.

"Oh, safe!"

"Yes."

"And all right?"

"Yes."

"Not burned?"

"Not burned, no. I'm glad you're here; I'm not burned but I am so glad you're here."

"My God, Ol, your hair!"

"I am all right."

"Olga, it's burned, you've no hair!"

She gaped at her friend in the half-light.

Olga touched her palm to the top of her head. It felt to her that she touched a stranger's head; at the same time her scalp registered a stranger's hand on her own head. She gasped. "My hair is gone!" She was crushed; the disaster to her hair put from her mind the blazing house.

But Lucy was repeating Donald's name. "Thank God he found you."

"No hair!"

"He did—Olga, Donald did?"

"What is this?"

"Donald did?"

"Did what, Lucy?"

"He brought you out, didn't he?"

"I haven't seen Donald."

"But . . . he went inside."

"For me?"

Lucy hallooed; both girls listened. They heard the crackling of the mounting fire; no Donald. A stream of racing sparks swayed out under the eaves and disappeared upward; great bursts followed them more slowly.

"Olga, you fool, come back! Wait for help, you hear!"

The heat of the upper windows scorched down, then when Olga reached the porch there was a moment's shelter from it. The door stood open. She passed inside. She had settled in her mind where to go, what to do; she held her breath and was once more in the parlor. She

cringed before the heat and turned to run back: no living thing could bear it. There was an area of flame along the near wall, but stinging smoke blurred and diffused it like light beamed on thick fog. She trod on something; it might have been Donald but she didn't care. A moment later she found she was tugging at it, the action was bound up with escape. But the thing was deadweight. I am sunk, she thought desperately. No I'll go. And she kept tugging at the limp object. It was like a lifetime's effort crammed into a minute; blind and choked she tugged away, thumped her smoldering object down porch steps. I have killed myself for a chair! she thought in a daze. Yet she did know she had Donald under the crooked-down shoulders.

There was not air enough; her breath came noisily, and another noise came inside her head, just like a giant cat purring in a tunnel. She blacked out.

In the succeeding minutes the fire burst its confines, roof sections came flaming down, walls sagged and teetered and crumpled. The blaze cast a rich glow over the surrounding country; at its height, the steeple bell of St. John's began to toll, the alarm rolling back across the intervening mile of orchards to the Stepanyskayas; and in response, prompt as if Tapleystown had been waiting for this night, for trouble on its own peaceable side of the lake, the road out from town became filled with a neighborly traffic of autoists and bicyclists, some of them with their sporting rifles.

Whatever the intention, and in Tapleystown's past had been men's talk of vigilantes, nothing was to come of the sporting rifles—the arsonist had left minutes before the earliest new arrivals. Nor did the neighbors happen to notice the patriarchal Mr. Ewanochka when he crept from his orchard to set the mailboxes back on their right posts.

For Lucy, standing over her two friends, the confident sounds of men and the slamming of car doors punctuated the next minutes; men spoke gently to her, briskly to one another; men's shadows hastened between the lawn and the cars, back and forth; men's faces, dim, expressionless, reflected down above the pocket lights and the lanterns. In the world of Charles Bussey violence was the business of men; Lucy, who rejected her father's ideas in everyday life, shied from challenging them just now.

The cat's purr inside Olga's tunnel faded; she opened her eyes. A flashlight swerved politely away, and she stared up



Olga tugged blindly. It was like a lifetime's effort crammed into a minute.

to a sky bright with stars. Lucy spoke to her. She moved her head and saw a torchlight group of crouching men, their attention centred on someone on the ground.

"Is he very bad, Lucy?"

"I've no idea. Don't you think about it. Think about that shiny medal they'll give you for this."

"I am sunk."

"Nonsense, Ol."

"Oh, I do not know why I say that either, but it runs in my head."

"The doctor says you've severe sunburn."

"And no hair."

Presently an ambulance from the cottage hospital took Donald away. Nick Yevchenko, who was medical corporal of the Blue Heron Light Horse, came over with iodine and stroked in "WW" on Olga's forehead: from a Light Horse viewpoint, she was Walking Wounded; but she sat with Lucy in the rear cushions of a private car to follow to the hospital.

Leaning back in her corner she thought excitedly, "To think I saved his life! After all, what courage! But then, do I consider it would be ideal if it was he that saved me? Yes, that is true, I feel. Yes, I am certain of it. True. True. Because I think we love the people we suffer for, but I do not think we love the people who suffer for us." She turned to Lucy and broached this idea.

"Don't worry, Donald will be grateful."

Olga scowled into the dark orchards slipping past. "I do not wish that, Lucy. It is not pleasant for a man to owe his life. 'I owe everything to Olga Stepanykaya,' he knows. He cannot know, 'I owe no man anything.' Oh, Donald will hate me, that is plain. How I wish he had saved me instead."

"Trust you, Ol. At a time like this you worry over fine points in psychology. My God, you should be happy you're both alive. I hope your firebug gets life."

"Life! You bet, girl," their driver, Nick Yevchenko again, broke in. "Then I hope we commute it and boot him back to Russia. All the Nature Boys."

"We can't, Nick. We promised the Czar."

"Well okay. We don't commute."

The neon-lit ambulance entrance slid in view; Yevchenko parked his car. Lucy tied a scarf over her friend's bald head and the three went indoors.

Olga was shown to a dressing room where a sympathetic nurse gave her hot tea, and comfort, and presently stained her face with indigo spray until she resembled a coal miner fresh from the pit. Hardly was this accomplished than her grandmother arrived; she arrived in a state of high emotion and at once the hospital corridors reverberated with the free expression of her grief. "Everywhere is grief and wailing because Olga was a dreamy girl," she had forecast, and now she illustrated; lamentations of a continental peasant character rent the hospital quiet.

"Grandmama, Grandmama, I am not the Wailing Wall of Jerusalem," pleaded Olga, but contriving in her embarrassment to roll the whites of her eyes into view. This animation of a Queequeg countenance—indigo, hairless, with WW like war paint on it—finished the old lady, whose wailing redoubled in energy.

"How you vex me, my Grandmama. Do you think Pan Kanovski has sent you into the poplar branches? Hush!"

Eventually she quietened down, and was persuaded to return to her friends, the Plecases, to sleep overnight. Meantime Olga settled back to await news of Donald.

Lucy appeared in the doorway. "Olga, you do look too horrible. Daddy has

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a little collection of wigs, you know...
Well, perhaps I shouldn't, stop to think."

"Nothing in dark blond?"

"Good Lord no. Carrotty, and a sort
of purple-grape; the kind of thing you
wear to jump on a table and sing the
Marseillaise. No, you look better this
way, molting."

A *habushka*, they agreed, was the thing.
Lucy disappeared again, but a minute
later darted back in. "Here's Mrs. Har-
bottle. Ol, she talks as if he pulled you
out of that house!"

And when Mrs. Harbottle followed in,
and carefully let herself down on a clinic
chair, it was not clear whether Donald
had told his mother this version of events
or whether she simply took it for granted.

She screwed up her eyes as she ex-
amined the girl; her pince-nez wobbled.
"Oh Lord, you too, Olga?"

"It's only a kind of paint, Mrs. Har-
bottle."

"Oh, yes?" But her mind was evidently
on other matters. After a few moments
she suddenly exclaimed, "How I do hate
good works!"

Olga looked blank.
"This business of setting an example,"
she enlarged. "It's very weak of me but
I'm sure I wish Donald had been a cow-
ard. What mother wants dead heroes for
sons?"

"Donald's dead?"

"No, no, but not from lack of trying."

"But what is wrong with him, Mrs.
Harbottle?"

She smiled fondly. "Dear Donald,
playing at being brave and British, I
suppose."

Olga wriggled in her chair. "What a
most interesting thought," she said with
great earnestness, eyes alight in her in-
digo face. "All the same I consider it is
wrong. Savages are brave men. It is
personal to be brave. I think Donald
Harbottle is brave because he is Donald
Harbottle. He is perfect."

"I expect you're right," sighed his
mother. "But I still think good works
are dreary. And I must insist I blame
something bigger than the nest of lunatics
across the lake for this disagreeable in-
jury."

"But what is wrong with him, Mrs.
Harbottle?"

"My dear, how hideous you look. Well,
we must be thankful you're not worse.
No doubt it was a horrid experience for
both of you. And, Olga, please don't
reproach yourself because of Donald's
mishap."

Olga, still wondering what had hap-
pened to him, nodded solemnly; the
mother's mistaken assumption greatly
embarrassed her; how foolish Mrs. Har-
bottle would feel, how sad if she knew,
she thought. Then she too will hate me.
Oh, if only I was dead!

The mother asked, "I suppose you were
overcome when he found you?"

"Oh, I was lost."
Fortunately before Olga, who was all
too capable, managed to elaborate her
little deception, the Colonel's head poked
round the door.

"Good Lord. That Olga?"

"Yes, Harry," said his wife.

"Good Lord. Know you're taken on
strength, young woman?"

Olga started.

"Quarters burned down?"

"Yes, Colonel."

"Yes. Get your cap and greatcoat. No
sense hanging round barracks."

He withdrew his head; his wife inter-
preted.

So it was that the girl ended her night
in the Harbottle home in its best spare
bedroom, large and airy, a pleasant room
into which, however, the dragonfly col-
lection had a little overflowed.



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Olga put the tea cosy on her head. "See, Mrs. Harbottle, now I'm a pageboy."

A new life began for her: chance had set her down in the world of the Harbottles, and the Harbottles invited her to regard herself a semi-invalid, and stay. "We won't try to think what you're to do next," she was told. "You've had a shock." She must get well; time enough later to try to think. "But I shall ask about wigs immediately—you look too dreadful."

Olga snatched the tea cosy from her breakfast tray and put it on. She was sitting up in a big four-poster bed, her first morning's sun pouring into the room, and her hostess visiting her. "See, Mrs. Harbottle, now I am a black pageboy."

"You are indeed. My dear, you look splendid, you must never wear anything else." The new life paraded all the family before the fascinated girl. Her day had begun really some hours earlier: she had wakened at five-thirty to a piercing whistle from the garden, had padded across the strange room in bare feet to see, below her, the family hoyden returning from a morning dip. Three wet and woolly dogs filed along behind. When they reached the near lawn the four early risers broke rank and raced up and down as if demented. An hour later Olga's door burst open.

"Jou awake? Just thought I'd see. Brought you this." Her visitor produced her poison bottle, a wired jam jar, with the latest acquisition gently expiring on the blotting paper. "Bagged it in the rushes." Ribbed wings shuddered; insect legs made queer lethargic passes. "Believe it's wringing its little hands. Isn't it sad?"

Not many days after Olga arrived Madge celebrated a birthday; she turned nineteen. "Never felt so beastly rotten in my life," she confided. "I could vom." That afternoon though, she held her own with the lustiest of some score of Old Gortonians that she had gathered in, from points distant as Vancouver and the Okanagan, to help celebrate.

She organized a hockey game ("Bags II!" all shouted, scrambling for the sticks brought out of retirement), and she captained the home team. Home team won. Later came pitched warfare with butterfly nets on the bottom lawn. Young ladies streamed to and fro across the landscape, the old school spirit recaptured; everyone was splendid. Marjory—the

Marjory who seduced Chetty with the aid of a confirmation dress—was a young mother now, and indeed so was Chetty. Betty Tweedie, née Betty Brock of the blood compact, wore the Florentine page's smock of the pregnant. Madge considered the compact still operative and reproached Betty with her marriage. Betty defended it, her face softening as she described Michael, her marrying, lumber-king husband; but Madge could remember the same softened expression from other times, other circumstances, and was deeply offended.

All this Olga learned in the evening, for Madge's custom was to appear in her pyjamas for a "pi-jaw" before bed. She would fling herself across the coverlet and thrash about on it, talking, often as not, of the relentless march of the years. "God! Life. The long hol that won't end till you kick the bucket! Cripes, it can't happen too soon."

"Yes, true, true!" Olga would exclaim with pleasure. "And now shall we talk about death for a little while, Madge?" Olga, talking about death for a little while, would look positively flushed with health, for the indigo had peeled away to reveal an artificial tan.

Life at the Harbottles' had this one subtle difference, that the house was a male house. Her own, the Busseys', the Plecas', the Pawlenkos' were female houses. Here the Colonel, and Donald, and the Mercers outside determined the sex; Mrs. Harbottle, reared among brothers, acquiesced in it; as for the two absent youngsters (soon not absent but home for their long summer break, present and indeed underfoot; they quickly adopted Olga), they canceled out each other.

This male house was large and comfortable and understaffed. Donald had had his say about the servant shortage. "Another triumph of today's high standard of living," he once explained. Today everyone insisted everyone get highest wages. Highest wages demanded highest standards of work, which left servants—as a class they were middling competent—in the big cities half the time jobless and drawing their insurance. Notwithstanding Donald's theories, however, the Harbottle kitchen did have its Chinaman; and a housemaid came by day; and then twice a week a woman came to do the floors, and a gardener came to do the garden, and Mercer Senior came in-

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side to do the silver and the brass. When Olga's grandmother arrived she took on herself certain household duties too.

For the grandmother was gathered in; she got the bedroom adjoining Olga's. "Poor old thing, she looks lost," commented Mrs. Harbottle. For several days the peasant figure sat shyly on the edges of chairs, muttering in Russian and looking lost. Then for a few days more, conceiving her function that of a servant, she haunted the corridors as if, to explain her presence above stairs, she'd only just finished a job of dusting. But she

felt happiest in a kitchen and by the second week she was passing much of her day in a kitchen corner wrested from the Chinaman. She had her favorite kitchen chair, and sat there contentedly mending and darning, occasionally bestirred to put together some exotic addition to the Harbottle table of boiled meats and conservative accessories.

Olga didn't idle away these June days; her habits forbade such luxury; but the study of Dostoevski in translation with the object of mastering the Harbottle vernacular was abandoned, for Harbottles

surrounded her, she breathed the Harbottle air. She practiced longer on her bandura; she sang, in her pleasant voice, for Mrs. Harbottle; above all she cultivated Donald.

Donald was spending a last week in the valley before another term at agricultural college. He wore an impressive bandage about his head, and said, "I believe I fell into the hands of a mad scientist." What he had was singed eyebrows.

Olga tried to persuade herself that somehow, under the eyebrow dressing,

it was a changed Donald. And he did show a curiosity about her that was new. "Olga, are there some things you don't feel strongly about?" he asked her. "So you picked up your English from translations of Russian classics," he said. "Why didn't your grandmother learn English?" He asked, "Do you really enjoy exotic dishes? What's strawberry tea? What exactly is borsch? What's so wonderful about cabbage soup?" He asked, "Why do you wear a locket?" and, "How did your mother die?" and, "Have you never read Trollope?"

He listened in silence to her answers; it was difficult to judge the response behind the eyebrow bandage. Was he laughing at her? When she suspected a secret amusement, she told herself at least it was good-natured and affectionate. "And that is new. Affectionate, yes, true. And I think he, the rescued, considers he has certain claims on his rescuer, too. That is how I wish it! I owe my life to Donald Harbottle." He must think I think that . . . yes, how true, perhaps. "You shall be my slave, Olga Stepanyskaya! Now I shall beat you!" No, that comes later.

When they talked about the fire, her approach was circumspect in the matter of who saved whom.

"You cannot remember any dragging across the carpet by chance?"

"Frankly, no."

"That is strange, I think."

Another time she said carefully, "You are happy that your mother is proud she has a brave son, I expect?"

"Oh, d'you mean my mad scientist? Stand up to him pretty well, you noticed? I do give him dirty looks when he changes the dressing."

"You know that is not what I mean. Well, you are very brave, I think."

It seemed fairly certain that, remembering nothing, he had accepted the prevalent belief and thought himself the hero of the fire. Conscientiously he avoided speaking of his role; surely avoidance went with heroism-cum-phlegm, the pipe, Trollope, keeping cool? Again Olga, watchful for signs that he assumed the rescuer role, discovered in him a faint proprietary and generous air. What other explanation could fit?

But if only she could be quite certain! If only, she thought, he would exclaim, "Good Lord! I didn't drag you by the hair, did I Olga?" However, complete certainty never seemed forthcoming. She had determined to take her secret to the grave, and now she thought she would be obliged to take along this slight uncertainty as well.

Unquestionably there was that faint proprietary air though, which was a beginning.

"We progress, and it is not three days even!" she told herself.

Another time he said, "Olga, that thing. Didn't they go out with Queen Victoria?"

"It is stupid. I will take it off. It was my mother's."

"She inside?"

Olga frowned and wordlessly snapped open her locket, showed him his own blurred head on yellowing newsprint.

He grunted. "I'd have two of them if my mad scientist had his way. He tells me he studied in the sick bay at Beisen."

"I am certain he did not."

"No."

She snapped the locket shut; she held her tongue in fear she'd spoil the effect of the gesture.

"I was eighteen and conceited."

"Eighteen, yes."

"Perhaps I'll find you a better likeness."

She felt overwarm and, tugging her

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babushka tighter round her bald head, left the terrace in a hurry.

"She makes herself sick," commented the grandmother: Olga that evening had another of her stomach-aches. "For romantic dreams and false hopes, she is sick. Here is a new way to say, 'I love you' — a stomach-ache." Her button eyes fixed on the jug of boiling water by Olga's four-poster. "Olga! Drink!"

"I can hope. Men have fallen in love before. Nobody is to blame, it is in psychology."

"Ach, how she goes on."

Olga scowled; tonight the old lady's third-person strictures annoyed her; still, it was not in her to pass up an opportunity to elaborate her views. "Yes, yes, in psychology," she said with strained patience. "He suffers because of the eyebrow bandage, and when we suffer we are too grateful for just a tiny kindness, do you understand? It is in Dostoevski even—Porfiry Petrovich sends Raskolnikov crazy, then Porfiry says, 'Tfoo! you are ill!' and is kind, and Raskolnikov wants to trust him, to love him. It is all in psychology, all. When a cruel man is kind to his dog just once, the dog loves him too much for that. It is in despair, the dog, so it magnifies the kindness. The man is playing tricks on the dog's heart. And possibly the dog thinks the cruelty was for his own good also. For me, I admit if I was tortured, I wish to think the torturer hurts me for my good, if possible. . . . But I wonder why is this psychology, all the same? Because it is true there is merely one reason for torture—it gives the torturer pleasure."

"She raves! I do not like this explanation why Donald Harbottle loves her."

"Donald does not love me now, Grandmama, not now; but I think he comes around. He promises me his picture."

"His picture! *Da!* This is a sign, I admit this gives hope. But come, little one, no more psychology, the drink is turning cold."

One morning that week they had a visitor on the terrace, Nick Yevchenko, less interested in Donald than in his eyebrow bandage, less interested in either than in the house of his regiment's colonel, less interested in any of these than in discovering the name of Olga's friend on the night of the fire.

"Oh, yes, Lucy," Olga exclaimed when the true object of the visit stood revealed. "She is my friend many years. Lucy appeals?"

Lucy appealed. "That's for sure—since before the Flood, girl. They's no use, though—we never meet."

She smiled across; Yevchenko was an old fellow student of the St. John Ambulance night classes; he was friendly, boyish, twenty. "You must make your paths cross, Nick. It has been done, I assure you." She cradled her chin and looked wise.

"You mean I'm too late?"

"Yes and no," put in Donald.

"I do not mean too late, no. I mean if I invite you and Lucy both, then I slip away."

"You will?"

"No! What do I say?"

"Make up your mind, Olga," Donald said.

"I invite nobody," she wriggled in her chair. "But I will introduce you, possibly."

"You couldn't have worse luck than I had," said Donald. "I think you might well be her type."

"You think so?" He sighed. "I'll go. Lucy, you said. Lucy Bussey. Heard of Bussey, the old he-goat."

And having taken new heart, Yev-

chenko now remembered the nominal purpose of his visit, an unsigned army-stores voucher. Olga took him away to find the Colonel.

She returned with a complacent face. "I do not wish to give promises about Lucy, I expect you noticed. I understand you are quite fond of her yourself."

Donald said irritably, "Come off it. You'd be delighted if your friend Nick took. Marry off Lucy and the field's narrowed."

"I do not understand."

"You understand. Let's be honest, shall we? Olga, you're a good girl but along with your manifest virtues I perceive one flyspeck . . . We're none too truthful, are we?"

"But I am not perfect, no, but sometimes I wish to spare my friend's feelings; I have difficulties."

"You surmount them."

She pulled out her handkerchief; the overwarm feeling was coming back. "You will make me cry."

"No, stay where you are."

"No, I will go inside and cry for a

minute, please," Olga said firmly.

She leaped up from her terrace chair; he leaned back in his. He stared at the sky. He was determinedly cheerful when she returned ten minutes later.

"Forget about Lucy," he said. "Howard's told me a thing or two. I mean, don't worry unduly."

"That is nothing to me, all that—nothing." She punched her canvas cushions and leaned back, faintly scowling.

"I'm sorry I upset you."

"I am not upset, either."

"Well, good. Olga, why have you

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Olga remembered Marcelyn's warning, "Never trust any man." Was she right?

taken to a *babushka*?" Donald asked. "I am not jealous of Lucy, either." "Olga?" "It is you who are jealous of Nick, very likely."

"Very likely. Olga, why have you taken to a *babushka*?"

"It suits me, a *babushka*, you think?"

"No."

"No?"

"Makes you look too Russian."

"That is not good? What is wrong with the Russians, please, except Communism?"

"Well, one of them burned off my eyebrows."

"No, a Little Brother did it."

"Exactly. A Little Brother. All Tolstoi's fault. And whose boy was Tolstoi? The Russkies'."

Dreading a return to the *babushka*—and she was determined that Donald must never learn the reason for that, let alone glimpse her without it, bald like a Russian boy—Olga prompted, "You know, then, what Little Brothers think about Tolstoi, yes?"

"Yes."

"Oh? How do you know, Donald?"

"There's a leak in security. I've a friend who has a friend."

"Who can you know?"

"The friend's friend."

"Tell me who."

"Can't you guess, Olga? What crashes the barriers of religion and class and race? What laughs at locksmiths? Howie Mercer's my man. He has a number in the enemy camp, some Nature Girl rejoicing in the name of Eudoxia. He calls her Doxy. She tells him everything about The Hermitage. He says she's mad over him."

"Eudoxia Yefimovna! I know her!" she exclaimed, astonished and angry. "She is fat!"

He looked at her sideways, then he looked down at his feet. "It could be." He stood up. "You must excuse me, Olga, old scout—just remembered it's my day to shave."

He ambled off. She leaned farther back and stared up into the blue.

Old Scout. The expression, in Donald's accents, haunted her. It was rancher *patois*, and the Harbottles, she had noted, employed it to speak to the youngsters, to one affectionately regarded horse, and to three woolly dogs. And now to her. Old scout!

Yet Donald had, as promised, given her his picture; even her grandmother admitted it was encouraging. . . . Then more heartening to her than the picture was his behavior the evening before, quite early, while the light still held, when the two had strolled to a secluded cove of the lake to swim. He had gone in bare ("Never have worn things—I don't suppose you mind?"), and they had swum about offshore, and presently had paddled into the warm shallows. Donald lay naked in the shallows, then naked on the sands; he took pride, she supposed, in a well-made body. She had the expected knowledge of statues and art photographs, but found living flesh had a quality of rightness, of wonderful earthiness never imagined. Lying a little apart she pondered whether he was letting his flesh say for him those things he never put in words, "because it is not the rancher code, very likely."

Against Donald on the sand though, she had to set Donald with Howard. On the day his friend was to leave for college, Howard Mercer strolled up from the orchards. Olga happened to be in pos-

sessive mood, and said sharply, "Yes, you may visit us for a few minutes. But Donald has just said he is off to pack his bag. Myself, I will wait over here, because you will be gone again probably in a few minutes."

Donald choked. Mercer regarded her in silence, with his calm air of masculine amusement; then his expression turned owlish. She recognized that twinkle of the eyes that announced he saw another opportunity to turn a situation to sexual account. At once she regretted her stand; for Mercer always won. She strode furiously across to the wisteria and pretended to inspect it.

Mercer peered at the eyebrow bandage. "Donald, boy," he said, "you look like the loser in a hunky love triangle."

And she fled indoors before it got worse. Mercer with innocent wonder watched her pass, and as she slammed the glass doors she heard him ask, "Do you think she's a virgin?"

She allowed them fifteen minutes for smoke-room talk, then she burst back out again. The two—they were discussing Lucy, and both were chuckling—veered off in generalities. Briskly they ended their session; and Mercer said good-by and left.

But the snatch of overheard conversa-



MACLEAN'S

tion, the awkwardly veiled conclusions were enough to provide her with means to torment herself as long as Donald was to be away from home. She thought, So after all Lucy may still appeal! Perhaps her grandmother was right; and Marcelyn. She remembered Lucy had once given a Marcelyn imitation that went, "Never trust any man, darling . . ."

Perhaps Marcelyn knew best.

June passed into July. The apples swelled in the orchards, Madge roved the lake in her catboat, the children trailed marine life into the house or left wet bathing suits on chair cushions. Olga and her grandmother stayed on. The girl's father wrote he planned returning home; but he never came. Instead, an insurance adjuster came; he asked her a great number of questions, as did a detective at about this same time. Then later, officials came from the county prosecutor's office and certain testimony was taken—Mrs. Gombov's utterance in the park, and so forth. ("How ambiguous can you get?" groaned one officer. "She's slipped through our fingers again—you see if she hasn't.")

One day Olga visited her devastated home. She saw a length of chimney snapped off at the top, its fireplace gaping blackly in the open air. All else was charred ruin; it formed a ground plan that suggested something half the size the house had been.

Without its house the frost-pocket orchard looked more desolate than before. Cold, five years back, had killed the trees, and sooner than replant and wait twelve years for fruit Alex Stepa-

nyskaya had abandoned his orchard and set out that year of disaster "to search the ground for gold." Olga was long accustomed to the melancholy spectacle of black brittle limbs; indeed she enjoyed it. "This is how life is," she had often murmured to herself. In moonlight the orchard had seemed to her fancy something out of Dante, one of the circles of hell; here the poet-inquisitor had mired his victims with a sense of geometry; orderly in space they reached up twisted withering arms, in vain imploring mercy of a vengeful heaven.

Dante's was not the heaven of St. Vladimir's, much less the kindly Anglican heaven served by the vicar of St. John's. Curious to hear its vicar, Olga accompanied the women of the house to their church one Sunday in July. The clergyman who "couldn't exorcise so much as a wart, or gnat," was noted for his mellifluous praying voice, and Olga listened with a dreamy pleasure to its music. She watched him too, slyly between her fingers. He was all bland tubbiness and shiny spectacles and pink shiny baldness, a Pickwick in a surplice who beamed at heaven as he rendered up to it human bird song; and she was reminded of Donald's remark that the ranchers didn't so much praise the Lord as regale him.

Her summer afforded her, too, an insight into the Colonel leading his hard ranching life—slaving was the favored local word. Olga had her own opinion of the valley complaint, which was that fruit ranchers slaved and fruit ranching never made anyone a cent. Slavery with the Colonel was apt to involve jumping up to exclaim, "Must be off. Still fightin' the weevil, y'know," or, "Must be off. Got to prop the trees." He would then search out the Mercers, father and son, who would be sitting somewhere under a tree of swelling Winesaps, out of sight of the house, yarning, and he would joke with them for perhaps ten minutes. Then he might well disappear with his fishing gear for the morning. Such was his martyrdom to work that late in July he treated his wife and himself to a fortnight in Victoria, and by mid-August off he went again, this time for ten days' summer manoeuvres with the Blue Heron Light Horse reserve armored regiment.

Mrs. Harbottle too had unexpected sides to her; this summer Olga discovered she was a dedicated gardener, growing annuals under glass, and transplanting, dividing, occasionally talking to her plants, encouraging them, asking them if they wanted drinks, or in moments of vexation scolding them. Some of her plants lived indoors and when she wasn't out, fork or trowel in hand, she might often be found briskly sponging the leaves of a hallway aspidistra or poking little food pills into its soil. One day she spotted a rattlesnake in her rockery; she watched it, waiting until it moved a safe distance from the rock geranium before calling on the Colonel to despatch it.

By summer's end Olga was convinced Mrs. Harbottle did want her about when Donald returned home at Christmas. Olga's devotion to the son was no secret from the mother, but it was hard to tell in what light she regarded it; her mental processes were not easy to follow. For instance, what if anything was to be made of her remark apropos of Donald's return? "I shall only insist you wear your headkerchief night and day until your hair grows in again, my dear, for psychological reasons, if that's what I mean," she said.

iv

Charles Bussey was walking home. In Shipka, earlier in the night, his fortunes had taken a turn for the worse. This was something that happened pretty regularly; every time it caught him by surprise though, and he wondered why life was so badly managed, and wondered what possessed him to do the things he did.

He had posed both questions as, dusty and tired, he plodded along in the dark. Then he had thought, suddenly enraged, Fanta too! The old story with Fanta: wrong time, wrong place, wrong woman. When he struck off along the river short cut he was breathing hard, and his face was working. His mouth was dry from the dusty walk and there was a bitterness inside him.

Whatever did possess him? To send a loaded dinner table crashing through swing doors—that was nothing. Once—like the French partisans of 1945—he had shaved off a girl's hair. (When it was half grown in again, she herself shaved it off again, pretended to the newspapers he'd shaved it off again. What a mixup! She was Irish, he remembered.) Another time—now this was perhaps the craziest act of his life—he had jumped clear through a closed window. Thelma and he had quarreled and separated, and from behind a window he had watched her father's house for two days. When Thelma appeared in the doorway he had simply leaped forward. He had needed fifty-four stitches.

Whatever possessed him?

Well, anyway, now it was Fanta; and he was fed up. What I've been through! He thought. That ghastly scene tonight! He had fled the farmhouse but his troubles were only beginning; he couldn't remember another occasion quite as sticky. "Never been so fed up," he expressed it to himself, savagely muttering, his face working away in the dark.

Two months back he had enquired of Mercer about the stranger in jeans—Fan—whom he surprised jumping from the tall chest of drawers. He had learned she came from Shipka, where her parents farmed. She lived with them and Bussey was welcome to her (and them). Any time he was welcome to "leavings." Bussey had flinched at the word but accepted Mercer's offices, and, through him, made Fanta's acquaintance. Then all summer he had plodded nightly back and forth between Tapleystown and Shipka.

He supposed, now, that at the beginning he might have mentioned something or other about making an honest woman of Mercer's castoff. But, by Heaven! was a man to be held accountable for every casual utterance? Again, he believed tonight he had thrown a few sticks of furniture about the room. Was making free with a few sticks of furniture supposed to commit a man to an unsuitable marriage? Fanta's parents appeared to think it. Seemingly so lax at first, they had all along played a low and dirty game, Fanta's parents. Tonight they hadn't actually taken down from the wall the traditional shotgun, but certainly the old farmer had mentioned firearms once.

Bussey had no intention to marry. They had none of them grasped "the gutter" business and "false position." When first he saw any attractive young girl in cheap and vulgar surroundings, into his mind would flow images of flowers among nettles, diamonds in gutters. He would itch to pluck, to rub away mud encrustations, until (abandoning imagery) he could see the result between silk bed-

sheets. Presently, however, he would "see through" the girl; familiarity would "show her up"; it would be revealed to him that the girl was as cheap and vulgar as her surroundings. After all. At this point he would make an interesting personal discovery: he was, he would tell himself, "in a false position." He had been in just such a false position with Fanta—the little tramp.

Up ahead, between tree trunks, vivid flashes lit the black sky. They came out of the river—the short cut still followed the Tansey. Bussey, plodding along, was approaching this light—it moved slowly upstream toward him. It flared from pitch-pine torches.

Four Indian canoes advanced abreast up the river. Four statues stood in the bows, and spears, twice a man's length, poised over the water. Bussey thought, it must be the time of the salmon run; the river must be choked with fish; and he stopped to watch the flickering spectacle.

He saw a darting movement; angry lashings of foam; a wheeling arc—and once again a still figure in the prow. What Bussey saw was curiously black and white and cinematic; he felt he had seen it all before; and then he remembered his nights on location. On location—far-off, happy days! In Tarzan Meets Sitting Bull, Bussey had played an anonymous chieftain. (A heavy: possessor of a British voice, he had to be heroic or villainous; that was a Californian axiom. Not that he'd had lines in Tarzan—he'd never had lines; he'd grunted; but grunted with a British accent.)

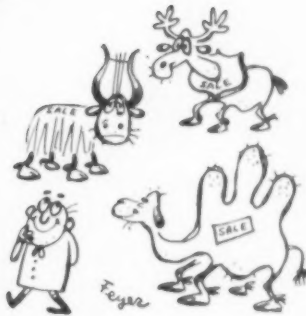
He moved on again. How he envied those bloody Indians with no Fantas to harass them! Could they adopt him into their tribe, what a wonderful way to lie low! It suddenly occurred to him he lived in a wide, wide world. The Indians' was as self-contained as the Blue Heron ranchers'; his own world of Marcelyn and the spaniels and Mercer's leavings was the minutest fragment of the whole. By heaven, yes! there were other worlds. His mind reverted to that fading one, the world of the Hollywood extras. How infinitely far away and long ago! And he recalled its delights—the camaraderie, the dressing up, that ripple of excitement among the boys and girls at Central Casting when Thalberg decided that the Bastille should not be stormed by Coleman in an act of solitary heroism, but by a mob of thousands.

That phrase, now—to lie low—why had it not occurred to him earlier? He could go underground. He told himself it was, really, a duty he owed himself. He could "disappear, probably in the general bloody direction of Los Angeles." And why not?

Groaning as he thought his thoughts, he puffed and dragged along. The short cut left the Tansey; day was dawning. Other times he'd returned by midnight; Marcelyn objected to late hours and, beyond a point, it never paid to ignore Marcelyn's objections. For a short pained space he pictured the reception that must await him. Then he thought once again of Los Angeles. Where the sun would come he could see a burning rim of the hilltop. As the first beams came slipping down the hill slopes to throw a long walking shadow behind him, he thought of another sunrise. Again on location, he'd lain in the sand dunes that time and he'd watched it with his Mexican-American, an extra, who had dirt behind her ears. Safely out of sight across the way, cinematic Indians attacked a wagon camp. In the sand dunes . . . He moaned.

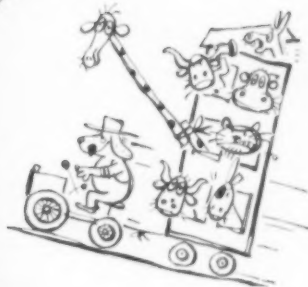
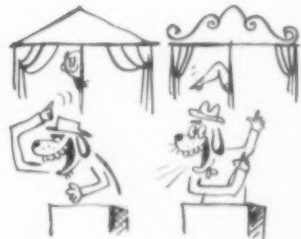
But then suddenly he felt better; he had reached a decision. It seemed to happen through some chemical process rather than by taking thought. He would

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"I did it for you, darling," Marcelyn explained the sale of the spaniels. "You wouldn't want to mess about with dogs while I'm gone."

Lucy looked across over the rim of her book, murmured, "Besides, the money will help," playing up to her, genuine affection in the subdued voice. She was curled on Marcelyn's day bed for company as she read; Marcelyn was at the mirror correcting her eyebrows.

"That's right, darling. Everything into cash. It's surprising, the assets. The old fox—and leaving his corsets behind to mislead us. Who'll see to his clothes now? Charles can get so messy too—always sitting down before I've dusted. Well nobody can deny I did my best to make a home for him; I stuck to him through thick and thin."

"Thin mostly," said Lucy in a little voice, her eyes on the page.

"That's right, darling." She glanced at Lucy's image. "You do know you can always come along—if you'd change your mind?"

"No thank you, Mummy."

"You know best, darling. But we always felt you should see Los Angeles—not quite like this, of course."

Bussey's disappearance had transformed Marcelyn into a purposeful woman. She followed a plan; as a peaceable nation will have fought its peaceable neighbors on paper, and studied the lessons of it, and made a plan, and filed the plan, away, so Marcelyn had made and filed away her plan against this present pass. There had always been a plan; Bussey had correctly surmised it, too—endless journeys, endless questions between Nome and Sunset Boulevard. And now, already Marcelyn had sewn hoarded American bills into her stays, and had bought her single train fare to Vancouver, and her week-end return bus ticket to Seattle. As Mrs. Brown she intended to fly south from Seattle then work back in slow painstaking fashion, naturally always a step ahead of U. S. Immigration.

Soon the Blue Heron Weekly noted: "South for the winter goes Mrs. Charles Dussey this afternoon. Wife of the well-known kennel man and apple grower, she leaves her charming daughter Suzan Bussy in charge of the ranch which is the old Trefor-McMarty place above Lakeshore. Mr. Dussey, who left a week in advance, is in search of improved health."

Marcelyn, her face cynical, read the notice just as she was off; and snorted. "We'll be back before it snows," she predicted.

Lucy fitted the deceiving week-end suitcase on the carrier of her bicycle. "Ready, Mummy?"

Marcelyn walked briskly in high heels, clip-clop, to the station; Lucy pedaled slowly, weaved along level with her.

On the platform Marcelyn said, "Good-by, precious. No, don't kiss me. You will look after yourself? Remember your low-vitality pills. If you get feeling lonely, do something interesting with your hair. Hair is such a comfort. The ensemble suits me, don't you feel? Well, good-by, darling." Jauntily she boarded the train.

Lucy rode home. She contrived a breakdown opposite the Harbottle orchards, but no Mercer came through the trees. She rode on again; she felt she had lost ground since the day in May that Mercer appeared through the break with his owlish face and his gun. She felt she'd lost it not because of anything the two of them had or hadn't done, but simply because then was May and now was September; time destroyed any world, but Howard's especially. She put away her



Howard obliged Doxy, then to Lucy he said, "You allow Nature Girls in here?"

machine, thinking anyway at last there was an empty house, unlimited opportunity. She fetched her novel, thinking she could do anything she liked. Just fifteen minutes of hammock and she'd hunt him up.

She flopped in the hammock, then stayed there for hours.

For a fortnight she couldn't quite accustom herself to an empty house. She felt Marcelyn was in the next room, altering her mouth, drying her nails, freshening her lashes; her father was shaving. She felt, in a moment, both would appear, in a moment both speak; and every second was a second's pause before speech, the hesitation before the first stroke of a clock. The radio itself threatened to break out, one second hence, in weepy organ music. The house was soaked in the personalities of its late occupants.

Her father's room had its special smell of rough tweeds and tobacco, perfume and dogs and pomade. She'd had in mind to make over this room into Mercer's—for she had plans for Mercer—but so excessively personal to her father did it seem, no sooner had she entered it than courage failed her; in her fancy she heard groans and bellows of shocked protest—she was being underhand and a sad little mouse, and letting Daddy down.

Feeling guilty on all three counts, she gave over her notion to push furniture about, and, instead, she explored the closets. She set about pulling out drawers, opening lids, thumbing, prodding, examining. At first quickly like a guilty child breaking rules, then in leisurely fashion as she grew absorbed, she scanned yellowing letters and old useless documents.

Whatever she turned up saddened her. As though her father had died, she thought, here was his life in review—a life reflected in its small accumulations; and she felt the pathos of its unimportance. All had been vanity. She wondered, was every life as full of unfinished business? Her father's, where it offered to her inspection drawer after drawer, seemed a scrap heap of abandoned interests.

She sampled further: keys without locks, broken gadgets, wilted souvenirs: metal and pulp. She rooted about and found newspaper clippings: stale theatrical gossip, marvels of bad writing. Under the clippings she found old family photographs; she lingered over these, squatting by the open drawer in a bad light. They seemed mostly Edwardian, mostly of anonymous faces, mostly brown or sepia studies, with wispy backgrounds; but here some strangers roared with laughter on a haywagon; here they picnicked. Elsewhere the strangers stood about in tasteful groupings in a studio, the women shedding poses, the men untrammelled, and masterful, and staring down the camera. With what effort had these unknowns got themselves properly photographed; they might have been posing for the ages. Doomed effort, though: the fate of the family photograph was the dustbin, if not one generation's dustbin, then another's; time destroyed everything. Already, thought Lucy, already the clothes mattered more than the faces.

Clothes. She examined her father's wardrobe. The best suits Marcelyn had sold. Fondly she examined the wigs, the carrot ones, the purple-grape, the wonderful sea-green one that appeared so blond and splendid on film. She examined surgical appliances and theatrical make-up boxes; she examined underclothes. Beneath his corsets she uncovered a secret store of snapshots of young women in beach attire, scribbled endearments across their middles. Under this again lay a packet of naughty pictures.

"Poor Daddy!" She was wryly amused. But she'd tired of her delvings into his life; she had her own life to live; she had the Howard problem; something had to be done there. When she'd told Mercer of Marcelyn's plan and the empty house, he'd shown discouraging lack of enthusiasm. Something must be done.

On her bicycle one day soon after, she overtook him.

"I can't come tonight."

"Well, when you can, Howie."

But it was three weeks before he

came. She was expecting him nightly, a dampening experience; she waited up each night, overdressed for her solitary evening at home, unable to read the book before her eyes. Mercer was an invisible presence in the room; she scolded him, then forgave him a dozen times an evening. She retired to bed expecting midnight visits. She couldn't rid herself of an idea, it had comforted her, that the only thing wanting had been this present opportunity of an empty house.

When he did arrive, the evening was a worse trial than all the disappointed ones preceding it, for he didn't come alone. Lucy recognized the voice on the porch and hurried to the door, where he stood in the entrance, his expression an earnest child's; he was most polite.

"Darling, you allow people in here, final stages of intoxication and everything?"

"Are you plastered, Howie? Come on in."

He called into the dark, "Come on in." He faced Lucy again, still most polite. "You allow Nature Girls in here? Dead-sober ones? Wait a minute, Doxy. You allow Nature Girls in here, darling, dead-sober ones? Wait, Doxy, Lucy, darling?"

The young and buxom Doxy sidled up to him. She clung to his shoulder blade as if to steady him.

"Of course. Come in."

He rushed to the living-room sofa; the girl, Doxy, minced in behind. She sat beside him, drew his arms about her neck; obligingly he kissed her. Then he wriggled free, shifted to the edge of the cushion, earnestly asked, "Excuse me, do you allow Nature Girls in here?"

There followed a half hour of stupefying conversation; then Mercer rushed into Bussey's bedroom. Doxy, with a conspirator's smile for Lucy, tiptoed after him; inside, she locked the door. Neither of them came out again.

To rebel never occurred to Lucy; scenes were for Marcelyn and her father. She sat in her father's armchair under the reading light, taking up and putting down her book, one ear cocked, one hand moving aimlessly among the bric-a-brac of the smoking stand. Presently, she had to notice she was taking a perverse pleasure in her humiliation; she wondered why. And she thought perhaps now she could rid her mind of his image. And she went off to bed believing she must have won some sort of victory.

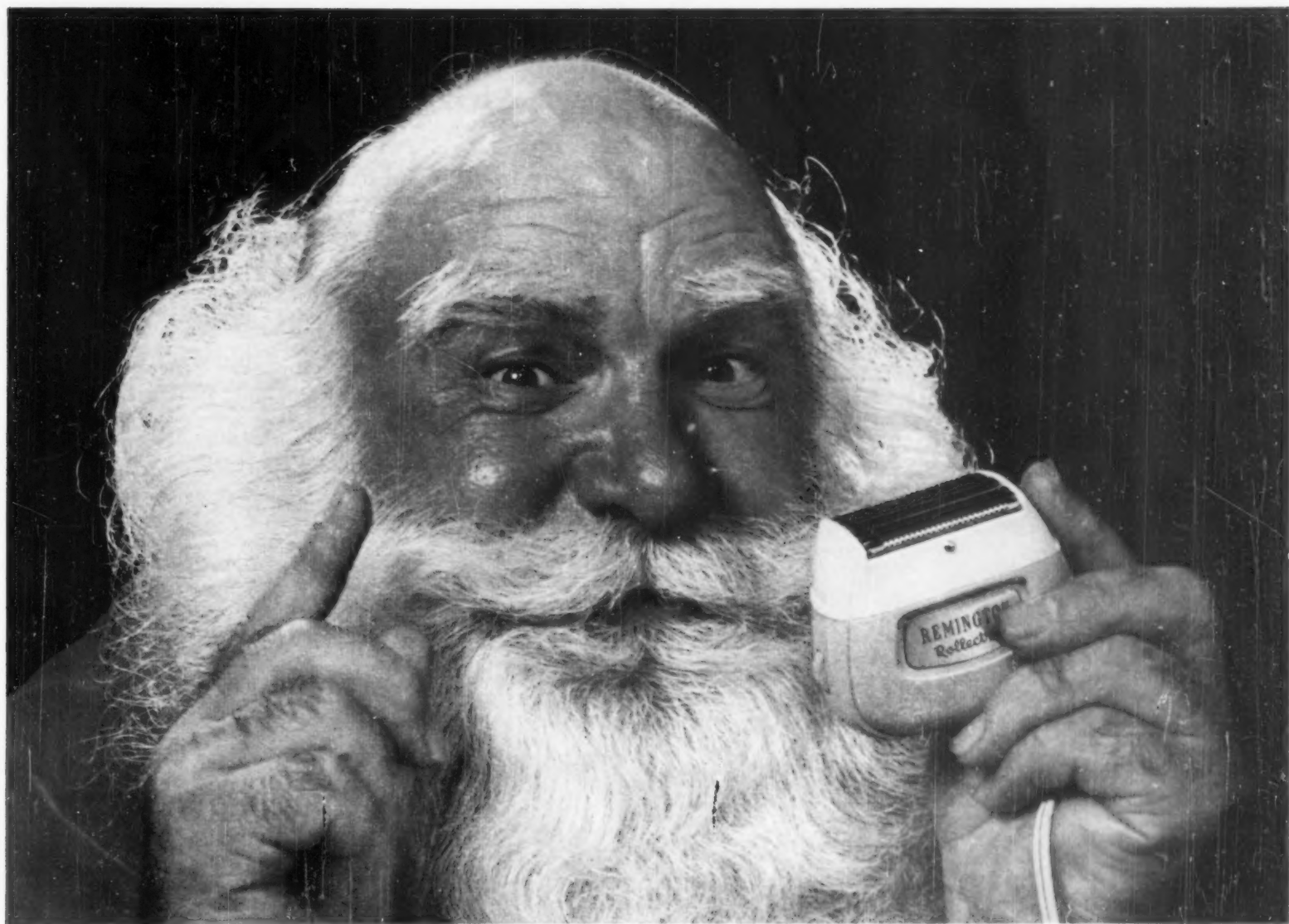
In another hour though, deciding for half a loaf, she forgave him everything. She slipped from bed, propped open the door; she fell asleep expecting unseen hands to jerk back the coverlet before the night was through. She woke at seven much refreshed.

She felt fine, and she sighed discouragedly. She lay in her bed, a square of sunlight on the floor, mocked by her own well-being, resenting it: she'd have preferred to be spent, a limp rag, with Mercer snoring and unshaven and lumpy on the pillow alongside. Instead, Mercer was in the bathroom; she could hear swilled water and gargling. Presently she slipped into one of Marcelyn's peignoirs and made coffee.

She was seated and munching toast and marmalade when he appeared. He stooped to peck her cheek—a husband's breakfast-hour kiss; the husband illusion allowed her a moment's delight.

He eased down opposite. "You can take all that stuff away. All right, the coffee." Presently for a split second he met her gaze. "What's biting you? That tart? She left hours ago. Oh my God, am I hung-over?"

Her father had familiarized her with male early-morning peevishness; she attended his wants, and again there were

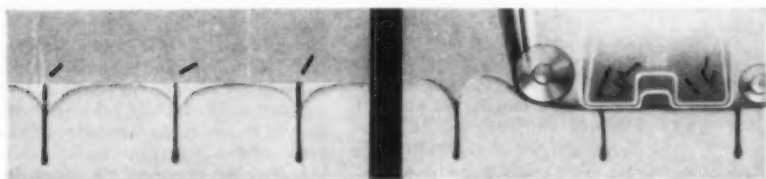


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marital implications to warm her. She thought, bite my head off, darling; I'll be tractable. Sitting across from her bad-tempered, hung-over Howard she wondered whether her half of the loaf was not after all more satisfying. It wasn't romantic love but it was a step beyond the boundary she'd reached in the Dutch clover in May.

When it was apparent she intended to spare him remonstrances, he thawed. They sat over cigarettes and more coffee on the veranda and something of his cocksure old manner returned, and he teased for a little. By the time he was obliged to leave for his day's work in the Harbottle orchards his disposition had become downright sunny.

"Thanks for everything"—he had a melting smile—"Lucy girl. And if you're worried about my box lunch, don't be. Helen will bring it to me. Bye-bye."

She watched him strike down the roadway, loving him. But then she made the beds, and the twin hollows in her father's bed numbed her morning spirits; in a more emotional time of day than after breakfast, she reflected, another girl would have wept. Lucy scarcely ever wept. Marcelyn wept too often, her father too often for a man. Lucy felt that at any cost her life ought to be managed differently. She was secretly proud of her iron control. Then she emptied ash trays, in her mind's ear Marcelyn's daily resolve: "Next week we'll spring-clean." Then she flopped into the hammock with her book.

In late November came the first snow. Marcelyn had been too optimistic: now she wrote on a postcard from Los Angeles, "Not any sign of your Daddy, the rat." She continued to work the suburbs there. Rain and more snow ushered in December, a cold snap followed, and the lake froze hard. Madge Harbottle hunted coyotes each dawn, surprising them far from cover on the ice, the snap and clatter of her motorbicycle echoing from the surrounding hills. Nick Yevchenko watched the sport through army-stores binoculars, sitting on the lakefront in an army jeep, concerned less with Madge than with her bones.

Lucy in this winter discovered fresh means to complicate her life. She involved herself with Mercer's wife Helen.

Mercer had once or twice between the early snows put in a day's work on the Bussey orchard. He'd stayed on after work so that, for Lucy, it might have been last May again. But after Christmas, Eudoxia Yefimovna Ewanochka was back; Lucy endured five nights of her, sought consolation in five matrimonial breakfasts, five ungracious pecks on the cheek, five slow thaws over veranda coffee.

By the last of these mornings Mercer had quarreled with his Doxy. It was a morning of virtuous indignation and good resolves. "She insulted Helen," he explained. "I didn't go for that. Helen's a good girl."

"I'm sure she is."

"Yes. So good-by, Doxy." He put down his empty cup on a storm-window's ledge, stretched his limbs in his chair. "Good old Helen. I wish you'd be friendlier with her—I believe she's lonely. She knows I lead the double life."

"Double! I planned a double life for you, Howie. You lead a triple one."

He looked pleased. "Lucy girl."

"How is she—Helen? The usual things? Does it show?"

"Not yet. You like to be its godparents?"

She cocked an eyebrow—her father's trick. "I think we Busseys don't quite make the grade as godparents."

He was suddenly suspicious, suddenly stern; if a rebuke was implied, this was something forbidden his women. "Do you mind?"

"I don't mind."

"Not complaining?"

"No, Howie."

"Think of poor Helen."

"Yes."

"Funny thing." He softened again. "Helen. Now she cares less I care more. You believe me? I worry about her sometimes."

"Perhaps it's your age. You're steady-ing down." She wanted a steadied-down Howard, within specified limits.

"And that's another thing," he said.

This other thing, it came out, was that he felt concern for his powers. "I get this pain," he told her. He was thirty; he thought he might be senile at thirty-two; he had read something somewhere. Besides, he had noticed grey hairs—just suppose, now, all his hair fell out.

Lucy nodded gloomily. Howard, she thought, anti-romantic to the end. Well might this be the beginning of the end too; she shrank in her wicker chair; the glassed-in veranda overlooked the lake and she stared out at the snow and ice. Useless to argue: for one thing, he didn't listen to women, and for another, to hold him she always bowed to his judgment. (Which had its reward: when Howard insulted her intelligence it pleasantly excited her feminine nature.) And so today she was to suppose his hair would fall out because he had read something somewhere. She must hope he would read something else somewhere else.

She watched him off to work—another moment out of married life, she reminded herself. He had a cocky walk she had never properly noticed before; but he had, he had, he was the triumphant male. Because of his male swagger, doors opened to him, better judgments deferred to his, women adored him and men befriended him—he would speak of keeping women in their place and men would find it in their hearts to forgive him. Because he was without meanness of spirit almost everything was forgiven him. And he needed all the forgiving available, thought Lucy, and he was positively the worst man an unmarried girl could know. Wrong man, wrong time.

There was comfort in disloyal thoughts; Lucy in the ensuing weeks had time for thought; a solitary existence had become her normal mode of life. As with many another solitary, she took to talking things over with herself—in the beginning quietly, under breath; then less quietly, the level whispers of January becoming March's groans and exclamations, very reminiscent of her father. Lucy drifted back and forth through cluttered, dusty rooms (wearing a Marcelyn peignoir and duplicating Marcelyn's movements) in hoarse and glassy-eyed soliloquy. She discussed with herself the enigmas of life and the shortcomings of Howard Mercer.

The less she saw of him the more he occupied her mind. By the spring he so monopolized it that love's fever had made her dull. Too restless for them, she couldn't bother with books any more, couldn't settle to any prolonged effort; she sat by the radio instead with Marcelyn's old film magazines on her lap. One morning, the morning of a laconic postcard from San Francisco, she suddenly recollected Marcelyn's parting advice: when life got rough, she was to do something interesting with her hair. So she spent the morning with her hair; then deciding after a can-opener lunch to make a day of it, spent the afternoon with her eyebrows and lashes and nails.

The success of this day determined her: thereafter mornings found her slumped by the radio, listening to air serials while washes and glues, sets and fixes set, fixed, dried, took. Daily her eyebrows assumed new, steeper slants, her eyes new, more daring, longer lengths of lash; and now no more were her nails bluey, rhubarb reds; instead she experimented with old-gold tints. While the nails dried she twisted the dial beside her, serial to serial.

On the air waves women embodying all that was noble suffered from the neglect of weak men named John; organs peeled forth a debased Tchaikovsky; advertisers talked of flaked soap. How sad it was, but how surprisingly interesting, these ladies with their problem men; restful, too, to have her agonizing done for her. Presently, nails dried, she flipped through the magazines. Here men posed with a starlet or a medicine ball; long-lashed, charming men—she conceded their charm; still it was only their points of resemblance to Mercer, the physical Mercer, that counted.

Sometimes she would phone Olga, then the two would meet in town for a soda. Olga's stay with the Harbottles had extended itself indefinitely; she was nursing Madge, whose femur, she reported, was well on the mend.

"Nick put her in a Thomas splint like lightning. He is very clever, Nick. The motorcycle is at the bottom of the lake." She said she would bring along the first-aid enthusiast one day to meet Lucy. "You will like him too, I think. He is nice, and as I say, he believes he is in love with you. But I tell him you have gold toenails then perhaps he will fall out of love."

"Yes, you tell him that," Lucy laughed.

Sometimes another distraction from the monotony of her days, an acquaintance came to call; and the acquaintance might be Helen Mercer, for, to please Howard, Lucy began to cultivate his wife. A year of Blue Heron had changed the young mother: she looked dazed no longer, she had adjusted to homestead life, to her father-in-law, above all to the hired hand, her husband. She was relaxed and cheerful, and perhaps it was to be expected: it would not have been too different had she married into slum life in England where the girls survive it.

Still, she wanted for friends. She was unexacting, which helped, because Lucy at first behaved badly. Lucy expected a stage-play situation of irony and artifice; chatting over the teacups, she felt wicked and worldly and full of secret knowledge; she was swept by conflicting impulses so that one minute she patronized her new acquaintance and the next talked with spiteful double meaning. However, her posturings went for nothing; Helen Mercer was proof against insult, she seemed to attribute catty remarks to the natural manners of the country, a strange one, she must have thought, though no stranger than its product, her husband.

"I suppose all the men here are more or less like Howard?"

"Exactly like," said Lucy promptly. "What men do you know?"

"Not many, really. There's your father. There's the Glossops up the road—Chester."

"Well, you see?"

But to assume goodwill in others was to create it: Helen Mercer was too disarming to resist. And Lucy did respond—against her will at the start, but later, before the summer passed, freely. Later she counted Helen as a personal friend first, as Mercer's wife second.

She admitted: "Of course Howard and Chester aren't anything alike. You didn't take me seriously. I'd say it's Chester

who's typical. The ladies, God bless them!—that kind of thing; fifty years behind the times. But Howard is a special type, I should think. He sounds like Puck or Pan or something as tiresome."

"The little dear," Helen smiled. "God rot him."

They became intimates. By some trick of the mind Lucy learned to dissociate the friend and the wife; and this done, except in the matter of the secret tie with Mercer, she was able to behave fairly openly with her new friend. Helen knew of Fanta's baby daughter and of Eudoxia

Yefimovna Ewanochka, and when she confided a little of her knowledge, Lucy could offer heartfelt sympathy.

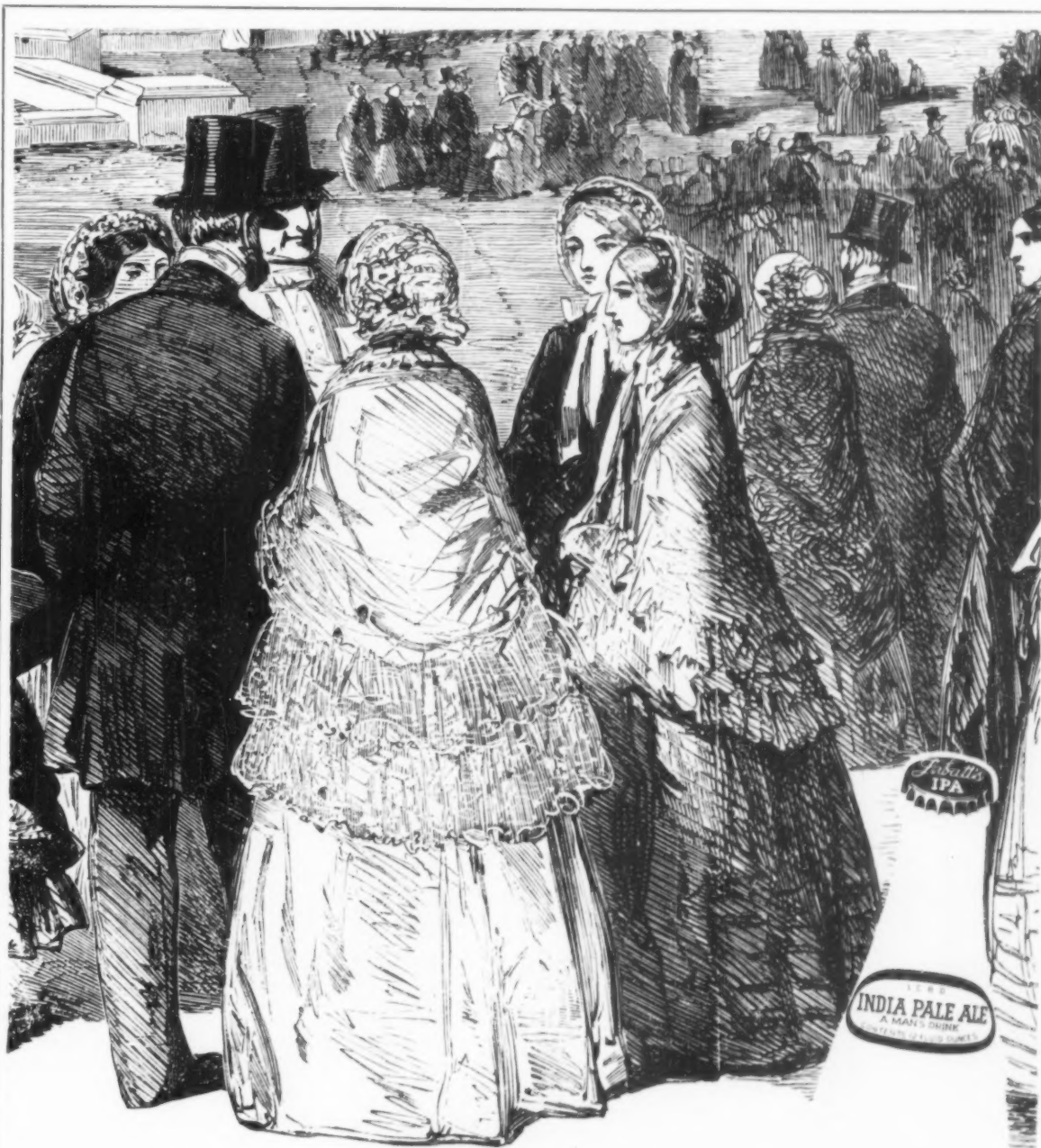
The confidences increased and increasingly Lucy identified herself with Helen's interest. She seconded Helen's half-humorous strictures upon unfaithful husbands, but seriously, meaning every word, for always automatic adjustment was made at the back of her mind. Mercer's infidelities she understood to be every infidelity but one—one somehow didn't count. Humanly and inconsistently, Lucy Bussey sided with Helen Mercer, the

woman she meant to continue to wrong.

Obsessed with the outrage done Helen, for a while she talked of nothing else. "I don't know how you stand it, Hel, really I don't. How can you be so cynical? Just thinking about his Doxy would make me feel sick."

They were like old friends now. It was a hot August morning and they'd chanced to meet by the Bussey mailbox (inside it was a postcard view of Mount Hood for Lucy).

"Why, perhaps I've stopped taking Howard seriously," Helen explained her



"WHY ARE YOU AND MAMA SO LATE, PAPA?"

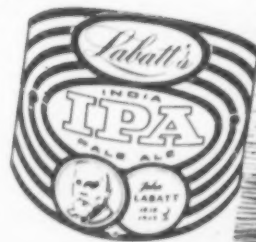
FATHER: It may have escaped your attention, Sophonisba, that your father's cellar needs replenishing. To repair that disastrous state of affairs, your mother and I took the opportunity afforded us by passing Mr. Labatt's establishment to order a generous stock of his India Pale Ale.

DAUGHTER: Pray, Papa why is this ale your constant choice?

FATHER: Foolish child. There is no other ale worthy of the attention of the male. You

would be well advised when the time comes for you to choose a life partner, to enquire well into his taste in ale. See to it, that he drinks nothing but India Pale Ale, for such a habit is the mark of a man. Moreover, it indicates an appreciation of good flavour, an ability to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. India Pale Ale, Sophonisba, is a MAN'S ale.

MOTHER: The ladies, too, are not averse to partaking of an occasional glass of India Pale Ale in the withdrawing room.



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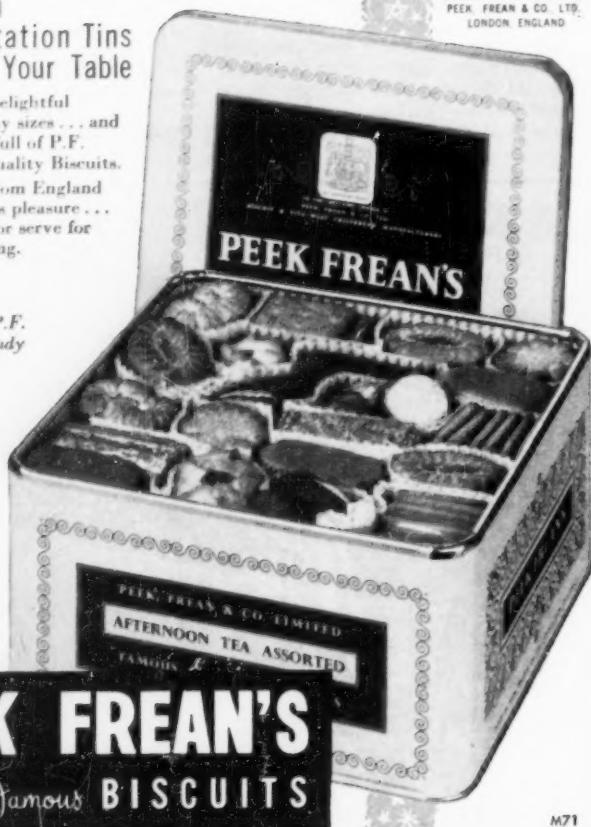
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CONTENTS 25 CLINCH BOTTLES

Burnett's
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cynicism. "But let's not talk Howard on a glorious morning like this."

"You haven't stopped loving him?"

By now Helen was used to Lucy's habit of anxious cross-examination; she made an effort and looked thoughtful. She stroked her small daughter's hair—mother and daughter were returning from a Tapleystown doctor. She said, "Howie's a child, you know. With a child you love him, and you can't endure him, and you do endure him." She laughed. "I make myself clear?"

"No."

"And then also, it's no use getting upset, so you don't ever get upset."

Lucy reached down to swing the small girl on her shoulder. "You'll come in for a coffee?"

They walked through orchard shade; slowly, because Helen was eight months gone with child. Above them the weighted boughs reached down, and rosy half-size apples tapped their bare heads as they passed. In the clover their feet squashed other little apples. Between the rows sluggish water filled the irrigation ditches; tailings faintly plopped and swished and bubbled behind them, back by the road. Here and there a bird cheeped, but the midday quiet was approaching.

Lucy poured out coffee—a few drops of it in the child's milk. The two friends relaxed in wicker chairs; from the veranda the lake glittered, dazed the eyes; they stared out above it into space.

Lucy broke the silence. "Now, about Howard," she began.

Helen burst out laughing.

"I'm horribly nosy, I admit it, Hel, but you see" — Lucy wriggled in her chair — "I'm fascinated. Everything he does is so hateful."

"Why, yes, it is. But he himself isn't, is he? Tell me. Do you think Cathy's a bad color? She had whooping cough."

"Yes I do."

"That or else Chinese. Perhaps she's Chinese. Certainly she talks Chinese."

"It'd be like Howard to claim you cheated with a Chinese laundryman — then half believe it."

"Yes, very like."

"He'd love to think you share his vices."

"Before whooping cough it was mumps. Before mumps—"

But Lucy was not to be deflected; repeatedly she steered the conversation back to Helen's husband. She was angling for Helen's life story; there were great gaps in her knowledge of this marriage and she thought the summer's friendship entitled her to fill them in. In the end, Helen obliged.

"Why did I marry him? I suppose he charmed me," she said. "He can be wonderfully charming to strangers." They had first met in Avonmouth, she a WREN officer, he a naval rating off some harbor craft. "We went around together in civvies; in uniform we'd dodge gold braid and familiar faces and it seemed a terrific adventure." Rank was "unnatural" and to this she laid his unpredictable behavior; he was compensating. "Because then, you see, to break a date became 'disciplinary action.' I'm hopeless—I loved it; the idea of a rating disciplining me had a kind of secret excitement about it at the time. I suppose too the unnatural rank thing that separated us made me especially aware of the natural, boy-girl thing. It kept me at heel."

He disappeared very suddenly at the end of the war; the memory of Avonmouth dimmed; then as suddenly, he reappeared in England and proposed. He seemed more charming than ever, and in vague terms he spoke of acres held in "the west." They married; on honeymoon

they spent a week of blissful harmony. On the eighth morning he said, "Darling, I'm going out to get cigarettes." He went out and didn't come back. She made agitated enquiry, several days later learned he had left the country, using the return half of his plane ticket and substituting for a canceled passage.

She went back to her parents' home; there Cathy was born. Cathy was two years when one morning in the post there arrived a mysterious remittance. Another remittance followed in another month, this time accompanied by a piece of cardboard torn from a package of English cigarettes. In faint pencil, in her husband's childish handwriting, was his Blue Heron address.

"In a dim sort of way it looked like Howie's invitation to join him. I had a mental picture of him, charming and boyish, wanting me badly but finding it too difficult to explain away the past two years. He can't manage apologies, you know; to apologize is a physical impossibility with him. Instead, he shows you he's sorry with a bit of unexpected tender love-making. Then he says, 'Are you happy now?' And that's that—he's shown he's sorry."

"Well, to get back, here was my scrap of cardboard saying, in effect, 'I never beg; but if you want me, come on out. Take me as I am. Never bring up the topic of my desertion.' So out I came. I told myself any marriage is better than none, and that I would agree to married life on whatever terms he proposed. I was still very much in love with him when I arrived here, and lucky too that I was. I'd never have stood those first months—or his father—otherwise. But it's ancient history. As you say, I'm cynical, he can't upset me anymore. Yet I will say for the brute, he's improving, don't you think, Lucy? I work on him, you know."

Now all the gaps were filled in. Lucy felt she knew as much as could be learned of Howard Mercer.

And now there remained no mysteries. In the next few days she was to discover she could forget his existence for a whole morning, a whole afternoon. Something Helen added before she resumed her stroll homeward, after the coffee, helped.

"To recover my senses last winter I used to add just twenty years to his age," Helen said. "And would you believe, it worked. It did, it worked. And I rather enjoyed picturing Howard at fifty. You might try sometime. I picture some sort of disgraceful old buck, week after week meeting less and less success with younger and younger girls."

"Just like Daddy!"

"Well, yes!"

And they had parted cheerful and giggly, and it was hard to gloom about Howard afterward.

Another absurdity deflated Lucy; she came to recognize that her righteous indignation on Helen's behalf rose in proportion as her passion subsided. She acknowledged her passion subsided. Yet another thing: she knew now that Helen must know—her manner had shown it. If Helen could keep her head, Lucy thought she could.

After all this, recovery from her fever needed only time. The day came very soon when she couldn't bother to follow through with some line of thought involving her Howard; she hadn't the patience; and she dismissed him from mind. It occurred to her that she had thought and felt all there was to think and feel about him, until the idea of Mercer wearied her.

She mailed a postcard to a certain address in Oregon. She was cool and detached, her old self.

"I miss you. No sign of the rat. Have contracted for harvesting. Asking Olga to stay with me. And Mummy! I've got over him."

Olga had lived with the Harbottles for better than a year. The winter past, Alex Stepanyskaya had written his daughter to look into local houses up for sale. Before anything came of this, Madge Harbottle needed home nursing; house hunting was postponed. But now Madge was about again, though on crutches; Olga returned to the hunt, supervising Madge's physiotherapy betweenwhiles.

Her hair was grown in again and she once more wore her conventional braids, she was nineteen.

She was nineteen. Madge was twenty. "Specting a mustache soon. 'Jou too?" Madge said, turning twenty. For her birthday Madge invited a few friends in "to drink pop and crash round the bedroom," crutches ruling out another saturnalia with butterfly nets on the bottom lawn. Madge continued to puzzle her nurse. The invalid would chatter about her life work—she now planned a return to school as games mistress and personal counselor; and this led to the other chatter about blood compacts and pup tents, and the dark thoughts of life, the long hol. Olga was in theoretical agreement, fervently so, about the long hol, kicking the bucket, and so on; at the same time, much like a professional nurse, she never really listened to a bed patient. As a result, in spite of the long hours together and much talk, Madge remained a puzzle. Dostoevski didn't help much.

Over the year Olga had had no luck with the Harbottle vernacular. Here too her favorite author, or more precisely his translators, failed her; but direct exposure to the family was no improvement. To her original small store of hoary Anglicisms like "cad" and "heavenly" she had meant to add such exotic discoveries as "flap" and "twig"; but when she launched new words they would sound unnatural on her tongue, and she would blush. Madge would stare, and the Colonel would take her meaning wrongly. All the Harbottles were clever at taking the wrong meaning. It was not, Olga had learned, that the Harbottles wilfully misunderstood people; but they spoke at the promptings of the rancher soul, which was some sort of imp.

"Yes, it is that simple," she would tell herself. "That is true. Particularly for the Colonel. Furthermore it is amazing, the nobility of Colonel Harbottle's soul."

During her stay with the family she had studied not only their vernacular but also their souls, and the amazing nobility of Colonel Harbottle's soul was one of her stock reflections. For this thought, like her idea that Donald Harbottle was perfect, the Russian classics were once more answerable—they had taught her that men were essentially brutal, Cossacklike. Women, or young women, could be dewy, white-clad innocents, Ninas and Aglaïas and Kittys; but men were brutal. "I'll knock him on the head like a dog," mused the Dostoevski hero. Men were subject to love-hate: the Eternal Husband tenderly nursed his victim before he came at him with a razor; the Rogozhin who knifed Prince Myshkin first swore lifelong brotherhood. But although everyday men were brutal Cossacks, happily exceptional men did exist. These other men were Christlike; they were the noble souls such as Prince Myshkin and the good Karamazov and, as she reflected, Colonel Harbottle. (Perhaps, after all, another Dostoevskian, although not a knocker of dogs' heads nor a dewy Epanchin nor yet a Christ, was



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"Daddy's clothes have been burgled, twice," said Lucy. "And the egg money"

Madge Harbottle. Could Madge be the recurrent buffoon? "But her soul is a question mark," Olga thought.)

From which it may be taken that she was not changed. On the contrary, the indestructible Slav had survived its Harbottle year as easily as the famous English governesses, scattered the breadth of the czars' Russia, survived lifelong exposures to foreign ways without forgetting the precepts of Kensington.

Meantime the Harbottle long-term guest was house hunting. One summer afternoon while Madge pedaled a stationary bicycle and Olga sat across the room from her, now and again glancing at a watch, the girl's grandmother entered in her best *pereminka*.

"The good God give me patience! More dreaming! And is she not to buy a house this afternoon? Pardon, she forgets! She is too busy putting muscles on Madge Harbottle. Next she is offering a glass of water to a drowning man, Olga Alexandrovna! Olga Alexandrovna!"

"I do not forget, Grandmama," Olga said in English. "We are to look at houses, dear Madge, and I forgot. Grandmama is angry because we have far to walk."

Madge responded as Olga hoped, offered the car.

"It is merely a gamble, you understand, Madge."

Her crutches on the car floor, in a typical Blue Heron dust cloud Madge whisked the Stepanyaskayas out to the several small ranch houses they wanted to inspect. This hunt would have been one more failure, for the asking prices daunted the pair, except that on their way home they turned aside to see Lucy.

"Oh, Ol, I was thinking of you both," Lucy said. "I've another postcard from Mummy. She was coming home but now she's going to try Los Angeles over again. I'm sick of living alone. Why can't both of you move in with me? Mummy may be away another year yet."

"Lucy! Yes!"

So it was arranged; and a week later the pair were installed.

Mrs. Harbottle said, "You could have stayed."

"Oh no, Mrs. Harbottle dear, Lucy who is my friend is nervous living alone so long. She tells me she hears a burglar in the house. It is all nonsense, of course. You have been kind too. It has been heavenly here, but I go now. But one day you will be burned out by Little Brothers, perhaps, then you stay with me."

"Fair enough, Olga. I'm sorry as you that Donald took that summer job down east—we saw so little of him at Christmas. However, it's his final year. Now come and see us often. I'll forward your letters."

The postcard that Lucy spoke of was Marcelyn's second from Portland: it was inconceivable Charles would stop in Portland, she wrote. "A quiet, respectable town and the Portlanders very pure-minded, etc. Charles wouldn't like it. No, Charles is in L.A., I feel it. I'm going south again."

South she had gone, and once more scouted all the haunts of all the unsuccessful actors. Then suddenly within the month she lost heart. She abandoned the plan, returned empty-handed and exasperated home to Blue Heron valley.

Before she arrived, Olga and grandmother were settled in with Lucy, and the year's apple crop had been harvested. The grandmother had given the house its first spring clean in about four years;

when she'd finished, walls were spotted and floors glowed. Lucy seemed not to notice any change though.

Lucy had something else on her mind. "Daddy's clothes have been burgled, twice, and nothing else gone except the egg money."

"I can't understand it any better than you, darlings," was Marcelyn's response. "In my experience," she said, "when something fishy happens, Charles is behind it; but that's not possible for once."

Marcelyn's arrival home meant that now four women occupied the house. As a matter of course the Stepanyaskayas did all the housework; it was the secret hope of the Busseys that their stay might never end. The happy arrangement seemed to Marcelyn doubly fortunate, for she faced the necessity to catch up with a bewildering number of air serials; housework, hanging fire in consequence, might have menaced her peace of mind. And she needed peace of mind: a long period of convalescence beside the radio was what she envisaged.

She planted herself by the radio the first morning; and such was her nervous condition that she could scarcely concentrate on the Breakfast Sausages Club. Her face since her return was set in the nose-crinkled mold of a puppy following a first taste of soap—surprised, thoughtful, rather disgusted: the expression customary to her after one of Charles' domestic explosions. She sat there and twisted the dial to Superior Soap's Gateway to a Woman's Heart. She heard familiar voices; she concentrated. By good fortune nothing had changed in the situation of the heroine during the thirteen-month interregnum.

Meantime the house was seeing something of Nick Yevchenko. Olga had thought to introduce him to Lucy a dozen times, but had stalled "out of respect for Donald's wishes," so she told herself. Now out of respect for Lucy's wishes she produced him. Lucy's attitude to her distant and once "too-young" admirer was changed. The change seemed to be connected with an enthusiastic discovery of Yevchenko's chin, which, Olga now heard, was coarse and brutal. Olga could have shared her friend's enthusiasm had the words described his general behavior on horseback dressed as a Cossack and supplied with a whip; but Yevchenko's coarseness and brutality stopped at his chin; for the rest he was a pleasant boy, quite unexceptional unless one made an issue of the St. John Ambulance medallion.

"He appeals, I expect," Olga hazarded, "because his name is beautiful? It has poetry?"

"Poetry! It's an awful name."

"How can you think that! He is Ukrainian too, but he is not like me one bit. He goes to movies and I consider that is why he talks so strange."

No, it was the strange-talking Yevchenko's chin, Lucy insisted, his chin that she liked; it had all the requisite ugliness. But he had taken her along to the Hall for his refresher course the night before, and splinted and bandaged her until she couldn't move an inch, then he had discussed her as if she was a lump of meat; and she had rather liked that, too.

"Yes, that was nice," agreed Olga, picturing the scene but substituting Donald Harbottle in the role of insensitive bandager. In her dream of him Donald was, of course, only sometimes Prince Myshkin the Christlike; at other times he was as insensitive as love's young dream

might wish, a knocker of dogs' heads, the Cossack who stooped to kiss then galloped away—Ivan, the widow's son.

Donald was in Olga's thoughts as much as ever. He was expected home for good by Christmas. Meantime he wrote her surprisingly frequent letters, and she was puzzled he could write so often yet say so little. At length she suspected the influence of Trollope, that difficult author he now once again suggested that she read. "For my part I'm reading Dostoevski, and I must say he has you taped, Olga, old scout," Donald wrote.

She wrote back, "I am reading Barchester Towers to find out what it is you can mean."

Olga wanted to believe the ravage of her home had been a Little Brother miscalculation—as indeed it was—and her present existence to be of no interest to the sect, but she saw small advantage putting belief to a test. Thus she kept indoors during harvesting. One morning Mercer's truck drew up below her window, Mercer himself signaling from his driver's window and waving a paper. Herded on the rear platform stood a dozen strangers who she could tell at a glance were Little Brothers. Squat ponderous figures, some stared with vacant faces at the Bussey house, some scowled heavenward, some spat in the gravel. The women wore *babushkas* and two of the men wore Tolstoi beards. They put in mind the loiterers by her orchard gate during the Ewanochka house moving and they unnerved her.

"We take whatever twelve we're given," Lucy explained, her chin on her friend's shoulder; "harvesters are hard to get. They're early but come on outside, we'll start them off."

"I am unlucky," Olga shrunk back. "You go. If I am seen I expect they burn this house too, very possibly."

She watched behind her window until the apple pickers with their ladders and sacks vanished into the orchard.

And similarly her caution bade her hesitate to join the foray of her friends to the east shore the morning Charles Bussey was rumored there.

That morning was a Monday, Olga, in town to shop, had strolled in company with Lucy into Kazak's, then on later to the lakefront. That same Monday morning, but much earlier, there had occurred a minor explosion in the railway culvert back of town, resulting in a little crater and a twisted rail or two; and at Kazak's the two girls heard talk of little else. The feeling at Kazak's was that something astounding was about to happen. Times had been too quiet. The customers purchased the latest patent chemical extinguisher, they stepped into the street to buy the Blue Heron Weekly announcing "Renew Brother Outbreaks," and, with long faces, they frequented Mrs. Pawlenko. Abuzz with rumors and tongue wagging, Mrs. Pawlenko scattered intelligence among the Kazak shoppers like a pollinating bee. Meantime, out on the lakefront evidence of renewed unrest across the water provided day-long spectacle: houses one after another were seen to burst into flame like so many distress signals directed to the notice of Tapleytown.

The two girls reached their favorite park bench and sat talking and gazing across the lake, sharing their bench with a stranger who studied the opposite bank through binoculars. Olga rummaged through the household purchases—carrots, a cabbage, a tin of coffee, an ex-

tinguisher—and produced the bundle of carrots. The girls each chewed on a raw carrot while they talked.

"Thanks, Ol. They give you night vision. Probably should be compulsory for Blue Heron."

"You are joking. Lucy, look at that smoke!"

"I see it. Isn't it The Hermitage?"

"Yes, and that's strange, I think, because they never touch The Hermitage before. They burn out the hermit, yes, but that is different—the hermits are in the real hermitage in the community hall and they often burn out the community hall."

The stranger on the bench lowered his binoculars and inspected her. He addressed her in Russian. "What is this thing you say?" he demanded. "It is not so. Nobody burns your Hermitage, yes. Look again, Olga Alexandrovna. Look again, and possibly you will see the father of your friend."

He then eyed her up and down, his face a Slavic mask, and got to his feet, and without a parting word he walked away, out of the park.

Olga sat gazing after him.

"What was all that about?" Lucy asked, then asked a second time.

Olga spoke from far away. "What? He say it isn't The Hermitage?"

"He sounded very emphatic about it."

"Let's walk home." She stood up suddenly.

"Is that all he said?"

She scowled at the frozen path, and nodded. But Lucy was looking at her sideways, disbelieving.

"Oh, I lie to you, Lucy. He did say more," she murmured. And she told about Charles Bussey.

The foray to the east shore was the result, Olga begging off it. Marcelyn,

when she heard of the Little Brother's hint, said it sounded entirely typical of Charles, with his debased tastes, to hole up across the lake. It was frankly too humiliating; really except that he was anxious to desert her, she felt inclined to desert him.

Lucy and she boarded the ferry at midday. The two watched Mercer drive up and park his truck, then they went between-decks, where Helen and he soon joined them in the saloon. A minute after, Nick Yevchenko and Chester Glossop appeared—for Lucy, phoning friends, had needed all the moral support available.

Their ferry thumped its way across the lake and tied up at the charred East Jetty.

They all walked ashore, where a dismal and familiar spectacle greeted them: life among the ruins. Year in and year out the east shore of Blue Heron Lake looked much as if, the week before last, disaster had visited it, and as if new temporary quarters of planks and flattened gasoline cans had since been slapped up by survivors. The homesteads were uniformly mean; here were no Joneses to emulate, and indeed it scarcely paid a Little Brother to be house-proud; the more pretentious the house, the more likely was God to tell an envious neighbor to apply the torch. Still, everyone was sheltered, for tents were pitched as ashes cooled; hovels and shanties quickly followed on the tents.

Sometimes God would tell Ivan to burn down Pyotr's house, but at the same time He would tell Pyotr to resist Ivan's fire. Then, with the neighbors' help, Pyotr might manage to limit the damage. Pyotr would be left with an abundance of blackened but serviceable planks; and these would become the basis for the new and smaller home that rose from the ashes of the old, as though to illustrate

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In the fields the position was much the same: the barn was replaced by the shed, the shed by canvas while the new smaller barn was abuilding; the tractor went the way of the railway installation, to be replaced by the workhorse, which, secretly "liberated" into the hills by the neighbors, was in turn replaced by the person of the farmer. Although the land was ideally suited to apple growing and indifferently suited to mixed farming, mixed farming was practiced; which was sometimes represented as a part of a fifty-year fight against assimilation.

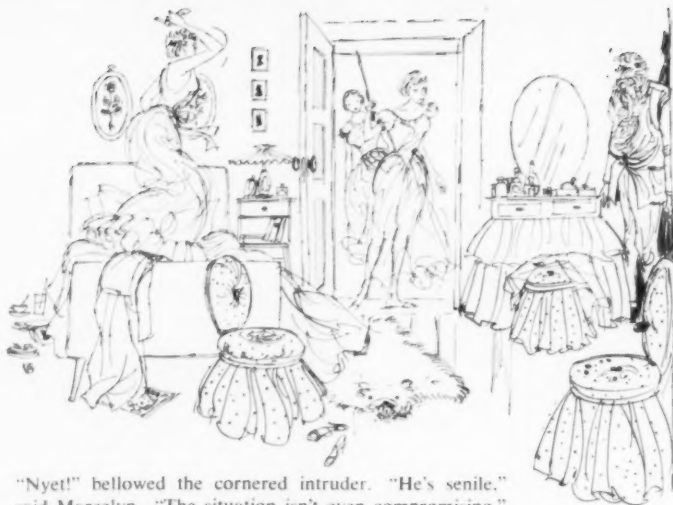
A striking feature of the landscape was a series of steel towers, some of them still standing, but twisted from shape by blast, others capsized; these rusting and long-abandoned structures represented a misguided attempt on the part of an utilities company to carry power down through the valley on the east, or Little Brother, side of the lake. There were other ruins, some fairly impressive. Blackened timbers marked the sites of the twice-burned hospital, the cinema that never opened, the nine-times-burned schoolhouse. Still other ruins denoted the jam factory that set itself up in competition with the Hermitage-owned jam factory, or Freedom Temple. But the Freedom Temple was itself three-quarters gutted; in only one wing of the Temple was jam still manufactured.

On the other hand, The Hermitage proper had survived all attempts on it. It was an ugly brick building which had been erected on the cement foundations of a Mounted Police barracks that burned to the ground in 1913; and it was to this that the visitors from Tapleystown gravitated; they felt that here, if anywhere on the east shore, news of Charles Bussey was to be got. They picked their way toward it in pairs, Lucy with Nick Yevchenko, Marcelyn with Howard Mercer, Mercer's wife Helen with Chester Glossop. The Little Brothers scowled as they passed them, and Nick Yevchenko scowled right back.

Outside The Hermitage little knots of Brothers stood about like patient cattle, but cattle managing to convey that, sooner or later, something or other could be expected to happen of interest to ruminants. Inside, much appeared to be happening already. The windows were open, and chanting, heavy thumpings and Russian voices raised to hysteria pitch issued forth; some hundreds of other Little Brothers must have been inside, caught up in a mass emotion. Behind the windows turbulent faces suddenly appeared, then whisked from sight; through the central doorway near-naked Little Brothers burst into view, as if by the pressure of excited humanity within; they gesticulated on the stoop then darted back inside again; they were chanting, and they never missed a beat.

Not all of the loiterers outside were Brothers; there were one or two groups, obviously tourists, with cameras uncased; and to one side there was a trio of RCMP men. When Howard steered the party toward the centre doors a corporal stepped forward.

"They won't let you in, sir," he told Howard. "But if they will, don't count on us to get you out. We can't get in ourselves." He said there were several hundred men and women inside, mostly naked; any policeman who ventured in found his clothes torn off before he took six steps. "And when you push their hands away they wait to the newspapers how you beat them black and blue and they've bruises to prove it." By the time the newspapers were satisfied the Brothers lied, the smear had done its work; a



"Nyet!" bellowed the cornered intruder. "He's senile," said Marcelyn. "The situation isn't even compromising."

suspicion lingered in the public mind. "We'll never get into The Hermitage, sir, without the Light Horse helps us. But who's going to call out the army against a bunch of naked women and old jokers in beards?" He nodded and retired.

Howard Mercer, who was studying a nearby group of Little Brothers, announced he would get a message through: wait here, give him ten minutes, he had sources. He sauntered off.

"Nice friends he's got!" commented Yevchenko.

"He's sending in to Doxy, I suppose," said Lucy bitterly. "Nothing floors our Howard."

"Must have been valuable in the war?" asked Glossop breathlessly.

Marcelyn looked bored, but said, "I notice they didn't make him an admiral."

"No, we managed to win without that," laughed his wife.

"Oh! Helen. Sorry, darling. I can never remember he's a married man."

"He has the same difficulty."

"That's right, darling. As bad as Charles, only Charles is funny in the head, too."

Tight little smiles passed between them; ignoring Glossop and Yevchenko, Marcelyn and Helen and Lucy drew closer about an imaginary back fence.

Yevchenko nudged Glossop. "She's gonna get rough. Let's scout around."

The pair moved off.

"Look, they're parading."

Out of a side door, on the far side, a very small procession was shambling away from The Hermitage, fifteen women, dumpy-looking nudes, chanting as they went, and drawing after them several of the loiterers of the vicinity, like volunteer recruits attaching to a military parade of 1914. There was a general stir—something was happening for the ruminants—but for Yevchenko and Glossop the view of the retreating women was obscured by tourists, who flocked across to overlook the procession and snap its picture.

To west-shore people it was a stale joke—the chanting, the dust, the unlovely midday anatomy. They said all parades looked alike, and they added all parades had about them an air of bad amateurs of the stage.

Yevchenko and Glossop went their own way, and meantime the little procession disappeared among the homesteads.

"Oh, here's Howie."

Howard had little to tell them: Eudoxia was not to be found. The friends, Lucy's moral support, came together again to hear his news; then, disappointed, they stood staring at The Hermitage.

"This will get us nowhere."

"There he is!" gasped Glossop. "At the window!"

"That's Mrs. Gombov."

"Oh. Yes, so it is."

Marcelyn said, "But before her you thought you saw Charles? Didn't you? In that monkey house?"

"I suppose I can't have."

"But you think so?"

"Yes."

"You think he's in there."

"No."

"Really, Chester. Do make up your mind."

"No. I don't. I'm terribly sorry, ladies. I expect I was all keyed up."

They all looked at Chester.

Lucy said, "We've drawn a blank, let's go home."

"Nature," announced the grandmother one evening, "did not give me a nose to waste on smelling roses."

Yevchenko glanced across in disgust.

The four women and their visitor, a constant one these days (it was November), sat about the living-room fire. Olga frowned over her battered Trollope, Marcelyn sat reading of Hollywood—or at least, open on Marcelyn's lap was a film magazine. Lucy sat with the visitor on the sofa, an anxious and self-conscious Lucy full of lofty contempt for the room.

"It is how love hits," Olga thought. "Tonight she is in love, speaking generally."

The grandmother sat busy with some discarded Bussey linen she had rescued; she pinked out tray cloths and napkins.

The old lady pointed her scissors at Olga. "God," she repeated, "did not give me a nose to waste on smelling roses. Last night I hear a sneeze: tchoo! tchoo! What is this, I ask? He is the burglar perhaps? I feel the wish to hit him on the head. I go. He comes. I go more. He comes more. Aie, aie! I touch! Du! Nyet! Tfool!—he is gone away. That was how it was, Olga Alexandrovna."

Olga nodded slowly. The burglar had renewed his visits to this house of women. "Next time, Grandmama, you will wake me first, please."

"There is more to come, Olga Alexandrovna."

"I am listening."

"He is gone away. The *babushka's* nose says this thing. And what is this thing he says? 'Excuse me, I smell a Little Brother,' he says. Yes, a Little Brother. Do not frighten these good people, Olga Alexandrovna, but that is what he says."

"A Little Brother!" she stared at her grandmother in alarm.

"What's it this time, Ol?" Lucy asked in an affected voice.

"Grandmama says God did not give her a nose to waste on smelling roses. It is a proverb of our people." She didn't care to elaborate.

"Very edifying," Lucy snorted. "I wonder why so many Russian proverbs give a mental picture of wallowing pigs."

"Wallowing pigs!" Olga was shocked and offended. She tried to explain about Russian aphorisms. "I admit it is bad, yes, this proverb, but it is good also. Face life! it says. Face life! Very good, very brave. My people are not Russians but the language is not so different, and we have very brave proverbs because life is bad, speaking generally. Russian life is bad: if you free a Russian he builds a new prison, and that is bad, is it not? That is bad. But his proverb is very brave. Sometimes his proverb says, Look! Life is bad but we have done this thing and it is worse. We win! . . . Do you understand?"

"Darling, no, but from now on that shall be my favorite Russian proverb."

"You do not say this thing?" put in the grandmother sharply.

"Nyet, *babushka*."

"Chris'sake, Olga," groaned Yevchenko, to whom the grandmother's was the language of beards and bombs.

"It cannot be helped, Nick, it is her only tongue."

"Let her learn English. *Babushka!* Strictly Nature Boy." He stood up.

"Guess she's time I pushed off."

He went into the hall to put on his winter coat, and Lucy, girlish tonight, skipped out after him. Mentally, Olga clocked them there in the dark hall; she was helpless with envy; this part of life, the few casual minutes that took the chill from it, the embrace in the hall, this had been denied her—before Donald had become demonstrative he had disappeared to Ontario. Lucy called her life a mess but she managed to find her way into men's arms. Olga thought bitterly. Everybody except me. That fat Eudoxia Yefimovna even. Oh, if only I was dead! She scowled fiercely into the pages of Trollope.

Soon the house was going to bed. Olga had doubled with her grandmother in Bussey's room until Marcelyn's return; now Marcelyn slept there and the Stepanskayas slept upstairs. The two undressed, said prayers and climbed in bed. Olga lay listening to Lucy move about below, heard her trying locks and snapping out lights. Lucy climbed the stairs and then the house was quiet.

Creak—creak. Creak—creak. This time it was Olga who woke to burglar sounds. A moonless night, the room was black; across the bed the grandmother gently snored—she wouldn't feel the wish to hit anyone on the head tonight. Olga lay shivering under blankets, wondering what should be the worst to expect of a Little Brother. She half expected a repetition of the last night of the Stepanskaya home, another explosion, another whiff of gasoline fumes; instead, she heard Marcelyn's voice, pitched high with indignation; and a minute later Lucy's voice joined in. Was this some family squabble? She strained to hear more.

But then something happened that brought the girl leaping from her bed: it was a great masculine bellow. "NYET! NYET!"

She darted out and down the stairs. Marcelyn's bedroom was brightly lit, and Lucy in night clothes stood blocking the doorway; in her hand she clutched a poker. Olga looked beyond her. Marcelyn was standing on the bed; she too was in night clothes and her offensive weapon was a shoe. Behind the dresser a strange apparition glowered back at his captors—a venerable-looking Little Brother, tall

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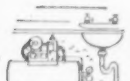
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"I'm a Higher-Up among the Little Brothers," Bussey confessed. "I live across the lake now"

and bearded, a sort of Russian King Lear with his face a latticework of hair.

"Oh, Olga, good!" Marcelyn exclaimed as she saw her. "Be an angel and phone the police. I'm turning this miserable creature in. I can't get a word of explanation from him. I found him here in my bedroom. He's senile. The situation isn't even compromising."

"But I don't think he understands English," Lucy argued. "Naturally he can't explain."

"He understands all right."

Olga said gruffly, "I can deal with this," and switched to Russian. "Explain this outrage at once!" She scowled fiercely over Lucy's shoulder.

The intruder behind the interstices of hair turned baleful eyes on her.

"Nyet . . . nyet," he answered in a strangled voice.

"That's all he seems able to say," Lucy observed.

"He could talk if he wanted. The sly old thing." From Marcelyn's tone it could have been supposed the man's age was his principal villainy.

This point the intruder himself seemed to grasp, and indeed, what was more, to resent. He glared across at Marcelyn, one frosty eyebrow reared. Then a curious thing happened. All his teeth glittered for a moment, and then half his whiskers withdrew from sight; his face twisted to a satanic mask as whiskers ground between incisors; in another moment the whiskers popped back out again, intact, and his face reassembled.

"Charles!" gasped Marcelyn.

"Daddy!"

"Yes, well, I suppose the game is up," the figure behind the dresser sighed. He added hastily, "But don't kiss me."

"Frankly I'm not tempted to, Charles darling, if you want the truth. But it is a lovely make-up," Marcelyn had adjusted with lightning speed; Bussey was welcomed back with no questions except one. "It's wonderful to see you but, Charles darling, why do you *sneak* back to me?"

Bussey fingered the false hair of his face. "The truth is, my dear, actually I was looking for the spirit gum."

She took a deep breath; she let it out. With great presence of mind she had remained in her commanding position, standing on the bed. "Then at least take that filthy stuff off your face. I'm sure it's not sanitary."

He muttered something that sounded like, "No way for a Higher-Up to be spoken to."

"What was that?" she said. "Don't mumble, Charles."

There was a billy-goat convulsion of his chin; he spat out a tuft of hair. "I told you," he said crossly, "I've been short on spirit gum."

"I'm so sorry." There was a gleam in Marcelyn's eye. "But I thought you to say, 'I'm a Higher-Up.'"

"Yes, I did."

"You are a Higher-Up?"

"Among the Brothers," he nodded. "I live across the lake now."

"Charles, you're mad."

"It's true, Marcelyn. I'm a leader over there. It's understood. I'm sorry I told you."

"Oh, Daddy," exclaimed Lucy. "You certainly have got a long way on *nyet*, *nyet*."

"Be quiet, Lucy!" He looked nettled; he added mysteriously, "You'll see."

From her elevated position on the

bed Marcelyn addressed the two girls. "Darlings, Daddy's overtired. We've all had quite enough excitement for one night, haven't we? However, everything has turned out very nicely. Charles is home with us, and isn't that pleasant? Now back to beds. Bless you both."

And with the face of a victorious general she stepped down from the bed. She closed the door.

Bussey was subdued at breakfast; he gave Olga one glance as she came to table, then busied himself topping a boiled egg. Marcelyn opposite was all smiles, but watchful.

"Good morning, Mr. Bussey dear," said Olga. "You noticed I am living here?"

"Quite," Bussey growled at his egg. "Flitting about from bed to bed."

"Why I have changed rooms once, just once."

"Once was enough."

Olga pondered this strange remark.

"Charles," warned Marcelyn.

Olga observed her host. He had shaved off his mustache; his weathered skin glistened as if lightly covered by a cream base; his eyebrows had aged by thirty years—they were last night's, coarse, bushy, snow-white; his lashes looked peculiar too.

Lucy appeared, kissed her father's forehead and sat down. She and Marcelyn at once began a conversation in which the other two were not allowed an opportunity to join; it was full of references to "deportees and jailbirds," and when Olga tried to speak, Lucy hushed her. When, indignant and spluttering, Bussey tried, Marcelyn said, "Do come to the point, Charles."

On the glassed-in veranda after breakfast Lucy explained to Olga her father had collided with the FBI and had done twelve months. Released, he had been deported, and had fetched up on the east shore of Blue Heron; and there, he insisted, the leadership had presently befallen him. She liked to picture that scene, Lucy said—her father accepting the spiritual leadership of the Little Brothers "like Napoleon accepting the crown of empire . . . or was it Caesar?" The spirit of Cecil de Mille would hover over that ceremony; Bussey would conceive his role largely in terms of nose putty and hair glue; spirit gum would loom importantly; "not to mention the sea-green wig." Oh, she longed to believe it.

"In any case," she sighed, "it's all over. Mummy won't let Daddy out of sight again ever. By the way, she wanted me to tell you we'd all like you to stay on here. Daddy's especially anxious."

In next to no time the house adjusted itself to the prodigal's return. Only a day or two later Marcelyn was saying that already it seemed exactly as though Charles had never taken it into his head to bolt.

Bussey, who had stayed indoors since his capture, lifted one eyebrow at this. "My dear, it's not quite that simple. I suppose, by the by, you heard the thunder today just at dawn?"

"Well?"

On Bussey's face was the ghost of a smile. "Nothing. Nothing. Thunder. Made a bloody row too, didn't it?"

"Do come to the point, Charles, if there's to be one."

"My dear, that thunder was more dynamite in the railway culvert. Wogs fretting at my absence, shouldn't wonder."

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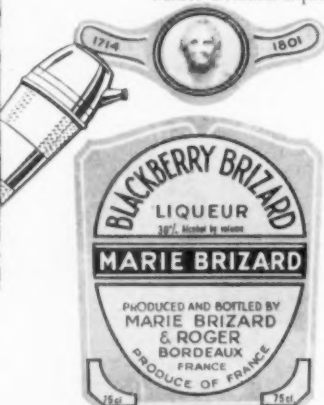
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In truth Marcelyn had spoken too soon.

It was several weeks later, and a memorable day for Olga, for it was the day that out of the blue she received an astonishing letter, a near-love letter, from Donald, when soon after supper and while the girl dried dishes in the pantry, she heard the front door of the Bussey house rattle open, and two unexpected visitors shamble in. Peeping through the crack of the serving window she recognized Mrs. Gombov and Dafina.

To avoid Little Brothers had become habit, so she cautioned her grandmother at the sink and snapped off the kitchen lights. She then stationed herself by the crack to eavesdrop.

She applied her ear to the crack, but at first couldn't make out what was said. She tried what she could see. Her line of vision extended through dining-room, hallway, and living-room doors, glass paneled and part open. Various corners of furniture cut into the narrow field, but she did see a small square of carpet, Lucy's feet, half the sofa, and the back of Marcelyn's head. Bussey's profile jerked in and out of the scene in a most tantalizing manner. She had never noticed his restless head-dartings before, but he had the movements of a wary bird.

The two visitors sat lumpish on the sofa. She could see all of the simpleton Dafina Vlassyevna, all but a fractional part of Mrs. Gombov alongside.

There was a jumble of talk: Olga strained to make it out. She thought she heard, "I vand, and also Dafina vand Sharley"; and then she thought she heard, "You gom bag, yas!" Marcelyn snapped, "Charles, you were living in that monkey house!" Bussey made gruff sounds in response and darted his head in and out of view, and Dafina and her mother made a speech. Olga gasped. According to them, Bussey had married Dafina.

Not to be able both at once to see and hear was agony. Olga chanced missing a sentence in order to take another look. Bussey's wary-bird head-dartings, she observed, came oftener than ever; Marcelyn's head was perfectly still. Olga changed back. She heard Bussey's deprecatory throat-clearings, Marcelyn's questions, slow, distinct, painfully restrained.

"Wouldn't say that," he was responding. "Wouldn't say that." Presently he reversed himself. All right, he said. If she insisted, yes, perhaps he might have "gone through some sort of Wog ceremony."

But it was without significance. "My dear, it didn't mean a bloody thing. Just a lot of Wog magic-making." All there had been was some ceremonial tasting of bread, salt, water; some singing; some chanting; some praising of God; some disrobing. The usual routine.

He bent toward Dafina, and in a curious pidgin English he began to explain that she must have misunderstood her position. He had been married to Marcelyn for twenty years. Great heavens! didn't she know?

Dafina Vlassyevna screamed; and the scream could have been a signal for everyone present to crack under the emotional strain, wave arms, grow red in the face, and shout. Olga peeped and listened, listened and peeped. The living room was in uproar; Marcelyn attacked Bussey while Bussey slapped Dafina's face; Mrs. Gombov shrieked the classic threat, "Bearhobs God tal us ve burn op your house, yas! yas!"

"What is this thing they do, Olga Alexandrovna?"

"They are very angry, Grandmama, except Lucy. Lucy's feet are gone—I do not know what she thinks, she is very

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"Secretly you feel you own Donald?" Lucy asked. "Do I?" Olga considered. "Yes! I am the rescuer!"

quiet. But Mrs. Bussey hits Mr. Bussey and that makes the Little Brothers so excited. But they go now, I think they go. Dafina Vlassyevna is shouting in Russian. She says she will put Mr. Bussey in jail. But yes, they go."

The front door banged shut; in the living room Marcelyn made a fresh scene. Olga snapped the kitchen switch; the Stepanyskayas blinked in the light.

"It is good riddance for Dafina, but all the same we ought to guard the house."

She decided to remain in the kitchen and pantry until the front of the house calmed down. She spun out her chores.

A little later she sat listening to Lucy's account of the row; or she half listened—half her mind was occupied with finding reasons for Donald's new-found warmth of feeling. Lucy broke in on her train of thought; she tugged on her arm.

"Come along, quickly, we must slip out."

Back in the pantry it was Lucy who peeped through the serving-window crack. The room stayed dark for five minutes, and again Olga's mind reverted to Donald's letter. Then again Lucy interrupted, snapping on the light. Her face was a study.

"Oh darling, you'd never guess in a million years. Daddy must have been more shaken than I thought. He's just proposed. Twenty years late, but on his knees to Mummy and everything."

In the living room Marcelyn, all smiles, was mixing Bussey a drink.

To Olga love had come to mean difficulties and disappointments, but she had compensated with her daydream Donald. The latest letter put a stop to the fantasies. Real life now exceeded dream life in interest; the long separation told on her, and for the first time it became hard to put in the days waiting for the real-life Donald to return to Tapleystown.

"Be patient, Ol," Lucy was touched by her friend's dolorous face. "Do Donald's letters tell you when?"

"Yes. Soon now."

"Strange—isn't it—a boy should wait till he's gone away, to fall for a girl. Gone away and stayed away."

"Strange, yes. It is not in psychology even." She spread her hands in a baffled gesture. "Then he says: read Trollope!"

"Must have fallen hard, he wants you out of circulation, nose safely in a book."

"I am out of circulation all my life."

"Patience."

She waited with what patience she could muster for another fortnight, when he was due home.

He arrived a day early, drove over the same evening. When he knocked, Olga, thinking of the Gombos, fled the living room. Lucy had to search her out.

"Ol, friend of yours waiting on the veranda?"

"Who, Lucy? And why on the veranda?"

"It's Donald, if that's why."

He was at the far unlighted end, leaning back against the outside door; he was a black patch of overcoat plus a pale featureless oval of face. They both hesitated, then he held out his hand. "Donald Henry Harbottle, formerly a student," he said. Then he pulled her to him and kissed her.

She was too self-conscious to gain much out of it. She wriggled, but then curious to sample the pleasures of the embrace she went limp, then she wriggled again. "Am I missing something?" flashed in her mind. She wriggled free.

"You catch me by surprise, Donald. In a minute I will tell you what I feel, too, but I will think about it first. Excuse—Olga Alexandrovna Stepanyskaya, also formerly a student."

"Skip it," he said. "My homework, not yours."

"But you are not fair, Donald. I think you prepare how you begin. We begin like Dostoevski, you think. But I cannot begin like my homework, my Mr. Trollope, unless I stop and remember. But now that is over. The beginning is over now, it is merely history. What are your plans for the second thing you say?"

He moved away, stumbled against a wicker chair, said, "Oh damn. Next, Olga, I pictured making love like a famished wolf; I didn't foresee torrents of conversation. Afterwards we buzzed off in the car—it's in the drive."

"But you have plans to say congratulations to the Busseys before the car?"

"Congratulations?"

"Yes, tomorrow Mrs. Bussey will be married."

"Good Lord, who to?"

"Why, Mr. Bussey."

"A quiet ceremony, eh? Get your coat, Olga."

In the car as they drove away, she started up again. "Now I explain how I feel when I am kissed."

"No, please don't. Try not to be fey a minute and listen to me. I'm going to propose."

She said quickly, "I accept." He was busy with the car, pulling up at the side of the road, and he didn't hear. She looked about her, rattled; they'd parked nowhere in particular, she could see nothing but bushes and the road. In her imagination proposals were frequent but always within sight of Blue Heron Lake in moonlight.

The blurred figure beside her stirred on its cushions, and said, "I've come home to pester you to marry me."

Another car turned the corner up the road, and immediately headlights burst in on the proposal, flooding it in light; light moved leisurely across Donald's face and off again. In those few moments Olga saw his face for the first time. She felt she looked at a stranger; and she heard herself say, "I marry nobody. That is definite; but I wish you luck all the same."

"No? Why, don't you love me, Olga?"

"I do not wish to marry you."

"Please tell me why not."

"You are a stranger, that is why. I do not know your face any more, it has changed. I expect it has grown up."

"Is that all? My face?"

"It is matured, I think. Anyway it is different."

He didn't reply to this; he sat so still that after a minute it gave her the feeling he was no longer there beside her. At last he stirred. He started up the engine, then switched it off again.

"Don't you think, Olga, that once you're used to my face you won't really see it?" he pleaded. "People don't; they see the play of expression across a face, not the thing itself. Especially people in love don't; sometimes they can't see a deformity like a cauliflower ear unless it's pointed out. They can go years without noticing. My ears, Olga, my ears, are they large or medium or small? Have they lobes or not?"

She said, with grudging admiration, "It is you are the psychologist now, Donald!"

"Well?"

She thought hard. "Medium, with lobes, I think, but I am not certain."

"Medium with? Not at all. Small and without. What color are my eyes?"

"They are strange, they are hazel."

"Hazel is begging the question. What color are my eyes in sunlight?"

"I do not know! Brown?"

"Amber. Almost yellow. What do you know?"

"I know the cheeks. Yes, the cheeks. They come down too far but I consider they are sweet."

"You're absolutely right. Very clever of you, Olga; they do come down too far; they are sweet. Well, people in love are allowed one feature and evidently with you it's cheeks. I don't much wonder at it; mine are special—ugly but special. They earned me the name of Horsebottle at Bagley's school—not too funny but it used to panic Upper Fourth. Anyway, you've never seen my ears. Shall we go?" He started up the engine again. "Better pay my respects to Marcelyn, I suppose."

Olga saw the changed face under the Bussey living-room lights. "It is a face, certainly," she thought. "But who is this person? He is a stranger. Possibly I can love him again, but one starts at the beginning. I will not marry him, at any rate."

Presently they were back in the car;

they drove over to his own home.

"Home," he said. "We may find them in a bit of a tizzy there. I said I was going over to get you, and I believe I said we were engaged, more or less, only it was to be a secret for a few days longer and they were to pretend they didn't know. I tell you that so you'll understand why the hints and significant glances. You'd best be evasive; I think I understand how you feel now, but, Olga, don't correct their impressions tonight. Tomorrow you'll have a change of heart."

"It is all mapped out?"

"All mapped."

Everyone elaborately forewarned, the visit went off without embarrassment. The pair walked indoors, and if the family was in a tizzy, it was only the Harbottle variety, an agreeable one. Unhappy families are all alike (same bad tempers, recriminations, offended silences and slammed doors); every happy family is happy in its own way; with the Harbottles this meant the house was in happy confusion. Donald and Olga were expected, but not so soon, and Mrs. Harbottle was still outdoors with a torch, gathering the last of the daisies while confiding to them the events of the day; indoors the Colonel struggled to disentangle Madge—she'd managed to shackle herself in paper chains. She had tried to rearrange the home-coming decorations, sacred to her for their association with boarding school: in childhood she'd made paper chains with paste pot and scissors and strung them up whenever Donald returned from Bagley's. Oblivious to Madge's difficulties across the room, the great-aunt resoundingly snored by the hearth.

Olga reflected that if Donald, bringing her here, had some deep purpose in mind, it must be he wanted to show off his family; she might marry them all, it was implied, not him alone. A clever move; she had felt herself one of them formerly and, as she saw them be themselves, she felt a little homesick for them now.

"All the same, all the same, I will not marry him," she repeated to herself; and once more her eyes strayed to the strangely matured face across from her. "Donald's talk—the change of heart—that is nonsense, I see."

It was late when she got back to the Busseys', but without hesitation she woke Lucy. She sat in pyjamas on the edge of the bed, and Lucy in curlers blinked up at her from the pillows. Lucy heard her out, then said in a sleepy voice, "Be reasonable, Ol. Naturally a year and a half makes a change—you've changed yourself."

"He's a stranger."

"You must give yourself a chance."

"A stranger. I'll never marry him, I could not bear it. He says, 'The face you do not notice.' It is only words."

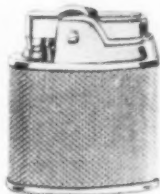
"Give him a chance. Sleep on it." Then abruptly she sat up in bed, wide awake. "No—look here! Didn't you once lecture me on the psychology of rescue from fire? You planted in Donald's mind the notion he'd saved you—right? Your idea was, if he'd suffered for you he'd be disposed to love you. Right? But, in actual fact, you saved him, you suffered for him. Then you must love him. At the very least you should feel a sense of ownership. Don't you?"

Olga frowned. "Do I? Do I? Lucy! Yes! I am the rescuer!"

"Secretly you feel you own him?" She kept a straight face.



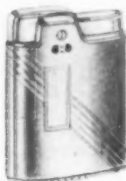
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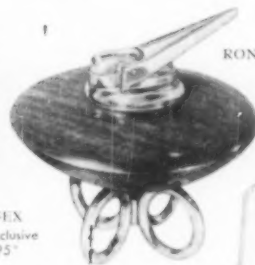
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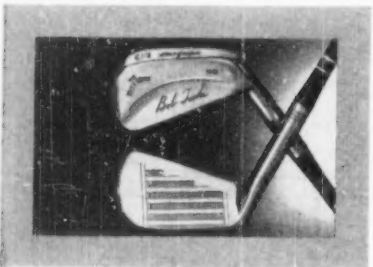
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"All Russians are a little crackers," said Donald. "And me?" asked Olga

"Yes! He breathes! he lives! and it is because of me—God and the Harbottles and Olga Stepanyskaya! True!" She stretched over and hugged her friend in glee.

"No, pet, pet, don't kiss me," Lucy mimicked her stepmother.

In bed Olga retraced Lucy's reasoning step by step. Certainly Donald thought he'd rescued her, and it must have disposed him to love her—it had been a slow-working process, but work it had. Then as Lucy said, since she, Olga, had in fact done the rescuing, according to the psychology of rescues she ought to discover herself in love.

Once again she consulted her feelings. "Lucy is right! I admit!" she exclaimed aloud. Her grandmother awoke, grumbling, and she quickly invented a pain. "But it is gone now, speaking generally. Go back to sleep, Grandmama." Yes, she thought, unquestionably she had a rescuer's outlook. She was bound to admit that, in secret, she did feel she owned Donald. "So I shall marry him after all," she told herself. "Yes, my mind is made up and I am glad, I expect."

The great decision confirmed, the student of Dostoevski rolled on her side and fell comfortably asleep.

When Donald awoke white December sunlight lit up his room; outside it looked cold; the lake was frozen and finely powdered with snow. He dressed and joined his father at breakfast.

"Good morning."

"Good morning."

They ate sausages and kidneys in silence until the Colonel abruptly lowered his newspaper.

"How're the eyebrows?" he asked.

"All right, I think. Dad, thank you very much."

"Look all right."

"Yes, well they've had eighteen months to make it back."

"Quite. Reminds me." Another newspaper was folded in his pocket and he pulled it out. "Saved you this." It was the Blue Heron Weekly.

"An old issue, is it?"

"The week they sentenced the firebug. He was Olga's new neighbor, you know." He disappeared again behind his own newspaper, a Vancouver daily.

Donald stared thoughtfully at the picture of the patriarch neighbor, and munched sausage and kidney. He said, "Lord, fourteen years! Poor Mr. Ewan-ochka. He has rather a kind face, hasn't he . . . what you can see of it. Looks like Tolstoi. You'd never think him a firebug."

"Oh, there was never much question," replied the out-of-sight Colonel. "All sorts of his own people testified against him. A regular procession."

"Poor Mr. Ewanochka."

They ate on in silence until Madge appeared.

"Morning, Don. Brought 'jou this, see?" She thrust her poison bottle close under his face, which he averted.

"Thank you, Madge, you're sweet, but I'm not ready to die," he objected. "Come back in fifty years when the long hol is over and we'll kick the bucket together, shall we?"

"Inside, see?" she persisted. "Bagged it in the bathhouse."

He looked; he said aggrieved, "It's not even dead."

While he peered in the bottle his mother bustled in.

"Good morning all of you," she said rapidly. "Donald darling, are we prop-

erly engaged? Madge dear, do take away your poison bottle before something happens. Good morning, Harry, Donald dear?"

"Cripes, 'jou going to marry Olga?"

"I hope to."

"'Jou in love?"

"Doesn't it show?"

The out-of-sight Colonel cleared his throat. "Let the boy eat his breakfast. Nobody of sound mind talks about love at breakfast. Madge, you heard your mother. Mother, you might try this stuff—not fattening, I don't suppose." He lifted his newspaper a little higher and rattled it.

Madge and her brother exchanged a look. Their mother sighed and tried the kidneys. The paper barrier stayed up.

At the Busseys', when he drove there, Donald found Olga up and waiting; she opened the door as he reached out to knock.

He read her decision in her face: she looked purposeful and pleasantly excited. He kissed and hugged her, whispered in her ear, "Bless you. Good girl."

She snuggled close. "Before me, you love only dogs, I think. But, yes, I am glad. How nice it feels—I do not mean the overcoat."

"That's reassuring of you, Olga, not to mean the overcoat. Still, it's a good coat. You look very smart."

"It's the wedding." She scowled. "You were right yesterday, Donald; you are always right. Why is that?"

"Confidentially, not always," he said. He led her out to his car, turned on the engine to keep the heater warm. And sitting there with one arm about her he resumed. "By no means always, but right this once about your change of heart, Olga pet. Know why? I used psychology—the homework gave me one or two ideas. I thought, if Dostoevski is the key to Russian high jinks in general, why shouldn't he be the key to Olga Stepanyskaya? And he was. You're Aglaia Someone in The Idiot—remember? Aglaia hopes to throw herself away on this idiot, but the lad turns out not enough an idiot, but she's a hound for punishment and finally manages to throw herself away on a phony Polish count. In Dostoevski, to be a Pole is sinking pretty low; to be English is bad, to be American is worse, to be German is stupid, to be Ukrainian is comic, but to be Polish is just plain vulgar. So anyway, since you are Aglaia, I asked myself what a phony Polish count has that I haven't . . . except a phony title. And wasn't I right too?"

She nodded, her lips compressed; she'd crimsoned at his comparison; she herself once fancied a resemblance to Aglaia. She couldn't think what to reply. She nuzzled against the heavy winter coat and wondered just what, to change the subject, one said about Trollope. She had no ideas about Trollope; she had not had an easy time with him. Dostoevski showed an occasional treacherous vein of humor about serious matters and she suspected Trollope to share it.

She said at random, "Russian high jinks, you say. What is that?"

"You know—Russians in Russian novels being Russian. All Russians are a little crackers—you must have noticed it."

She frowned. "What you must think of me then?"

"You!" He was taken aback; he gave an embarrassed laugh.

"What do you think of me, please, Donald?"

"I generalized. Men generalize, my

pet, it's a prompting of nature. No, not you, you're Ukrainian—Ukrainians get in the Russians' hair. You, Olga—you're you. I'd say half of you is Slav self-punishment, half is charm and frou-frou, and I say it's a good mixture."

"You understand me, in my opinion," she said with grave satisfaction. "That is wonderful, Donald."

They looked at each other and she had to smile, because he was smiling. Then she looked away and she had to scowl because life was a serious business. She scowled at a battered old truck



"How nice it feels—I do not mean the overcoat," said Olga, snuggling close.

that was just then lumbering up the driveway toward them.

She recognized the truck for Howard Mercer's and she watched its owner climb out and go toward the house. There the screen door flapped open; and when he reached the veranda bottom step Lucy was waiting at the top.

"The fur coat she wears, it is Mrs. Bussey's," Olga offered.

"So Howie's back in favor!"

"With Lucy? It is not true. They are separated she told me. All is over. No, she will send him away, you will see."

"I won't; I don't believe it. Howie can reinstate himself with any woman in ten seconds flat. He only needs to look boyish and distressed."

Although privately she inclined to agree with this, she disliked the idea and started to object. She broke off, however; Lucy had come down the steps and the pair stood there looking at each other, and it appeared that Donald had stated an exact truth—Mercer began talking earnestly to Lucy, while she gazed back at him in a manner she'd no business to, so Olga thought. Oh, where was Nick? She studied Lucy's strained, eager smile, and read in it her friend's relapse. "Poor Lucy, inside she wants to be unhappy, that is plain to me. She is sunk."

The word sunk had magic in it to Olga; it sent a small guilty thrill of pleasure through her, and as she watched the one-time lovers, Lucy became blurred in her fancy with a certain Nastasya Filippovna from her favorite reading. Nastasya had been sunk too . . . Mercer must have skipped a proper toilet; his hair was rumpled and his chin blue. Lucy was staring at the blue chin—Olga knew what that meant. Yes, Lucy was sunk.

"She's beckoning us."

The two got out of the car and followed Howard and Lucy indoors. There Marcelyn sat in the living room, taking her ease before the morning's wedding; she wore a dove-grey tailored suit and looked triumphantly young in it.

"I'm having sherry, but there is vodka," she said, "and then there's Charles' rye. Charles is dressing. He's been a dog's age too. I suppose it's the corsets. Such a stupid convention, the bride and groom aren't supposed to help each other dress before the ceremony. Oh, pour your own, Donald. What is it, Lucy?"

"I think I'll try the vodka, Mummy."

"Better not, darling. When a man can get round you without even bothering to shave, that's no time to try the vodka. What's keeping Charles?"

Olga murmured to Lucy, "You can't resist?"

"Darling, I don't suppose I want to."

"Poor Lucy. You are sunk."

She beamed. "Miss Amateur Psychology of the Year, you're absolutely right."

Marcelyn called out, "Charles!"

There was no response from the dressing room. And everyone at once had the same thought.

"Charles!"

Marcelyn strode across, threw open the door. The dressing room stood empty. She ran upstairs and threw open every upstairs door; then she came slowly downstairs again.

Olga edged closer to Donald, who inclined his head and whispered to her, "He's bolted again, all right. There'll be fireworks. Let's creep out."

Marcelyn's chagrin, which was highly articulate, followed the two of them out and across the driveway; then the slam of the car door cut it short. Olga settled very close to her fiancé; the car slipped down the orchard driveway, and through the gate. There, out on the road, the excitement at the Busseys' no longer seemed to matter any more; it was swiftly forgotten.

They drove along the lakefront. It was still quite early morning, and low in the sky back of the Little Brother homesteads a copper sun threw strips of light across their road; light blinked on and off, on and off inside the car to tease the eyes. They jolted along over the washboard in the bright crisp morning. Donald looking cool behind the unlit pipe, and Olga faintly scowling. ★

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The comic whose best jokes are on the house

Continued from page 24

Hear the one about Feitelberg the tailor? He expects to make a killing after Judgment Day

actor. Nathan Cohen, the CBC's opinionated drama critic, calls him "one of the best in the business." Mavor Moore, a Canadian playwright-actor-producer-director, says, "Paul is a thorough professional."

To the general public Kligman is chiefly noteworthy as the symbol of a new phenomenon: though the vocational counselors aren't talking it up to high-school students yet, acting is now a possible full-time profession in Canada.

Fifteen years ago this wasn't so. The flame of Canadian theatre was burning too low to cook anybody's meat and potatoes on a regular basis, and there were no show-business sidelines to eke out the menu. In 1939 Kligman was playing for free in Winnipeg group theatres and getting \$2.50 for radio shows that he rehearsed for nothing. His family said, "Stop the foolishness." They wanted him to finish his education, make something of himself—a lawyer, maybe, or a doctor.

Today, what with Actors' Equity pay scales, and radio and television assignments to keep him going between stage roles, Kligman manages to support himself, his wife and two sons by acting.

Furthermore he insists that acting is no more precarious than any other profession. He ought to know. Six years ago he was in the dry-goods business with his father-in-law in Vancouver. They owned a little clothing store—the Arkay Shop—on East Hastings Street. Kligman was a good salesman. All his life he had sold things—groceries, furs, shoes; he loved selling; he could sell more brassieres to the neighborhood ladies than the two female clerks combined. But for eight straight months he made no money from the store; there were constant problems about getting stock; big department stores were opening up in the city.

"Do you," said Kligman recently, "know the one about the tailor? The tailoring business was so bad that Feitelberg said to his partner, 'Only the Messiah could help us.'"

"How could even the Messiah help us?" said his partner in despair.

"Why," said Feitelberg, "he'd bring back the dead and naturally they'd need new clothes."

"But some of the dead are tailors," the partner pointed out gloomily.

"So what?" said Feitelberg. "They wouldn't have a chance! How many would know this year's styles?"

Kligman stretched the family income by accepting radio and stage bits in his spare time until finally he found he was spending more time with lines of dialogue than with lines of merchandise. Thereupon he resigned from the North Burnaby Kiwanis Club and the North Burnaby Jaycees, borrowed \$350 from his father-in-law and went to Toronto to try his luck in show business.

He remains in the business there's no business like because he's found he can make a living at it. But he talked himself into trying it, basically, because he loves it.

In October, for instance, he was playing on a Toronto stage in *The Optimist*, a musical-comedy version of Voltaire's

satire, *Candide*. He was forced to miss a performance because of laryngitis.

The next night, still croaking grievously, he showed up at the stage door for work. The producer, Mavor Moore, dubiously put Kligman through one of his songs. "Go on home to bed again," Moore said firmly, "or you'll have no voice left at all."

Kligman nodded docilely and turned to go; but as he went he mumbled, "I can't stand it at home, missing the show. I'll go out of my cotton-pickin' mind."

He'll take any part that's offered, from the voice of an Indian in a CBC school broadcast to a hapless salesman in a skit on selling techniques at a dealer convention. He's played the Cowardly Lion in *The Wizard of Oz* and an outsize dimple-kneed Jack in a Mother Goose pantomime. He cheerfully mugs, falls down flights of steps and takes pratfalls, if that's what the script calls for.

In fact he loves the whole hackneyed works: first nights, double takes, not-whistling-backstage, curtain calls, footlights, grease paint. Most of all—like any actor—he loves an audience. "It's an absolute feeling of elation if I'm in rapport with an audience," he mused recently.

Where does the money go?

If he's not onstage, with an audience beyond the footlights, he finds his audience at parties, in the CBC canteen or in his own home—and tells Jewish jokes. When he has a new joke he buttonholes colleagues, chance acquaintances, relatives and his wife, Anne. The night he met Anne—on a blind date in Vancouver—he spent the evening trading jokes with her cousin, who had arranged the date. Anne further recalls that the two men continued to lob punchlines over her head all the way home. There was, among many, many others, one about the woman who asked her husband for five dollars when he came home from work. It went on:

"What happened to the five dollars I gave you this morning?"

"Do you want I should give you an accounting?"

"Yes," said the man firmly.

"All right," said his wife. "A dollar here and a dollar there is two dollars."

"Yes."

"And before you turn around is another two dollars."

"Yes."

"And the last dollar—I won't tell you."

In the Kligman economic setup this procedure is reversed. "Paul gives me a fixed sum for housekeeping. I don't care how or where he gets it," Anne explains. She adds, "As long as I have that I can manage. I'm a good housekeeper."

As an ex-businessman, Kligman is hard-headed about finding the regular fixed sum. He has arrived at a figure (between \$150 and \$175 a week) below which, as a family man, he cannot afford to sign a long-term contract. He has turned down several local repertory offers—as well as a chance at the Stratford Festival in 1953—because this require-

ment wasn't met. (He is currently the Canadian chairman of Equity, the actors' union that established minimum wages in the theatre.) In addition he accepts every possible assignment from the CBC and has lately had the happy thought of making even his jokes pay: he regularly serves up a selection on Audio, a morning radio miscellany of music and talk.

Because there's no pension plan for actors Kligman tries to salvage a few dollars from time to time to invest in second mortgages.

Kligman may be convinced that an actor has to face no more financial crises than, say, a Vancouver clothier, but he has to weather rather more emotional ones. For instance, there's the telephone. "Have you noticed how Paul hates the phone?" asked George Robertson, a fellow actor, recently. "This guy who makes his living in front of mikes and cameras, by talking to people, sounds completely different on the phone—curt and cold." The telephone has long since stopped being a convenience and become a capricious symbol of the next meal ticket. Take the occasion a few years ago when the Kligmans were so low in funds they were having searching discussions about the whole idea of acting for a living. The phone remained stubbornly silent. Matters got more and more desperate.

At the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour the phone finally rang. A small Canadian film company was offering Kligman two or three days' work as a villain in a horse opera. Though he hadn't ridden before and found he could only stop a headlong gallop by aiming the horse at a tree, he was happy to tackle the job at twenty-five dollars a day.

Anne, Kligman's dark and comely wife, says, "It's funny but the phone always does ring when our backs are right to the wall."

Kligman says, "Have I told you the one about the man who went to his doctor complaining of a stomach ache? The doctor examined him and finally told him gravely that he had cancer."

"Cancer, schmancer," said the patient gaily, "as long as I'm healthy!"

Kligman is healthy himself, but he suffers from nerves before every performance. He reckons he paces miles backstage until the curtain goes up. After a show it takes him some two hours to unwind: he goes home and talks, eats and watches television until he's calm enough to sleep. He bites his fingernails.

He hates to ask for a job. In fact he never *has* actually asked for a job. The most he will do, by way of peddling his talents, is to pop his head in a producer's door at a well-chosen moment, grin roguishly and ask, "Have you heard the one about the man who was going to Pinsk?"

If the producer says "No," Kligman proceeds:

Well, once a poor Jew had to go to Pinsk from Minsk. He had no money so he got on the train without a ticket. At the first stop the conductor took him by the scruff of the neck, kicked him in his rear and threw him off the train.

The man got up, brushed the dust off his clothes and boarded the next train to Pinsk. This time, too, the conductor kicked him in his rear end and threw him off at the next station.

For the third time he boarded a train and, as the conductor appeared, a man sitting next to him enquired, "How far are you going, uncle?"

"That depends. If my backside holds out, I'm going to Pinsk!"

Even with producers who have heard about the man from Minsk several times Kligman is apt to be in demand.

For one thing, he's that rare exhibit in the Canadian theatre—a natural comedian. Furthermore, he's a natural co-

"Definitely the wine!"

said the ad man

"What's it called?" said his friend.

"Paarl, of course! Paarl South

African Sherry. It's tops

in my book."

"But isn't that imported wine expensive?"

"Not Paarl! It costs no more than the wine you've been buying."

"You don't say! In that case

I'll have to try it."

"Try their brandy, too. They're both wonderful! Simply wonderful!"



Philip H. Tedman
McKim Advertising Ltd.

My most memorable meal: No. 10

Robert W. Service

recalls



Tin goods on a snowy trail

I am not interested in nourishment, though I remember one repast consisting of Lake Ontario whitefish and roast duckling from Quebec that would take some beating.

However the most memorable meal is one I had when in early morn I reached my Dawson cabin after sixty miles, on ten of which I had to break trail in the snow.

You see, I took a false trail, and lost my way at forty-below zero. I was making a tour of the creeks and left Gold Run in early morning hoping to reach a certain roadhouse for lunch. I took a wood trail that looked good but it petered out about noon. I kept on through light snow till about three,

then the snow got almost knee deep. It was then too late to turn back so I ploughed ahead, often stumbling and struggling against a desire to rest, which would have been fatal.

About dark the snow got lighter, and a little later I came on a thin trail. As I followed it I came at last out on the road to the Forks. From then, in the moonlight, I plugged on to my cabin.

There I lit my Yukon stove and brewed a stiff pot of tea, found in my larder some hardtack, two tins of sardines and a tin of pineapple. I never enjoyed a meal more, and, exhausted, tumbled into my blankets and slept around the clock. ★

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GLAZED HAM
6 to 8 lbs. cooked
Whole cloves
2 tbsps. PURE BARBADOS FANCY MOLASSES
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup dry mustard
3 tbsps. PURE BARBADOS FANCY MOLASSES

Heat oven to 325°F. (moderately slow). Remove skin and part of fat from hot, cooked ham, score fat in diamond shapes; stud with cloves. Place ham in large, shallow pan; dribble with 2 tbsps. molasses. Mix remaining ingredients; pat uniformly over ham. Bake 40 min. or until glossy and brown.

But be sure the label says:
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Things my husband taught me



Before I married, all I knew about wine was that it's made from grapes. My husband turned out to be keen on wine, and he brought the first bottle of Canadian "74" Sherry into the house. I liked what I tasted. So did our friends. That bottle didn't last long.

I still have a lot to learn about wine. But I don't have to know anything about it to enjoy "74" Sherry. It dresses up a dinner table. Does things for hors d'oeuvres. It costs so little. We always keep a stock on hand.

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median who can sing and dance. For this reason he's been called on to play the comedy parts in a whole series of musical comedies from Josh White, the hotelkeeper in Mavor Moore's Sunshine Sketches, to Frosch, the jailer in Die Fledermaus, for Vancouver's Theatre Under The Stars. His voice, an un-operatic "character" baritone, is thoroughly serviceable though untrained. "I've been wondering about taking singing lessons," he reported recently. "Have I told you the one about the man who had no voice but insisted on being a cantor?"

The man in question, it turns out, got through singing the service one day when a quiet little man came up to him.

"A difficult calling ours—not so, cantor?" he sighed.

"Are you too a cantor?"

"Lord preserve me, no! I'm a shoe-maker."

Kligman's deep love for the rueful logic and cheeky realism of Jewish humor springs from his own background. He was born thirty-three years ago in Rumania, the son of Russian Jews who were fleeing a pogrom. He was brought up in the north end of Winnipeg, where his father drove a fruit truck, then ran a grocery store. At six Kligman was selling fruit from the open counter outside the store. He sold his way right through high school and the first two years of an arts course at the University of Manitoba. At the same time he joined a theatre group in an effort to overcome his deep shyness—at seventeen he still didn't know how to dance and had never had a date. During his first year at college he starred as Sheridan Whiteside in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. At the moment his first line—a coldly measured "I—may—vomit"—drew its round of laughter he learned about the sweet intoxication of applause.

College, and some extracurricular ventures into radio, were interrupted by the war. At the end of a hitch in the RCAF Kligman found himself in Vancouver, in love and, in due course, in business with his new father-in-law.

The abrupt switch to the stage, in February of 1950, was made with his father-in-law's blessing. His own parents, too, now that he's successful, feel safe in being proud of him.

He has a car and a pleasant, three-bedroom ground-floor apartment in a new subdivision. He is a good son, and a good father. He plays with his two boys—Joel, eight, and Robbie, three—teaches them sports, shouts at them in a deceptively fierce voice when they're

naughty and sits patiently through Robin Hood on television if that's what they want to watch. He's started giving Joel an allowance this year: twenty-five cents a week. "Have I," this reminds him, "told you about the boy who wanted more allowance?"

It goes this way:

A young boy approaches his father, saying, "Please, father, may I have an increase in my allowance?"

The old man strokes his beard reflectively. "And if you have an increase in your allowance, so what?"

"Then I'd be able to go to night school."

"And suppose you go to night school. So what?"

"Then I could get a better job."

"Suppose you get a better job?"

"Then I could dress better and go places."

"And suppose you dress better and go places. So what?"

"Why, I might meet a beautiful girl."

"All right. You meet a beautiful girl. So what?"

"I'd get married."

"So you'd get married. So what?"

"Why, papa, then I'd be happy!"

"So, you're happy. So what? . . ."

Kligman's mother, when she comes to Toronto, is apt to shake her head at such stories and murmur to Anne, "If only he'd listened to me and gone on with his education. He could have been a doctor, or a lawyer." It's hard for Canadian parents to regard acting as a normal life. Not long ago Kligman announced casually to Anne that Andrew Allan, CBC drama supervisor, was looking for juvenile actors. Joel's name had been suggested. Husband and wife exchanged a glance. Anne said nothing.

"He could sock away a good bit toward his education," Kligman mused finally; then, vaguely but determinedly, after another long pause, "I'd hate to see him get mixed up in *all that* so young."

But for himself Kligman says stoutly, "I love it. It's exciting."

If you press him further, the familiar happy grin is apt to spread over the thick, friendly features.

"Have I told you the one about the two old men?" he'll ask.

"No," you say.

"Two old men are sitting over their glasses of tea," he says. "They sit there for what seems like hours. At last one speaks."

"Oy veh," he says.

"The other one says, 'You're telling me!'" ★





"Liberace smiled and smiled until his face must have ached. Obviously he likes being liked"

didn't seem to like me very much."

There was no coyness in his manner or in his words. Neither was there malice. "I guess he's like me," said Liberace. "He feels that he has to give a good performance for his fans."

An admirable thrust. It was a pity Cassandra was not there to take the dagger to his breast.

Unfortunately, the rumor spread that Liberace was in the theatre and Val Parnell had to plan his escape from the crowds that would be waiting at every exit. So when the performance was over we all went backstage and inspected some performing monkeys in their cage and met the other artists on the bill.

Liberace signed autographs, complimented performers and made himself as pleasant as a politician on polling day. Quite obviously he likes being liked. Never once did he ask for mercy although he still had to face the ordeal of the sophisticated night clubbers at the Café de Paris. It is true that he smiled and smiled until his face must have ached, but his manner did not vary no matter how big or small the performer who came up to him.

Finally Val Parnell smuggled him out and by devious routes we gathered at the Casa Nova, a quiet costly night club with excellent cooking, good wines and a male trio of a pianist, a baritone and a bass violinist.

When the three musicians stopped for breath Liberace smiled encouragement to them, and when they asked for his autograph he wrote a short tribute to their musicianship.

Nor in our conversation at the table did either his eyes or his mind wander. I do not proclaim him a wit but he sensed and enjoyed such humor as strayed into our talk. That afternoon John Eden MP, nephew of the prime minister, had taken him around the empty Houses of Parliament. Liberace asked me two or three questions that showed he had taken in a good deal of what he had seen at Westminster.

At midnight we arrived at the Café de Paris, that famous resort that literally rose from its ashes after the war. One night during the blitz while subalterns on leave were dancing with their girl friends a bomb struck the building. In an instant it was a ghastly scene of the dead and dying. But today it is a temple of fame where Grandma Dietrich, the ageing juvenile Noel Coward and now Liberace offer their gifts and their charm to a champagne audience that pays a Ruritanian king's ransom for the privilege.

As we waited at our table and did honor to the wine of France, the lights were suddenly lowered, the drums vibrated and a spotlight revealed the great Liberace coming down the stairway.

For reasons best known to himself he was wearing a jacket made of sequins that glistened and twinkled in the arc lights that glared at him. The unemotional British nearly swooned with excitement.

"Thank you, ladies and gentlemen," said the pianist in a flat unaccented voice. "It is sure good to be here at the Café de Paris." Then with a smile of innocence he said, "I'd better get out of the limelight or these sequins will melt."

Ha! ha! A hit, a most palpable hit!

The fact that he probably always says it does not matter. No two audiences are the same.

On the platform, ready to conduct the orchestra, was brother George—a pleasant, modest-looking Italian-American

without even a suggestion of flamboyancy. George is no great shakes as a conductor, but he maintained the rhythm of the band and never took his eyes off the pianist. "Look, look!" said Helen Parnell. "See how he adores Liberace."

That's one of the nice things about Helen. She has been in show business for years and she falls for anything.

How good a pianist is the eminent Liberace? The answer is that he is quite good. His touch is delicate, his fingering



AT THE FESTIVE SEASON

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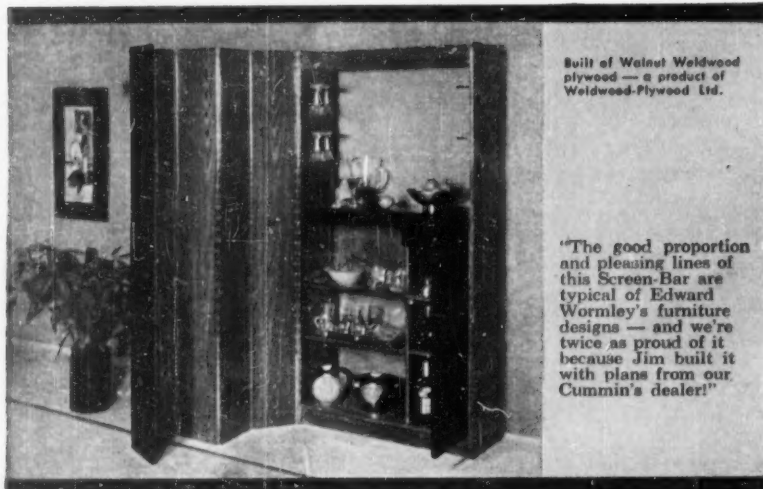
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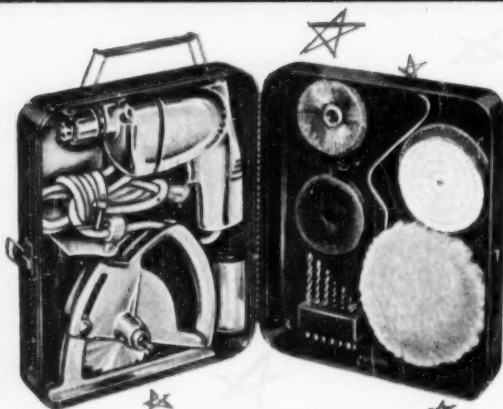


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is dexterous and his tone is pleasant. He did not attempt anything that required any great technique but what he did, he did well.

Most of it was goosy sentimental stuff (and his singing voice would be lost without a microphone), but he has a gift of happiness. He likes playing the piano. He likes people to listen to his playing. He likes George and Mom, he likes the Café de Paris, he likes money and he likes being alive.

As with many other great men he has found the real meaning of success, which is self-expression at a profit.

"Let's be sentimental," said Liberace in that same unaccented voice. Whereupon he played a medley beginning with Auld Lang Syne—but he had not allowed for the tribal customs of the British.

Up got three pairs of people from their tables and began a sedate dance and then swung hands. Liberace looked at them with interest and some concern. He wanted to get on to his next tune, but what would happen to the stately dancers? Brother George was also obviously unhappy.

So Liberace changed the tune and after a time the embarrassed dancers realized that something had gone wrong and beat an ignominious retreat. So did the Baxters. It had been a long night and sleep was weighing heavily upon our eyelids.

Three days passed and then Helen Parnell phoned us that she was going to throw a farewell party at her flat for our hero. "You must come," she said. "Mom is going to be there and you must see her. She is really something."

"Let's go," said my wife. She made it as a mere suggestion but there was an air of finality in her voice that made me realize we would be among those present.

When the Parnells throw a party in their flat it is really something. On this night there were comedians, film directors, two or three peers, the lovely Duchess of Argyll, gossip writers, chairmen of companies, tycoons, golfers, playwrights and television moguls. But alas! Momma Liberace was not there. George was the only other representative of the family. Liberace played the piano but obviously his heart was not in it. That easy smile had given way to a pensive look, like Hamlet worrying about his beloved Ophelia.

On, on he played and the guests clamored for more. Then he asked to be forgiven if he stopped, and we agreed. A few minutes later he took me into a small alcove and we sat down.

"Did you read Cassandra?" Yes, I had read it.

"Why does he write such things about me?" said Liberace. "What have I done that is so wrong? I like playing the piano for people and I don't mean any harm to anyone. Then why, why does Cassandra write such stuff? It has been reproduced in Time magazine and has got into local newspapers all over America. I got a letter from a friend of mine who lives in the part of the States where we come from: Cassandra's article has been published there too."

The fabulous Liberace no longer smiled. To use the awful jargon of the moment, he was just a hurt, mixed-up kid who probably wanted to go home to Mom.

From the drawing room came the strains of a Chopin nocturne from the piano. It was Lord Foley, who plays well but will never make matrons swoon or young girls squeak.

And that brings to an end this story of a legend that came to life in London and was cruelly hurt in the process. ★



The lady is a labor leader continued from page 17

Workers finish at 5, but for Huguette there are evenings of union meetings and strikes at night

carton load was necessary for a short while because production was not up to schedule. Huguette thereupon came up with an alternative: why not let the workers carry their usual four cartons, and take care of the extra load by pressing two or three electric trucks into temporary service? After some argument, and in view of the safety factors, the management agreed to meet the crisis as she suggested, and Huguette reported the news back to the workers at noon in the company cafeteria.

After lunch, she hurried off to a food-processing plant where girls in the tea-packing department were complaining that their machines were set too fast. Without notifying the boss of her visit, she was able to check the speed herself. Later that afternoon she accompanied the grievance committee to its appointment with management and came away with the promise that the machines would be set slower.

Four-thirty found her at her desk in UPWA's tenement-house office on St. Joseph Boulevard East. During the next two hours workers on their way home to supper stopped in to inform her that the foreman in one plant had transferred

a worker from the cutting room to the freezer without proper gear, that a promised new women's washroom in another plant hadn't materialized, that an employer had promoted a junior man over the head of a senior man and that another foreman was making passes at female employees. To all these complaints Huguette listened patiently and promised action. At half past six she dashed around the corner for a cup of coffee and a sandwich, before rushing off to a union-membership meeting where she explained the terms of a labor agreement and took up a collection for some workers on strike.

The meeting ended at 10.30, giving her time to catch the night shift at another packinghouse during midnight lunch period and listen to more grievances.

She was back home at one a.m., just turning in, when her telephone rang and the president of a UPWA local informed her that a worker had just been fired in his plant and other workers had left their jobs in sympathy. She was wanted out at the plant right away. Promises to look into it next morning didn't satisfy him, so Huguette uncomplainingly dragged herself out of bed and back to work.

It was three in the morning before she finally slept.

Fortunately, not all Huguette's days are quite so busy. But the problems she faced on this particular Tuesday are typical of the problems she faces every day of her life.

After listening to grievances for several years, she is convinced that at least some of the trouble lies with management's reluctance to explain things to employees.

A recent grievance brought to her ears, for instance, concerned a ruling that employees on the killing floor of a large Montreal plant should report to work four mornings a week at seven o'clock, and Mondays at eight o'clock. The workers complained that they woke just as early on Mondays and had to waste time waiting for the later checking-in time, only to be kept on the job till five o'clock instead of four o'clock as usual. After Huguette explained that new cattle arrived at the plant late Monday morning so as to save the management the expense of feeding them over the week end, the workers agreed that their presence on the killing floor before eight was not necessary.

Most grievances, she has discovered, are neither simple nor one-sided. Sometimes an entire department must be re-organized before some small complaint can be remedied. The rank and file expect a union representative to be constantly at war with the bosses, and if Huguette occasionally sees eye to eye with management she must be prepared to defend her position with facts, figures and conviction. A worker who stamps into her office and demands, "What do you mean, I haven't got a grievance?" cannot be dismissed with a smile or a shrug. Instead, Huguette must carefully explain the reasons for the union's point of view. "It's up to us to send them away happy," she explains.

Interviews inside a slaughterhouse, at the elbow of a worker killing a pig or a sheep or a cow, still upset her. A few years ago, faced with these situations, she waited with sick certainty for the moment when she would have to hurry outside. Now she can stand there without missing a word.

Although the job of investigating grievances takes up most of her time, Huguette has other responsibilities. As a vice-president of the Canadian Labor Congress she is constantly being invited to official dinners, and as director of the Montreal Labor Council she must conduct monthly meetings devoted to bettering municipal services in Montreal. At least twice a month she's in the Maritimes, to investigate grievances and negotiate contracts in Halifax or Pictou.

The strangest of her duties is representing eighteen bearded men in little black caps who have a union, local 368, all to themselves. These are the *shochtim*, the Jewish ritual slaughterers for the kosher butcher trade who work in Canada Packers, Wilsil Limited, and Eastern Abattoir. Tradition regards them as religious men so they do not attend the union's international conventions. It is up to Huguette, a Catholic, to represent them publicly and to handle their complicated financial affairs. ("If she did nothing else, that would make her a smart girl!" says Kalman Kaplansky, director of the Jewish Labor Committee.)

Summer and autumn are busy seasons for UPWA, since contracts are signed and negotiations with the Big Three are carried on at these times. Until last summer Huguette hadn't taken a vacation in eight years. Last June, possibly in recognition of her new prestige with the Canadian Labor Congress, the union

presented her with twelve hundred dollars at a surprise party and sent her off on a month's holiday in Europe. Huguette spent most of her time in Paris, studying French meat packing. She was delighted to get back to Canada early in August.

No one would deny that Huguette is feminine to her fingertips, but her schedule doesn't leave much time for romance. Any man who invites her to dinner expecting a cosy tête-à-tête over the liqueurs is in for a rude shock about 7.30, when she glances at her jeweled watch, murmurs her thanks and dashes

off to a meeting. Occasionally, she and a philosopher friend drop in at her favorite downtown restaurant, La Tour Eiffel, to sip cognac and listen to a French chanteuse, but these moments are usually shattered by her friend's contention that today's workers are hopelessly pampered and her angry retort that somebody ought to look into management's profits.

She's never met an attractive man who didn't insist that after marriage he expected his wife to quit her job and stay home. Until she does, she swears she won't marry. "What would I do

cooped up all day in some little apartment?" she wonders. "I'd go crazy."

In the meantime, she finds her job exciting and challenging, especially when it comes to organizing. Huguette maintains that conditions in non-union plants are often shocking. "In Montreal," she says, "there are workers earning as little as fifty-five cents an hour, fifty-four hours a week, with compulsory overtime. Pensions are terrible: a man of sixty-five may be getting forty-five dollars a month, or less. And even where wages are good, agreements for security



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Cut their first tooth, have beaten their
Parents into a state of abject submission
By behaving like bombs that are apt to
Explode, with, or without, nuclear fission.

can stand improvement. What good is a fine wage if you can lose your job overnight?"

Organizing some of these plants is comparatively easy. Others are difficult, and in some cases the union achieves certification as the official bargaining agent but never gets beyond that. Huguette and Mathieu have been organizing employees at one Montreal firm, Dominion Provisioners Limited, for almost a year, and they still haven't concluded negotiations with the management.

Huguette has dealt with at least two firms where, after months of effort, she still couldn't do business with the management and had to give up her fight. How management and labor plotted and counterplotted during that time reads like a strategic manual on how to play chess, with some cloak-and-dagger intrigue right out of a melodrama tossed in for good measure.

Both cases followed the same pattern: a request by workers for a union in their plant, secret meetings in out-of-the-way restaurants to sign up the necessary fifty-percent-plus-one majority needed for union certification, dismissal of the leaders in the fight for a union, charges and counter-charges by both management and the union, an injunction under the criminal code prohibiting further dismissals without good cause, and the gradual demoralization of workers to the point where everybody in the plant was regarding everybody else as a possible stool pigeon. In both cases, although the Quebec Labor Board had certified UPWA as official bargaining agent, it became evident as month followed month that management and labor were getting nowhere. After ten months, management asked the board to revise the status of the union. It emerged that the disillusioned workers were hopelessly in arrears with their dues, and UPWA was decertified, to be replaced later by a company union.

Fortunately for Huguette and UPWA, they have few experiences like these. Most plants organize with little trouble. Last year Huguette succeeded in organizing the office staff of Wilsil, Limited into the first white-collar union in the meat-packing industry. The men in the packing plant turned out to support their office brethren, the general manager was picketed as he sat in his glass-walled office, and, in Miss Plamondon's words, "It was a battle!"

Fighting is Huguette's favorite pastime. She resigned in a huff from her first clerical job at seventeen after her employer objected to her trying to unionize his shipping plant. Papa Plamondon, a painter for the CPR in the Thirties, had always told his children, "If it weren't for the union I wouldn't have worked even thirty-seven days last year or had my pension plan," so young Huguette was convinced that unions were good. When

she learned that employees in the shipping department had long hours and low pay she urged them to organize. When her boss suggested that she could not serve two masters, Huguette told him, "Then I choose the union," and resigned.

Somebody told her that Romeo Mathieu, the international representative of the United Packinghouse Workers, needed a secretary. Huguette tried the necessary examination and got the job. It paid twenty-five dollars a week.

Mathieu says, "If I'd been an ordinary businessman I'd have fired her that first day. She kept interrupting and asking questions. I was dictating a letter to an employer concerning a grievance, and I said we would proceed to arbitration. She asked me, 'What's a grievance? What's arbitration? What will it accomplish?' She questioned everything. She paid a dollar out of her first week's salary and joined the union. She came to every meeting and begged to distribute circulars. Right from the beginning, she was union material."

In 1946, to her immense delight, her local appointed her a delegate to UPWA's convention in Montreal. It was a new experience for the young stenographer, and it whetted her appetite for more.

When a textile strike broke out in Valleyfield, she was out there every morning at six, walking the picket line in sympathy with the strikers and returning to her job at nine.

Picketing a rubber plant in Chambly that same year, she had her first taste of jail. The company opened its gates one morning and Huguette tried to persuade some workers not to enter. The next thing she knew she was in Chambly jail. That night Papa Plamondon picked up his evening paper and found himself staring at the defiant face of his daughter. He had been pro-union all his life, but he considered a daughter in jail a disgrace. He ordered Huguette to quit her union activities. She said she'd die first.

During the next twelve months she was jailed four times for distributing pamphlets, at that time a municipal offense in Montreal.

"Are you trying to laugh at our laws?" the court recorder snapped when her bail had gone up from twenty-five dollars to a hundred.

"Not at all," Huguette retorted. "I just think they're wrong."

The bylaw against distributing pamphlets has since been repealed.

Huguette spent Thanksgiving Day 1947 in jail, eating mushy tomato sandwiches. It was October, and packing-house workers across the country had been on strike for eight weeks with no sign of a settlement. Huguette had worked hard during those eight weeks, organizing crews of workers' wives to man soup kitchens and make over old clothes, and educating them in what she calls "a

strike mentality." On the day before Thanksgiving word leaked out that the Montreal plant of Canada Packers would open its gates next day. UPWA staged a mass meeting that night, and Thanksgiving morning found picket lines stretching down Mill Street, and provincial police on hand, ready for action. By the time the first busloads of workers, including large numbers of Montreal unemployed, appeared on the scene, tension was high and tempers ready to trigger off. Before the day was over 243 workers were to land in jail.

Huguette says she was legally parading up and down in front of the gates at 6.40 when a couple of policemen told her to keep moving. She retorted that she was moving and that she didn't have to run. Whereupon, she says, they hauled her off to jail. They took her fingerprints and her photograph. Although everyone was freed by nightfall and charges were dismissed, Huguette has a jail record. She has no love for the Quebec provincial police and little for the press, which she accuses of carrying the scantiest information about why the workers were on strike, and of bursting out with excited headlines.

At the end of the strike Huguette was still a secretary, but she was taking on other duties. A steward would phone from the plant to complain that the boss had laid off a senior man instead of a junior, and if Mathieu were out of town Huguette would handle the grievance. Right from the start Mathieu was convinced she'd go far in the labor movement. When the International Union of Electrical Workers asked for a man to help with a campaign, he sent Huguette. "A woman?" they muttered. "Well, at least she'll be able to type." But in a week she was advising them how to appeal to French-speaking people; in a month she was in charge of the campaign.

The boss had her in tears

IUEW wanted to keep her, but UPWA had other plans for Miss Plamondon. They offered her the position of Quebec and Maritime field representative on an equal footing with Romeo Mathieu.

As the first woman organizer in the Canadian packinghouse industry, Huguette went to work first at a small Montreal plant whose manager had agreed to deal with the union. When the time came to start negotiations, Mathieu ordered his protégée to handle them.

Full of confidence, Huguette started out. An hour later she was back in tears. The boss had ordered her off the premises! "A woman mixed up in labor?" he had shouted. "You ought to be ashamed!"

Mathieu says, "She really gets mad, this girl. She is like a machine gun. This day, she was all kinds of colors as if she had been poisoned. She said, 'I wish he had hit me—then we'd have a case.' Then she cried some more."

(Huguette, listening to Mathieu's version of the story, denies she cried. "I was just mad!" she insists. But Mathieu sticks to his guns. "When you are mad you are crying," he points out.)

She didn't want to go back, but Mathieu insisted. However, in case she should need help, he asked Paul de Mers, another union man, to go with her. Next day Huguette and De Mers appeared at the plant and found its staff of twelve employees crowding in the doorway so as not to miss any fireworks. But the employer had simmered down overnight. When Huguette emphasized that she was not there as a woman, but as a worker representing other workers, he gave in

and negotiations got under way. Huguette organized his plant and today whenever he runs up against some labor problem it's Huguette he insists on dealing with.

The sight of a girl labor leader unnerves many an executive, Mathieu has discovered.

"What do you mean sending that girl over here? I can't even swear in front of her!" one manager phoned him.

Another, complained, "I just suggested there might be some difficulties and right away she was mad! That woman has fire in her eye."

Because Huguette believes that a union representative who dresses shabbily is letting the workers down, she shops out of season for good suits at reduced rates. One executive, misled by Miss Plamondon's fashionable appearance, offered her the best fur coat in Montreal if she'd urge his employees to accept a seven-and-a-half-cent raise instead of the ten cents they were asking. She refused, eloquently.

Mathieu admits that in her early dealings with management, she was not always the soul of tact. "You are selfish! You are exploiting the workers! You care for nobody but yourself!" she would denounce an employer who didn't see eye to eye with her. Today she is beginning to realize that occasionally management has its side of the story. Last year, convinced that profits were away down in a plant where the workers wanted a wage increase, she advised them to postpone their demands. "After all," she told them, "we're not here to make the company bankrupt and you can't get blood out of a stone."

However, on occasions when a meeting of minds between labor and management proves impossible, she has other ideas. For instance, when a Quebec City plant recently refused to discuss a possible wage increase and fringe benefits, Huguette evolved an effective strategy based on the fact that in the packinghouse industry, every moment counts. She advised employees to check in half an hour late in the morning and leave half an hour early at night, to stretch morning and afternoon coffee breaks from ten minutes to half an hour, and lunch period from an hour to an hour and a half. The night shift would behave accordingly. The workers could expect to be docked for time off, but, as Huguette explains it, "The beauty of the thing was that nobody would be hurt too much, and technically it was not a slowdown."

The program went into effect and lasted one day. Production was completely upset. Next day, management and labor got together and the result was a five-cent raise in hourly pay.

Even a small success like this makes Huguette proud to be a woman. She is excited whenever a woman becomes director of a local and wishes more women would enter the labor field. At union meetings she has often watched men mutter whenever a woman gets up to speak. She tells women workers, "Don't let it faze you. Be sure you know what you're talking about, then get up and say it. Men respect a girl who states her point and doesn't back down."

With these convictions, it was only natural that Huguette should take her election as Quebec vice-president of the Canadian Labor Congress as a victory for her sex.

Men in the labor field are more apt to suggest that Miss Plamondon was elected not in spite of being a woman, but because she is a woman.

"Women give the movement something," they gallantly affirm. ★

The Price of Money...

More drastic changes in the levels of interest rates have taken place in the past three months than in any comparable period for several years. The most important factor that has brought about these changes can best be described as "the price of money."

Money, just like other goods and services, has its price and when the demand for money places a strain on the supply it naturally follows that the price rises. This is the position at the present time, for the recent accelerated programme of business expansion in Canada has exerted such a heavy demand on the supply of funds available for this purpose that the price of money is higher now than for many years. This higher money price means higher interest rates.

With few exceptions there has not been a time during the past twenty years when it has been possible to purchase government, municipal and corporation bonds and debentures to give as attractive a return as can now be obtained. This is a time when all investors might well review their cash positions with a view to obtaining the benefit of these higher interest rates. This is a time when experience can help you in making investment selections suitable to your personal requirements.

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Johnny Lombardi's kingdom of music and macaroni continued from page 20

Along with pasta, peppers and plum tomatoes Lombardi's clerks sold 11,000 concert tickets

ment. His interest in motion pictures came later. He is a partner in a company that distributes about three hundred films a year. Low-budget productions for the most part, they are shown in any town or city with an Italian community large enough to support a one- to three-day run. Toronto alone has seven Italian movie houses.

But Lombardi's real fancy is the popular concert stage. And having learned early that what his audiences want is recognized talent from the old country he does his best to oblige. He usually sponsors five shows a year. He may present individual performers like Claudio Villa, a sleek young troubadour whose standing as a crooner in Italy is somewhat comparable with that of Vic Damone in North America, or he may import a package of five or six singers.

This was the case a year ago with a promotion called the First Italian Festival of Song which he presented four nights at Massey Hall, Toronto's largest concert house. Massey Hall has 2,750 seats and they were all taken for each of the four performances. For an entertainment dependent on a minority audience this was a remarkable feat in itself, but the fact that every one of the 11,000 tickets was sold over the counter at Lombardi's grocery store made it phenomenal.

When the ticket manager of Massey Hall expressed admiration, Lombardi just shrugged and said, "We had to turn down two thousand people."

However, he was not so composed at the height of the rush. He was then doing business out of an already congested store with only 450 square feet of floor space. The press of anxious ticket-seekers, sometimes lined into the street, produced a sort of comic chaos. He even contrived to keep the salami, cheese and macaroni moving.

Lombardi often says his heart is in "show business," but his pride and joy is the shiny new emporium through which he markets his groceries. In size, decor and general appointment, it is a far cry from the old stand half a block away. In general appearance it is much like the modern supermarket and is topped by a \$6,500 neon sign. But the old order has not completely changed. The sounds and smells are much the same.

On pushing open the door for the first time a customer is likely to find himself amid much laughter and loud talk and he is sure to be aware of the pungent mingling of a dozen lively aromas. Peppers, black and green olives, anchovies, snails, mushrooms, egg plant, plum tomatoes, wine vinegar, garlic buds and oregano give Lombardi's stock an exotic pungency. Probably the only authentically Canadian item in the place is dried codfish from Nova Scotia. It is popular with Italians.

Of course, there are the highly seasoned meats like salami, cappelletti, prosciutto and mortadella and at least twenty kinds of cheese including the giant provolone which comes in torpedo-shaped lengths of four and five feet that sometimes weigh as much as 150 pounds. But by far the most shelf space is occupied by pasta. It is there in all its bewildering variety and shapes — long and short, thick and thin, flat and hollow, in bows, butterflies and curls.

There is macaroni, spaghetti, spaghetti-

tini, cappellini, rigatoni, fettuccine, fettucini, farfalla, farfallini, mafalda, lasagne and more. Lombardi sells spaghetti to immigrant laborers by the twenty-pound case and knows some who eat it for breakfast.

There are great quantities of olive oil: Lombardi sells eight thousand to ten thousand gallons a year. And on the floor, in dark wooden barrels that stand against gleaming white display cases, are olives from Italy and Spain and Greece.

Olives, it so happens, are among Lombardi's special interests. He takes a professional's pride in their handling. An art, he calls it. He discourses feelingly on how the brine contributes to a full, rich flavor in the olives, on the importance of rotating the barrels and the need of exposing their contents to the air.

"Some people who see olives being dipped out of a barrel of brine think it isn't sanitary," Lombardi says, "but they don't know anything about it."

Actually, until 1946 when he opened his first store, Lombardi didn't know too much about it either. He always had a healthy appreciation of the Italian kitchen but it was confined largely to the dinner table. He soon developed a much more practical interest.

Lombardi was thirty and a Canadian army sergeant when he arrived home from overseas and was discharged. He had been a dance-band trumpet player before joining the army but his mother had won his promise to try something

"more settled." Lombardi finally decided on the grocery business. He doesn't know why but he thinks it was because he enjoyed eating. His immigrant father had been a construction worker all his life and was unable to help financially. So Lombardi used his service gratuities and savings, a total of five thousand dollars, to open his first store.

He was far from optimistic at first but was soon enamored of his new trade. Moreover, he was resolved not to remain just another corner grocer. He would grow, he told himself, but to do that he would have to let people know who he was and where he was.

The best way was to advertise himself. Why not a program of Italian music sponsored by Johnny Lombardi? He approached one or two stations but was told there was reason to doubt the wisdom of an Italian-language program so soon after the war.

But a new Toronto station with the genial call letters of CHUM found the idea attractive and Johnny Lombardi was soon on the air writing and announcing his own half-hour Sunday-afternoon show. He furnished the records too.

"I had a lot of gall in those days," he says. "I could always make myself understood in a sort of dialect Italian but when it came to the formal language I really murdered it."

But nobody objected and the popularity of the show continued to mount. Lombardi was so confident of its poten-

tial that he offered to buy an additional thirty minutes if the station would allow him to resell the time to other sponsors. The station agreed and Lombardi became a one-man advertising agency, soliciting sponsors, writing, planning and directing the show. But the reservoir of sponsors seemed larger than ever and he continued expanding his Sunday show by thirty-minute segments until it reached its present three-hour dimensions.

In the meantime, to handle the overflow, he inaugurated a one-hour weekday feature. He is now planning to invade the evening field with still another one-hour show, five times weekly. The uninitiated listener with no knowledge of Italian could be excused for concluding that Lombardi's programs are little more than a succession of feverishly delivered commercials separated by music. This is not quite the case.

For instance, a recent three-hour Sunday show had one five-minute newscast sponsored by a Toronto daily paper and a ten-minute telephone quiz sponsored by a macaroni manufacturer. In addition, there were about sixty messages marking births, wedding anniversaries, baptisms and the like. The charge for this is two dollars per message.

Lombardi no longer does any announcing. He gave it up when his ulcer trouble became serious. Both the Sunday and weekday shows are presided over by an articulate young immigrant named Ontario Sarracini, Lombardi's only full-time radio employee. He is a former law student who was named by his parents in honor of the province they had lived in for a while before returning to Italy where he was born.

Sarracini does all the announcing on the weekday program and works the Sunday marathon with Aldo Maggiorotti, a film booker with a passionate love of opera, and Dedena Morello, a substantial, good-natured housewife whom Lombardi calls "a real Mama Rosa." Each Sunday, with much dedication, they address themselves to the task of recommending the goods and services of some thirty Lombardi sponsors.

They may urge their listeners to patronize Mario's Spaghetti House, to cook only with olive oil prepared by Gattuso, to eat none but Corno grapes, to select that important ring at a shop quaintly named Two Little Jewelers, to drink Caffè Roma, to relax at the Italo-Canadian Recreation Club, to read the *Corriere Canadese* and to make the long-cherished trip to the old country a memorable one in a ship of the Italian Line.

Barbers in the audience may be urged to join the Italian local of the barbers' union, and the ladies — "regardless of age" — urged to make an appointment at Mary's Beauty Salon where "Mary Greico, her lovely and talented daughter Dolores and the rest of the staff . . . will give you personal and patient attention."

About forty per cent of the speaking time on Lombardi's shows is now in English, a concession mainly to Italo-Canadians who have lost the mother tongue. The music is exclusively Italian. All the records are drawn from Lombardi's own collection which he keeps up to date with imports from Italy. The accent is on pop tunes and strenuous efforts are made to keep abreast of the Italian version of the Hit Parade. September's No. 1 favorite was *Per Un Fil-*

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

no D'Erba, Blade of Grass. A recent novelty hit was *Toni Me Tocca*, Tony Touched Me.

Lombardi never misses a chance to promote his stage shows—he once had a group of singers demonstrate their talents before 650 guests at his niece's wedding. But his radio programs are his most valuable publicity medium. The script for one Sunday show included this kind of vigorous plugging:

"*Un Saluto Al Mio Paese*—That was A Greeting To My Country sung by Giorgio Consolini, one of the stars of the Second Annual Italian Festival of Song coming to Toronto's Massey Hall next Saturday. Tickets for this great show are now on sale at Lombardi's Italian Foods, 595 College, corner of Clinton.

"*Vecchio Quartiere* — Attractive new song stylist Vittoria Mongardi has just sung *The Old Quarter*. Miss Mongardi will be seen and heard in person next Saturday when Johnny Lombardi presents his Second Annual Festival of Italian Song."

In spite of this kind of boosting, Lombardi was not satisfied. The program was nearing its end when he called the studio and asked for a final pitch. Maggiorotti got through his all right in English but Sarracini was just warming up in Italian when he was cut off by the theme, *O Sole Mio*. But it made little difference because the show was a sellout.

A teen-age Walter Winchell

Except in moments of nostalgia, Johnny Lombardi has not looked back since he entered the world of commerce through the rough-and-tumble of shining shoes and selling newspapers. He was born on Dec. 4, 1915, in a section of central Toronto that encompassed most of the city's Italian population of the day. His first job of any account was working after school as a printer's devil on an Italian-language weekly newspaper.

Before long he was writing the paper's only feature in English, a column devoted to the activities of young Italo-Canadians. Fetchingly titled "Little Italy Through A Keyhole," it dealt with such varied subjects as picnics, budding romances and spaghetti-eating contests. "I was a sort of juvenile Walter Winchell, Italian style," he recalls.

When the paper went bankrupt Lombardi, at fifteen, quit school and went to work for another Italian weekly. By this time music had become his major interest. He had been an adept student of the trumpet since he was twelve and was now taking lessons and practicing eagerly. At sixteen Johnny Lombardi blossomed forth leading his own orchestra.

Engagements were scarce so Lombardi and his colleagues, by renting unused halls, got into the dance-band business themselves. They would scrape and wax the floors, put up paper-streamer decorations and soften the lights. In quest of atmosphere, they changed the name of one place from Heintzman Hall to Ramona Gardens and another from Greenwood Hall to Old Sorrento.

Eventually the diet of school dances, socials and weddings began to pall and he disbanded the orchestra to take a job with a group playing at a summer resort. He later joined a band in London, Ont., and stayed there until 1941 when he enlisted. He served in England, France, Holland, Belgium and Germany, but never Italy.

Since the day ten years ago when he came home and opened his first modest store Lombardi's life has been centred in the same neighborhood. It is a heavily



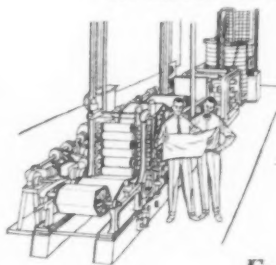
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Italian, working-class district. The big old houses that stand shoulder-to-shoulder along the crowded streets often shelter two, three and four families. The main thoroughfare through the district is College Street. Lombardi's store is on it; so are two Italian movie houses, Italian restaurants, jewelers, shoe repair men and assorted merchants with signs in their windows announcing that Italian is spoken within.

Johnny Lombardi is a familiar figure in this section. Smiling and waving, he plunges along College Street like a man on the way to the happiest appointment of his life, firing off greetings as he goes. He may produce a rather formal "Buon giorno, Signora." (Good day, Madam), or a casual "Come va?" (How goes it?), but it is more likely to be "Hello paisan" (literally "Hello, peasant" but an accepted colloquial greeting). It's his stock salutation for immigrants he doesn't know by name.

Lombardi's stature as a neighborhood kingpin has frequently required him to aid people in various kinds of distress and bewilderment. One busy Saturday he was in the store helping out at the cash register when the front door burst open and a hysterical woman rushed in, a crying child of three or four in her arms. Leaping in front of her Lombardi quickly examined the child. He then led them into the street and, holding up his arms to stop traffic, guided them across to his car where, with his brother-in-law at the wheel, he sent them pell-mell to a hospital.

The woman, it turned out, was a neighbor who spoke no English and when her daughter spilled a cup of steaming coffee

down her arm she ran for the only haven she knew.

This neighborhood is home to Lombardi. He lives in a twelve-room red-brick house, less than five minutes from the store, with his pert and energetic wife Lina, their two dark-haired children, Leonardo, four, and Theresa, six. Lombardi sees his family only fleetingly until about seven p.m. when they sit down together for an Italian-style dinner which he may have preceded with a glass of sweet vermouth. He seldom drinks hard liquor and does not smoke.

His favorite dish is rigatoni, a short, hollow pasta which he likes with plenty of bitey cheese, very little sauce and cooked so that it will be *al dente* or "firm to the bite."

The nerve centre of Lombardi's criss-crossing operations is a large office built onto the rear of his house. Its walls are lined with phonograph records, filing cabinets, two blackboards listing his radio sponsors, a large map of Italy and a cluster of pictures, some of himself in his musician days, but mostly of Italian entertainers who have appeared under his aegis. There is also a picture of Lombardi, grinning and with a *lei* around his neck, being kissed by two women entertainers. This is a memento of his coup with the First Italian Festival of Songs.

He had paraded his singers in open convertibles to the city hall where Mayor Nathan Phillips was waiting to extend formal civic greetings. Gathered in front of the city hall was a crowd of about five hundred people, mainly Italian immigrants. They cheered as their compatriots alighted from open cars to the accompaniment of band music.

All celebrities seemed to have been accounted for when a man suddenly dashed onto the scene and bounded up the city-hall steps, topcoat flapping. An Italian voice shouted, "Hey, Johnny! Johnny Lombardi!" The cry was taken up by others and there was a big cheer for "Johnny."

Upstairs in the mayor's office, where the official party had gathered, somebody mentioned that it was too bad the Italians outside wouldn't be able to see their countrymen being received by the elected head of the city. The mayor said he hadn't thought of that but, being a man with a keen sense of political fitness, he could see no objection to their being invited up. In no time the floor and gallery of the council chamber were filled with the excited immigrants.

The reception formalities were done over and the mayor, with Lombardi laboriously interpreting, told the Italian fans this was their city hall and they were welcome to be in it. This put everyone in such a convivial mood it was suggested that a song might be in order.

After conferring briefly with his colleagues, one of the artists, a short, balding Neapolitan tenor named Aurelio Fierro, stepped front and centre. He led off, beckoned for support from the gallery and, with a score of past Toronto mayors looking down a trifle severely from their picture frames, the venerable chamber swelled to the strains of *O Sole Mio*, theme song of the Johnny Lombardi Italian Shows.

Some people said it was the best thing that ever happened in Toronto's dark, old city hall. Johnny Lombardi was one of them. ★



For the sake of argument continued from page 4

"Why generalize about a sex that has Monroe and Mrs. Roosevelt?"

woman. A Gallup poll taken a couple of years ago indicated that a large proportion of Canadian women would like to be men if they had the chance to be born again and choose their own sex. I regard that as a serious state of mind, since to "look before and after and pine for what is not" is certainly not the mark of a mature, well-adjusted person. I can't help feeling that this sort of attitude is a real threat to a woman's happiness because a feeling of resentment about being a woman is a tragic denial of oneself as a person. It is, I'm convinced, a negative, destructive and altogether useless state of mind. Surely a woman who does not accept herself as a woman will not be able to develop, and rejoice, in a complementary role as a partner with a man, either as a wife or on a job, because she is jealous of men. I've met quite a few women whose resentment about being born a woman had transferred itself into resentment against men. And very unhappy women they were too.

I'm sure many of us would be much happier if we stopped exhausting ourselves by trying too hard to be all the things of all women and just accepted ourselves for what we are. We can console ourselves with the thought that Mona Lisa was probably a terrible cook and that a Powers model might not be much of a hit at a parent-teacher meeting.

What could possibly be sillier than to generalize about a sex that includes

both Marilyn Monroe and Eleanor Roosevelt? Both are greatly endowed but in different ways and so presumably have different needs and ambitions. No amount of thought or exercise will make it possible for all of us to combine the brains of Madame Curie with the figure of Gina Lollobrigida. That is probably just as well because if we did turn into such phenomena our husbands would get inferiority complexes instead of ourselves and that is one thing marriage and a husband can't stand.

There are few generalities that *can* be made about the female sex. I can think of only one that holds up: around the age of thirteen a physically normal woman becomes able to bear children and some time in her forties and fifties she loses that capacity.

According to statistics, most Canadian women live longer than most Canadian men. That is not true in countries where medical science has not yet succeeded in defeating poverty, dirt and ignorance to reduce the dangers of childbirth.

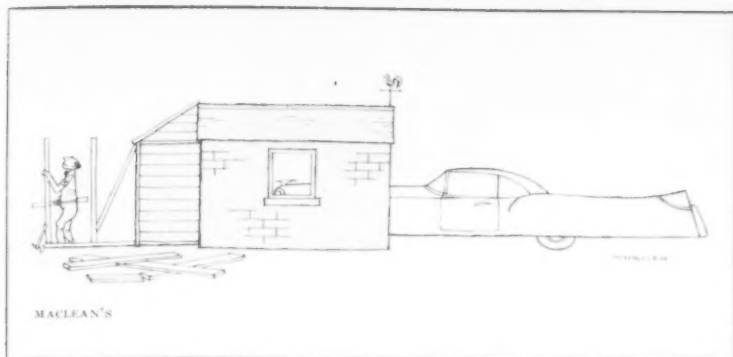
It is true, everywhere, that since women bear children they have automatically taken on some special responsibilities. That is because the human young are born weak and immature. To help them survive it was necessary for their mothers to nurse them and carry them around in their arms. It is however no longer possible to generalize about this traditional role because some women can't or won't breast-feed their children and,

thanks to pediatricians, formulas and pasteurized milk, the babies don't perish.

There are other things true of most women but not of all women. As a rule they can bear pain more easily than men, which is, I suppose, necessary to prevent us from dying of shock during childbirth, or perhaps just to make sure that the race goes on. Just the same, there are Spartan men while there are some women who howl and wail and go to bed with a hot-water bottle if they have the slightest cramp.

Tests made in Britain have shown that the average man has two and a half times the strength of the average woman, but one of those female Russian stevedores could break some men we know across her knees like kindling. The Canadian women who have their own trapping lines or who work in the B.C. forests are probably healthier and happier than they would be sitting at a typewriter in an airless office: they have had the courage to be themselves and do what they wanted to do and were fitted for instead of going in for teaching, nursing and office work just because those are traditional women's jobs.

As to whether a woman should go to college, those Calgary college graduates and the Toronto coffee-club girls are quite right about some women. Obviously some women are dumber than others. A university education may be good fuel for the mind but some women won't go far on a college course for the same basic reason that a horse won't go far



on a gallon of gasoline or a tractor on a bale of hay. There are some women who should settle for a course in home economics just as Fannie Farmer and Irma Rombauer were wise to study cook-books instead of history books. Others really need a good background of the kind you can get in a university to provide capital to draw on while they are tied down with babies and during middle age and the declining years when a brain is still alive to enjoy leisure. Education is really as personal a matter as a pair of spectacles.

Similarly, the question of whether a married woman should or should not work is a completely individual matter. It does seem to be a fact that a child needs its mother during the early years of life because she is more likely to give it the love and security it needs to bear the disillusionments, disappointments and anxieties of life. But that doesn't mean that there aren't plenty of reasons why it's a good idea for some women to leave their children in the care of someone else.

There are many widows with young children who have no choice but to go to work: they are in the same position as a single woman with, say, an aged mother. There are also some women who have no domestic talents whatsoever. It's a waste of time for them to pretend they have and a waste of happiness for them to feel miserable about it. They loathe housework and the conversation of the young which, as Nancy Mitford says, "bores right into the brain." Such women often make a botch of housekeeping and reject their children if they are tied to them. Yet they are able to be cheerful and affectionate mothers if they take a job and pay someone else to wash the dishes and take Johnny on those interminable, meandering walks during which the main topic of conversation is "Why?" They are also likely to be better wives because a dissatisfied woman who feels martyred is apt to be a nagging woman.

Quite often a woman with an engrossing career is also a better mother if she does not abandon her life's work after her children come along. A doctor friend of mine had a large practice which she found deeply satisfying. She was a good doctor, intuitive and painstaking. She married late in life and produced a baby when she was in her mid-forties. For two years she stayed at home with the baby and the washing machine until she realized that she was frustrated and guilt-ridden because she was not using her knowledge and skill in a wider field. A kindly Scottish housekeeper now looks after the baby son who is no longer a symbol of abnegation to his mother. Instead he is a source of joy and interest. Inevitably the child has sensed that himself and surely must be more secure because of it.

The question of whether a wife should work is not to be decided by either cabinet ministers or the public or even child

psychologists, but by the wife and the husband themselves after careful thought. A married couple, like a married man or a married woman, is a pretty individual unit. Incidentally, quite a few have decided in favor of the two-pay-envelope family because today in Canada more than thirty-eight percent of the women with jobs outside of the home are married.

One last word about the U. S. woman who blames the early death of husbands on too much housework imposed by the little woman after office hours: no doubt there are some women who are so selfish or incompetent or sick that they break the back of the willing ox. On the other hand, I know of many marriages cemented because the husband helps with the household chores.

Should a man go in the kitchen?

I know several men who always give the children their evening bath and look forward to that hour, which is not surprising since there are few more enjoyable sights than a fat and healthy youngster playing with floating fishes in the bathtub. Some, but not all, men find relaxation in using their hands and moving about after a day in a swivel chair. I know of one very masculine head of a household who bakes pies as a hobby and who can turn out a three-course meal with a flourish.

I also know of some women who won't allow their husbands near the kitchen. My sister-in-law is one of them. It's a matter of pride with her. Her children are grown up and, since home-making is her career, she has no desire to take a paid job as so many other middle-aged women do. Instead she insists that the housework is her obligation as part of the marriage partnership. The system works for her since she has a happy look in her eyes and her husband, after thirty years of marriage, says: "I'm crazy about her." At the same time her system would hardly work for a woman with a job outside the home since her share of the partnership involves more than housework and so her husband's share would seem to involve more than office work.

The truth is that one woman's meat is another woman's poison. There are certainly many women dissatisfied and unhappy because they cannot accept themselves as they are. There are others who find rich happiness in their family relationships and their work because they have refused to be standardized. They are the women who are the captains of their souls, who direct their own lives instead of being directed by what other people think is necessary and right for all women. They are indeed the women who are aware of the infinite variety of their whole sex.

I wish the Maclean's panelists well in their effort to subject the sex to some useful generalizations. But frankly I doubt that they'll prove a thing. ★

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"A man could not survive long leading a housewife's life — 16 hours a day"

What about women? continued from page 15

proving their lot. "Women don't seem to enjoy themselves in politics," said Dr. Marion Hilliard. "It's almost impossible to get them interested."

What lies ahead? Dr. Montagu was the most optimistic of the panelists: women will win more freedom and eventually they'll rebuild Western civilization. Automation will usher in the four-hour day and four-day week that will give new freedom to women because their husbands will have time to help around the house. At the opposite pole, Dr. Hilliard felt that if the present economic prosperity continued, women might become increasingly complacent and self-satisfied and settle down to a snug domestic life. "I may have a low opinion of human nature," said Dr. Hilliard, "but I believe that nobody wants to work. They only work because they have to."

Here is an edited account of the discussion between the Maclean's editors and the eight panel members:

Are women happier today than they were a generation ago?

Dr. Montagu: I would say they're a great deal happier than they've ever been before. They're raising many questions and they haven't yet resolved a large number of problems—but that doesn't mean they're not happy. Women are in a state of turmoil but they are very happy to be so. Until recently they weren't even permitted to be in a state of turmoil.

Mrs. Vautelet: I don't completely agree with Dr. Montagu. Some women are happier nowadays—those with a natural, built-in drive for personal freedom. They can reach out and get what they want and need more easily than the woman of thirty or forty years ago.

But the average woman is not yet completely at peace with herself. She's in conflict. On the one hand she has instincts, hundreds of years old, which tell her to conform, to take a subservient place in society as a woman. In the old days woman's path was destined from the cradle to the grave. This lack of choice bred an inevitable resignation, a semi-contentment. Freedom has one great disadvantage when you are beginning to enter into it . . . You have to choose. Today women are caught between the past and the present and this doesn't represent the happiness Dr. Montagu talks about. Most women are not adventurous.

Miss Loosley: I think my position is halfway between Dr. Montagu and Mrs. Vautelet. Today we're living in a more complex society where both men and women are having a bigger problem knowing what their role in society is. They're confused.

Dr. Gerstein: The contest to be happy always worries me. I don't quite know what that is supposed to be. I'd rather discuss it on other terms. I think women have more opportunities in education.

They are far more vocal. They have been taught to be far more introspective which may only mean they have learned to put into words things that were always there.

Miss Loosley: I myself feel that we have gone back from the position we held between the two world wars. A sociologist I know who has treated this question carefully thinks that women are in retreat. Between the wars the middle-class North American young woman was insistent on being included in shaping the paths of civilization. There's quite a movement now for women to abandon this position.

Dr. Gerstein: I don't think women have withdrawn or gone back. Twenty-five years ago women did not have the same domestic aids and had less opportunity to work in the community. I think a woman today is much more aware of all the things she might be doing and can't get around to. This may be disturbing.

Mrs. Baldwin: I think one of the problems that may contribute to women's unhappiness is that they have more education and have existed in this world in their own right before marriage. After marriage they move into a small, personal world that may seem a little uncomfortable because they've been conditioned to think objectively, impersonally and about a great many things. I think this causes a good deal of friction.

Mr. Allen: Miss Hamilton, you help thousands of young women find jobs. On the whole, is their happiness increasing or not?

Miss Hamilton: I do not think that women are in retreat. I don't think that they are unhappier. They feel they have a place in the community; that they're making an active contribution. Of course it's also true that some working women are in a state of turmoil because they're ambitious and are impatient because they want to forge ahead.

Mr. Allen: Of the thousands of women you find jobs for, how many are going to be career girls and how many are marking time until they're married?

Miss Hamilton: I don't think a job is so much a case of marking time any longer. A large proportion of women get married with the thought that they'll always be working. They believe they have a career ahead of them married or single.

Mrs. Vautelet: Women who have worked for a while have acquired different tools for happiness.

Dr. Montagu: I'd like to say again that I think there can be no doubt that women today are happier. Until recently, there were millions of women in the lower and middle classes who had no future whatsoever. All they had to look forward to was a life of slavery as domestic servants. If they lost their jobs as domestic servants they were out on the streets.

Mr. Steinberg: I agree wholeheartedly with Dr. Montagu. Happiness or un-

happiness is hard to pinpoint but perhaps there are a few concrete indications that women are happier. For example, in 1955 our young couples produced the largest baby crop in the history of Canada. If freedom and convenience in home life is a measure of happiness, then I say women today are perfectly happy. They've got vacuum cleaners, automatic refrigerators, ready-mixed foods and one-stop shopping at the big new centres. These centres are open at night and you see people going shopping as a family. If everything is centred about the family, you know people are happy; if not, they are running away from their families.

Do women work harder than men?

Dr. Montagu: They do. Men are always saying how hard they work, that the stresses and storms and pressures in their daily work shorten their lives and no woman could stand up to this work. Yet it is well known that a man could not survive for long leading the housewife's life—on duty sixteen hours a day, seven days a week for many years.

Mr. Allen: But on an average the female lives about six years longer than the male.

Dr. Montagu: That's true of all species of animal life. If the average male were put into housewife's duties his life span would be even less.

Mr. Allen: What do you think about this, Mrs. Baldwin? Could your husband keep house and live?

Mrs. Baldwin: I don't think he'd be terribly content to live that way. I don't think he's in any condition to live that way.

Dr. Gerstein: There is one point I want to clear up. It is one thing to live longer, but another point is what kind of life? I come in contact with many young mothers and my impression is that they're exhausted. I think we overestimate how much physical strength they have. I think they are overworked. I think that they really do get very, very tired. We expect them to carry far more than they should, particularly when the children are very young.

Dr. Hilliard: I would say that as a rule every woman who has preschool children is tired all the time. When they are young and tied in the home by their small children they don't get the proper—it isn't admiration—but they don't get the proper value for what they're doing, and they're being pounded at all the time to be beautiful and gracious and all those other things. And during that period they're not getting the right kind of help and they often become discontented and don't go on having more children. But when they get into their fifties or sixties they often have a tremendous volume of energy. Women's life is such a cyclic type of thing, I believe, that they survive longer because although they have these types of fatigue as a housewife they don't have the same kind of pressures that lead

to degenerative diseases men experience.

Mrs. Vautelet: There's an enormous strain put on women and not only in their roles as housewives. I worry about it. More and more social responsibility is being put into women's hands. They're called on to work on charity drives, cultural activities, adult education and so on. I suspect that this arises from the theory that women can get into trouble if they haven't enough work to do around the home. During the last war, society gave women every burden that our men had to drop when they went overseas. At the end of the war I saw all kinds of valuable women leadership material burned up for good. Society suffered because it demanded of women's physical capacity more than women could give.

Mr. Katz: What kind of help do over-worked women need?

Dr. Gerstein: They should be given time off from the home. One free day a week will help the average housewife feel that she's not locked up in jail. Some mothers (and mothers-in-law) are now saying to their daughters, "I'll take charge of things every Thursday. Take the day off." There are other techniques that work. A family can "adopt" a grandmother for one day a week. In some city blocks or apartment houses wives work co-operatively to give each other a day or an afternoon off.

Mrs. Baldwin: At the YWCA we have a "Mothers' Day Out" project where mothers obtain recreation and skills and the children are cared for.

Mr. Katz: But haven't electrical appliances made the modern housewife's task easier?

Dr. Gerstein: For the vast majority, the labor-saving devices have been an asset. They've made it possible for women to take their children outdoors for a walk and not be tied to the home all day.

Mrs. Vautelet: That applies to one caste . . . the caste that used to do the washing by hand. The caste that used to have two or three maids is now working far harder despite all these mechanical aids.

Dr. Montagu: There's one important factor that's been overlooked. In England recently women were asked, "What's the most useful domestic gadget around the house?" The reply was, "A husband."

Is discrimination against women in business and the professions increasing or decreasing?

Miss Hamilton: I think that male employers are learning to be more tolerant. But there's still a lot of room for improvement. I still get the feeling that many men are a little afraid of women. They don't want to give women a free hand through fear that they'll replace them in many positions. It would be much healthier if men realized that women could be a great asset to them and encouraged them rather than held them back. I find this negative attitude on the part of many businessmen a cause of great unhappiness among women—especially if they're ambitious.

Dr. Montagu: Some men are more than fair. I've actually been consulted by a business tycoon in Chicago who wants to employ virtually an all-female staff. He believes that they can succeed in jobs that are normally reserved for men. He's convinced that women are superior to men. But discrimination does exist in many places. Medical schools, for instance, will only accept a certain number of women each year.

Miss Hamilton: The argument often used to keep women out of responsible

jobs is that they're going to get married and quit working. It's not true today.

Dr. Hilliard: No, but you can't overlook the fact that marriage and babies do interrupt careers in many cases. In medicine, we have many girls taking their degrees and going into general practice. But there's real difficulty getting women to go into specialized fields that require three or four years of postgraduate training. This even applies to the field of obstetrics which is a natural one for women. For these specialized medical jobs—and the same would apply to im-

portant positions in business—it's essential that these girls have a sense of commitment to their jobs. They promise, "We won't get married or have children before we complete our training." But of the last six seniors I've trained in obstetrics four have got married and given up their obstetrical jobs.

Mr. Steinberg: I'm quite sure business is not as sex-conscious as it was, say, twenty-five years ago. In our own organization, we have women accountants, designers and location engineers. We have great faith in our women and with good

reason. Just before the last war we hired a girl in our advertising department to help out with filing and other odd jobs. Then the war started and we gradually began to lose our men to the armed services. This girl took on more and more responsibility until she became our advertising director—a job she held for almost four years.

Are women held back simply because they're not as good as men?

Mrs. Vautelet: Certainly not. You

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can't say that an entire sex have the same characteristics or that they all lack the same characteristics. Is there any reason why human beings, after thousands of fathers and mothers have crossed their inheritances since Adam and Eve, should be different to other human beings who had the same crossing of inherited traits?

Dr. Montagu: But you don't have the same crossing of the same traits.

Mrs. Vautelet: Well, I take after my father and my brother takes after my mother. This has been going on since Adam and Eve, so one sex can't possibly have all the same traits . . .

Dr. Montagu: You remind me of the man who said, "My mother and father were cousins, that is why I look so much alike." Genetically, men and women are very differently structured despite the fact they have common heritages. Women are endowed with two X chromosomes and men are endowed with only one and thereby hangs the tale.

Miss Hamilton: But getting back to executive positions . . . I do think that in past years we have had women in big jobs who have become tyrants. In many cases it was because they were unaccustomed to power and they were on the defensive. That's changing. I know of one large company in Ontario that's headed by a woman. Both her general manager and field manager have said that working for her was the happiest work experience they've ever had. Mind you, I'm not denying that sometimes women executives do get too much emotionally involved in their jobs . . .

Dr. Montagu: This has nothing to do with sex.

Miss Loosley: Regarding executive positions, I don't think that there's as much conflict between men and women as we imagine. Women often don't go out after the big jobs because they don't appeal to them. In executive jobs you have to manipulate people and material as a means of getting something done. Women prefer doing something direct and concrete and to deal with an individual as an individual.

Mr. Allen: For example?

Miss Loosley: Well, I work in the field of adult education. In our office, the women do the jobs that are more concrete, quieter and out of the public eye. I myself edit our organization's magazine. I prefer that kind of work. I'd far rather be quietly working on my magazine right now than taking part in this panel discussion, for example. I can also tell you about a girl friend of mine who had a chance of getting an executive job. She said she didn't want it. It was a tough job that included fund raising. She was quite happy to let a man have the job along with the pressures and responsibilities that went with it.

Do women help—or hinder—women in their struggle for freedom?

Miss Hamilton: In business, I think that women often hold back women. I have had many girls turn down nice positions because it would have meant working for a woman boss. That doesn't enhance women's status in industry.

Mrs. Vautelet: I think that's a carry-over of the "harem mentality." For years our security depended on winning the favor of the lord and master of the harem. Women competed for this favor. This bred antagonism among them. When I first started helping my mother serve tea to her friends, her generation women spent their time tearing the other women they knew to shreds. Now that we are gaining our freedom this antagonism among women is dying out. I think that

in two more generations it will be forgotten.

Mr. Allen: How about in politics?

Mrs. Vautelet: Almost every effort of women to advance out of this silly bondage society has imposed on them has been hindered far more by women than by men. In many years of suffrage work I have found that men will put up an initial fight against women moving in on what they think is their domain but they will surrender more graciously and rapidly than will the older women whose social ideas have forever jelled. Man is a peace-loving animal. He has been tamed by his mother. He knows that in the long run it's safer and wiser to give in and make peace with women. But it's hard to bestir women who have been given the idea by society that they must be in bondage. I feel dubious of the better understanding that depends almost exclusively on women.

Dr. Montagu: I can only partially agree with that because women have often fought vigorously for their rights and achieved their objectives. I'm thinking of the struggle women had in England to enter the medical profession. They gained admission to the medical schools and took their training. When they presented themselves for the final qualifying examination, the entire medical examining

Art gallery tour

But, darling, we've done this room before; I remember the matting on the floor.

IRIS DOCHERTY

board, which was all male, resigned in order to block them. But the women persisted until they were granted examinations. After that, men began supporting women who chose a medical career.

Mr. Allen: Do some women look askance at other women who choose to exercise a newly won right?

Dr. Montagu: There are always some women who are in the opposition camp in order to protect themselves.

Why don't women go into politics?

Dr. Hilliard: I think that women as a whole just don't like politics. It's one of the fields in which they don't seem to enjoy themselves.

Mr. Katz: Are they apt to enjoy it any more in the future?

Dr. Hilliard: I don't know. Women don't seem to be able to take a long-range view of the future. They are not inclined to do the long-term groundwork that politics requires. Also, they don't like the rough and tumble of electioneering and political life.

Mrs. Vautelet: Politics brings out the worst in both men and women. Some women have entered political life but unhappily it isn't always the best element that goes into it. I served my apprenticeship in politics. Elections are like turning over a stone and seeing strange things crawling out from under. You have to learn to handle these things, along with the good elements. That's a lot to ask of women who, forty years ago, didn't even have a vote. But once a woman does get into public office and shows that she knows what she's talking about she ceases having any trouble with men. Her chief difficulty is that men will lean on her and ask her to do too much.

Mr. Allen: Is it true that women won't support a woman candidate?

Mrs. Vautelet: I haven't found it so, particularly in the west. Women have worked very hard for women candidates.

It's the men who have a prejudice against working for a woman in an election campaign.

Dr. Gerstein: I was thinking that while women in Canada don't wield influence through holding office they do have influence through their organizations.

Dr. Hilliard: . . . Such as the women's institutes. They've got branches all over Canada and they've done a magnificent job of raising the standard of living in the home, particularly in the west.

Dr. Montagu: May I tell you of my experience traveling around the length and breadth of the United States from the smallest nooks and crannies, towns and hamlets? The greatest power for good in the whole world is the women of the United States. They're a bright candle in a world of darkness.

Do the sexes get along better than they used to?

Mrs. Baldwin: I think men and women are much more comfortable with each other than ever before. I think that's because women get around more today and can talk more interestingly and objectively with men.

Mrs. Vautelet: But to get along with men you have to handle them. You have to appeal to them through their emotions rather than their intelligence. You have to use charm and tact. Many times I've been on the board of a charitable organization where there are one or two women and a dozen men. A woman will make a suggestion but it's brushed aside. Later, some man will pick up her idea and put it forward to the group. The chairman likes it. And the woman too shows enthusiasm. "Oh, Mr. Brown!" she'll say. "What a wonderful idea you've had!"

Dr. Hilliard: Not long ago I was working with a group of men doctors on some job and I said to them, "Shall I act as a woman or as a doctor?" I was asking a civil question and I wanted to know. They said, "Can't you be both?" I told them that this was difficult and that sometimes I am one and sometimes the other. I found out early in my career that you get much farther by deliberately using charm. But sometimes you don't know exactly how to act—like when you're giving a scientific paper to a so-called scientific group. In the past ten years I have found that you do very much better just being yourself—a woman.

Dr. Montagu: Women are more competent today in handling men. A typical situation is George seated at the breakfast table glancing at the paper. He tells his wife that he has an important board meeting that morning and that he's going to be called on to make some remarks about the important new project. Whereupon his wife says, "George, I with my peanut brain know nothing about this kind of thing . . ." and then proceeds to feed him a dozen excellent suggestions. He comes home that night and tells his wife (quite innocently) about all the wonderful original ideas he presented at the board meeting and how it looks as if he's slated for another promotion. A wife with this kind of "peanut brain" and tact will go far.

Mr. Steinberg: Here's a peculiarity I've noticed about women in their relations with men. Put them on an all-female committee and you can't stop them talking; they talk all the time. But on a committee where the majority are men they'll just sit there listening. With men they clam up. Yet they're as capable as the male members of the committee. Fortunately, they become a little more vocal after the fourth or fifth meeting.

Mr. Allen: Is this because women feel inferior to men?

Dr. Montagu: I think it's just that they're much too tactful to say what they're really thinking.

Miss Hamilton: I think it's fear. Doesn't the housewife deserve more prestige and, if so, why doesn't she get it?

Dr. Montagu: Mothers are the makers of humanity. There's an old Hebrew saying that since God couldn't be everywhere he made mothers. Yet society is making the terrible mistake of giving the least recognition to the most important job—motherhood.

Mrs. Vautelet: Look at the man who takes tickets at a movie for eight hours a day. He's respected as a wage earner and because he's doing a useful job. Yet his wife, who works sixteen hours a day at a much more difficult job, goes unrecognized. Today, a woman's status is much more dependent on how much money she has and how much freedom she has to spend it as she likes.

During the war I sat on an economic advisory board in the province of Quebec. We found that most women who had gone out to work in factories and other places were planning not to go home after the war. "Why go home and have to be dependent on your husband for every cent?" they said. "Here I get good pay, holidays and a regular income." Society is driving women out of the home. And that will continue until the housewife's job has better working conditions and more prestige.

Dr. Gerstein: We've tarnished the concept of motherhood and bringing up children. All our emphasis has been on the economic factor. We have many university-trained women raising families and working in their communities. They're making a tremendous contribution. But how do we regard them? We take the attitude that since she's not working at the specific job she was trained for she's a failure.

Dr. Hilliard: Women's values are being distorted by too much emphasis on sex. Nearly everyone is hammering at them to be a desirable sex object. They've got to do this or that; or use this or that product to get a man if they haven't got one; or to hold on to the man they've already got.

Mrs. Vautelet: The Canadian Association of Consumers protested against this oversexing when we presented a brief to the Royal Commission on Broadcasting. We said radio and television are giving women of sixteen to sixty a strong dose of unreality by constantly suggesting that love and marriage are dependent entirely on the kind of face cream they use.

Mr. Steinberg: I think someone once said "the cleaner and shinier the hair, the better the husband you can get."

Mrs. Vautelet: ... And you can be a skunk in disposition but if you use the proper deodorant and gargle with the right brand of antiseptic you'll be an angel and your married life will run smoothly.

Do men give women their fair share of money?

Mrs. Vautelet: Too often husbands hold back money from their wives. A woman has a moral right to fifty percent of everything her man earns. This is only logical. When a man proposes to a woman he's saying in effect, "Don't work anywhere else; work for me. I'll earn enough for both of us." Thus she's entitled to half of what he makes.

Mrs. Baldwin: I don't think along those lines. Women receive rewards in marriage other than money. She's compensated in the joys and feeling of creativeness in bringing up a family. In some ways she's more fortunate than her husband. She

has more quiet times, more time to think, freedom from many of the problems that her husband has to grapple with.

Dr. Hilliard: I've been anxious at times about some of my women. Not the young brides but women in the older groups. Many of them still live under a regime where the husband will only dole out a little bit of money each week.

Mr. Allen: How about putting wives on a regular weekly salary? Would that be a satisfactory solution?

Mrs. Vautelet: No, it would lower women's prestige. While I'm talking, I'd

like to mention another way, economically, where women are being treated unfairly. They're not getting their fair share of the tax dollar. Women are citizens. They pay taxes. Yet so far as I know very little tax money is spent improving the working conditions of women in the home. There are all kinds of tax-supported activities that benefit men and their businesses and industries—like the various kinds of vocational training schemes. But how much is spent to prepare girls to be mother's helpers? How many government dollars support day

nurseries where a tired mother can get rid of her five children for a few hours a day? Expectant mothers often need many kinds of assistance — money, supplies, helpers. But how often do governments seriously consider spending their money on these things? And remember, this is tax money that comes from both sexes.

Should there be a legal Bill of Rights for Women?

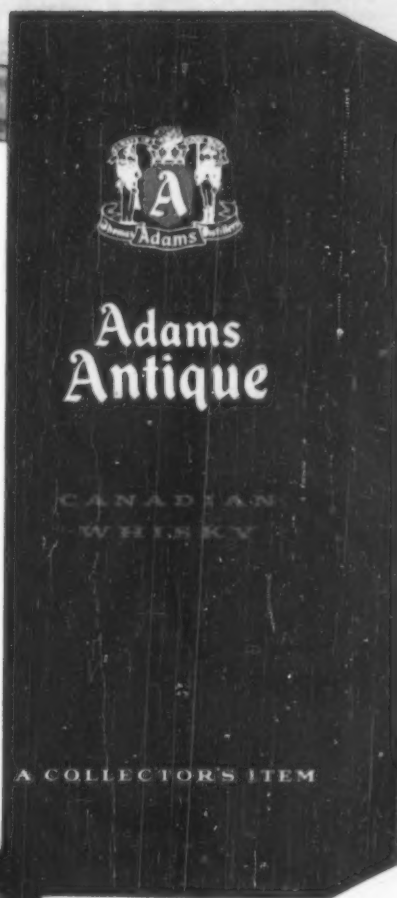
Dr. Gerstein: I don't have too much faith in a set of rules and regulations. I



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don't see how you can change the position of women by a legal code. The thing to do is work toward changing the attitudes of men toward women.

Mr. Allen: But isn't it a fact that many improvements in social attitudes have followed legislation? Take the abolition of slavery and child labor and, more recently, the desegregation of schools in the U. S. There was a general feeling that these were desirable measures but they didn't gain their greater impetus until formal laws were passed.

Dr. Gerstein: I think the question of women's rights is more complicated. You're going to have to change attitudes whether you have a Bill of Rights for Women or not.

Miss Loosley: I think that the most effective approach is through education, not legislation. A tremendous amount is being written to show what the young mother is up against and it's already having an influence. Public opinion will force a change in attitudes. Already a great deal is being done on a voluntary basis.

Mrs. Baldwin: I agree. You can't legislate values. Mass communication is much more effective.

Mrs. Vautelet: I'm against a Bill of Rights for Women because the very title is offensive. It gives the impression that women are not part of the human race. I think women should keep working on many fronts, attacking inequalities. Once women have achieved equality everybody—including men—will be happier.

Miss Hamilton: I'm against a formal Bill of Rights for Women. I think women should improve themselves and train themselves so that they can meet men on equal ground. Then they can educate them to the fact that women have a place in the world on an equal footing with men.

Dr. Montagu: I think history testifies to the fact that you can legislate certain human attitudes into existence as well as legislate them out of existence. But there are limits. The prohibition laws in the United States failed, for example, because the people didn't favor them, no matter how many laws were passed. Now as far as legislating laws for women is concerned the countries of the Western world have already gone a long way in that direction.

Dr. Hilliard: I'd agree with that and I'd like to give a few examples of how they apply in Canada. We have laws that require employers to give equal pay for equal work. One of the reasons that women have done so well in the medical profession is that the fee scale is laid down and applies to all doctors, men and women. I remember that when I first started my private practice one of the senior obstetricians said to me, "Make sure that your fees are the same as your competition. That's the way you'll establish your practice and your ability."

Another step is the establishment of the women's bureau in the Department of Labor in Ottawa. They've already finished a study of working women in Canada. This body is going to be in an excellent position to suggest ways and means of improving women's position.

The third thing I want to mention is the social-security measures such as old-age pensions, baby bonuses and mothers' allowances. These bring money into the home and mean a lot to women. I think that women should work through their organizations and through the women in parliament to get more action along these lines.

Mr. Steinberg: I'm not enthusiastic about a Bill of Rights for Women because I don't think you can write down in concrete fashion the so-called rights a woman should have. A lot of them are

quite vague and abstract. They might consist of nothing more than an understanding between a man and his wife.

What lies ahead for women? How will their status change?

Dr. Montagu: I see the present trend continuing, namely women being granted more and more political, social and economic rights and using them even more intelligently than they have in the past. Eventually Western civilization is likely to be made over by women's achievement in freedom. The reappraisal of values that is necessary to the happy development of humanity will largely come about as the doing first of women and then by the process of re-educating men. Of course, until this last thing happens, that is, until the men are trained, this beautiful state of society that I envisage will not come about. It is men who have to change as well as women.

Miss Loosley: I agree with Dr. Montagu, although I don't think that there will ever be a state of happy perfection. It is a bit too much to ask of human beings, whether they are men or women.



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to be at exactly the same state of maturity at the same time. I think there has to be a great deal more tolerance and understanding on both sides and my own feeling is that women will have to work hard at it and men will have to work a bit harder because this is not normally the direction in which they want to think or are comfortable in thinking.

Dr. Gerstein: Women are going to have a lot of growing pains—and so are the men. As women assume more responsibility they start to mimic men, and this raises all kinds of problems because as women become men it becomes more complicated for men to be men. Over a period of years, I think women will stop the mimicry and go back to their role as women.

There are other problems. Sometimes women grow more quickly than men. In a society where it's the man who grows more quickly, it's easy to respect the man and it's easy for the man to drag along his wife who isn't so socialized, civilized or emotionally mature. But when it's the women who are more mature, it becomes more difficult, particularly because we've assumed that everyone, like water, should seek his or her own level. If a woman hasn't a man who is on the same level that she thinks she's on, a feeling grows that the marriage has to be unsuccessful.

But on the whole I think we are getting more insight. There is much more looking into ourselves. Our diagnosis is just a little better. I can't tell you whether in ten or twenty-five years from now we will be mature or have learned to live better together but I think we'll be trying harder.

Dr. Hilliard: I don't believe that in the Western world women are going to seek new values or be more part of the making of the world. What happens to women depends on what happens to the world. If we go on in a very booming economy, I'm afraid women are going to take less part. Given economic security and plenty and no demands, women, like all human beings, settle down. I don't think anybody wants to work.

Another point... I think a lot depends on the women of the East. In my whole field the best women I have seen are the Indian doctors, from Madras and Bombay. They are married and with children yet they seem to be working out their destiny frightfully fast.

Mrs. Vautelet: If we don't blow ourselves up with A-bombs, I think we'll move rapidly toward a far saner relationship between the sexes than we ever did in an equal time in the past. Young men and women today seem more willing to be partners on more reasonable terms. The young men of today are a far cry from the male of fifty years ago—the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table or the Life with Father type of men who were accepted as being almost a norm seventy years ago.

Mrs. Baldwin: I can't foresee the world of the future other than that we will have automation and with it more leisure time. I hope that the present trend where mothers with small children leave their homes to work will not continue. It's true that staying at home with young children has its frustrations and loneliness but it's also the most creative job you can work at. You have the feeling that you are fulfilling your purpose as a woman. I hope that I won't be of a bygone age in twenty years.

Mr. Steinberg: I don't think women will desert their homes on a wholesale basis. For those who seek it, there will be greater opportunities in both business and community affairs. In the past five and ten years, I've noticed women filling increasingly important positions in charitable and civic organizations. In some ways, I think we're going just a little too far too fast, but the future is bright.

Miss Hamilton: I'm optimistic about the future. By using their natural grace and charm I think women are going to educate men as to their rightful place in the world. I'm old-fashioned enough to hope that women will never replace men and that they will never become superior to men.

Mr. Allen: Will we ever have a woman prime minister or a woman head of Steinberg's?

Miss Hamilton: I think a woman could be the head of Steinberg's. There are several women today presiding over big businesses. As for a woman being prime minister or president—I'm not sure whether or not that would be good for a country.

Mr. Steinberg: ...I'd like to inject here that my mother, of blessed memory, was the founder of our company and her policies and philosophy still guide our business. She always felt strongly that a woman should take her place beside her man and she did so in her own lifetime.

Dr. Montagu: And if a woman has the qualities that would make her a good prime minister then let her be prime minister, by all means.

May I insert another word. When Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst dropped into the London office of the women's movement she came upon a young woman suffragette leader in desperate despair of the future of the movement. She placed her hand on the young woman's shoulder and said: "Pray to God, my dear. She will help you." ★



How serious is the threat of radiation?

Continued from page 19

abdomen of a pregnant woman, the X-ray machine might have a strength of nine roentgens of which a hazardous 1.3 might reach the reproductive glands.

How much radiation has the average person of thirty accumulated? Nobody knows, but the U. S. National Academy of Sciences estimates that the following number of roentgens has been received from the following sources:

Natural background radiation: Everyone is constantly absorbing background radiation. Some comes from outer space; some from rocks and soils that contain uranium. The dose from this source is estimated at 4.3 roentgens; in high altitudes, it may reach 5.5 roentgens.

X rays: Medical and dental X rays and fluoroscopes are believed to account for three roentgens. A man who has an X-ray examination of the hip and femur, for example, receives .7 roentgens in the reproductive glands. Some people get less than three, others a lot more.

Fall-out from testing atomic weapons: Measuring radiation from atomic fall-out is complicated. However, many scientists agree that so far we've received from .02 to .5 roentgens from this source, and it's likely to increase.

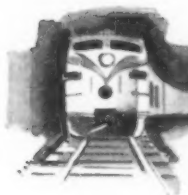
Atomic-power plants: The fumes and waste products of nuclear-power plants do not yet constitute a real danger, but within fifty years this continent may be dotted with atomic-energy plants.

Radioactive isotopes: Radioactive iron, iodine, cobalt, gold, phosphorus and many other substances are used in industry, medicine and scientific research. Radioisotopes are now used in more than two hundred Canadian hospitals, research centres and industries. As their use spreads—as it undoubtedly will—it will add to the hazard.

Miscellaneous sources: Shoe-fitting fluoroscopes, X-ray machines for hair removal, luminous watches, clocks and car panels and TV picture tubes—all these produce radioactive rays. How many roentgens are received from these sources is unknown.

The growing number of radioactive sources has recently led to many warnings. Paul Martin, the federal minister of health, has described the situation as "a magnificent and terrible challenge." Martin has established a federal watchdog group known as Radiation Services, headed by Dr. F. D. Sowby. The U. S. National Academy of Sciences has demanded that medical authorities reduce exposure to X rays "to the lowest limit consistent with medical necessity." The British Medical Research Council says that "the practice in diagnostic radiology should be reviewed; the use of radiology therapy in anything except cancer should be critically examined." Dr. Edwin Crawford, chairman of the standards, units and protection committee of the Canadian Association of Radiologists, says, "There's a tendency to use more and more X rays. We often have to say to doctors, 'Stop! Your patients have had enough.'"

The first large-scale warning that radiation menaces health came early in this century from the careless use of radium.



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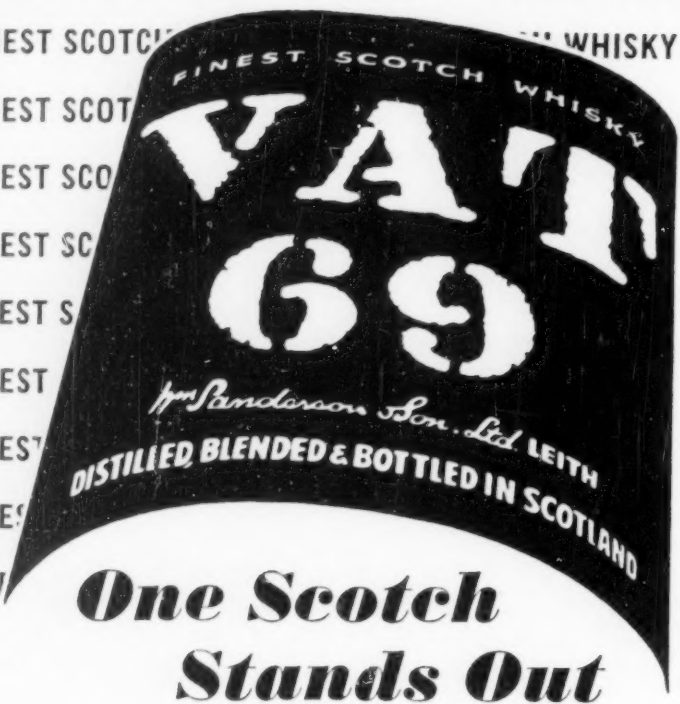
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Between 1915 and 1930 thousands of people drank "radium water" and received injections of "radium salts" for ailments. In many cases the "cure" proved fatal. Meanwhile, in a watch factory in New Jersey, girls painting radium on watch faces pointed their brushes with their mouths. Most died early, often from cancer.

In the pitchblende-rich mines of Schneeberg and Joachimsthal in Germany at least half the miners died in middle age from a strange disease since identified as lung cancer. It was caused by the radioactive ore in the mines.

In the 1954 A-bomb tests in the Marshall Islands in the Pacific, the fall-out on one island was so heavy that each inhabitant received a whole-body dose of about 175 roentgens. No immediate deaths resulted but many lost their hair, some developed ulcers of the skin and may yet develop cancer.

The U.S. National Academy of Sciences points out that physicians having no contact with radiation live an average of 65.7 years; dermatologists and urologists who have some contact with radiation live, on the average, to 63.3; radiologists only 60.5. Another study, based on obituary notices in the Journal of the American Medical Association, found there were nine times as many deaths from leukemia (cancer of the blood) among radiologists as among other physicians. It has been estimated that the radiologist absorbs as many as a thousand roentgens during his working life. Dr. H. J. Muller, an Indiana University biologist who won a Nobel Prize for his studies on radiation and genetics, has declared flatly, "If a person accumulates six hundred roentgens during his working life, his life is shortened by four to eight years."

The relationship between over-radiation and leukemia is mentioned in a recent report of the British Medical Research Council. Ankylosing spondylitis is a painful disease that affects the joints of the spine. An effective method of obtaining relief is to irradiate the spine with X rays. Some fourteen thousand patients who had been thus treated between 1935-1954 were studied, and the BMRC concluded: "The incidence of leukemia is ten times greater than it would have been in the absence of radiation."

Radiation may reduce human fertility and even make people permanently sterile. In men a single dose of five hundred roentgens beamed directly at the testes would probably produce permanent sterility. (A whole-body dose would be fatal.) In a woman nearing the end of her reproductive life, a smaller dose—about three hundred roentgens—would produce the same result. Moderate doses can produce temporary sterility. Dr. Jean Bouchard, vice-president of the Canadian Association of Radiologists, found when he tested one hundred patients receiving radiotherapy for ankylosing spondylitis.

Disturbed by evidence like this, government and health officials have insisted that the use of radioactive products manufactured by Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. be subject to federal regulations. But we appear to be dangerously reckless in handling radiation from X-ray machines. In every province legal control over their sale and use is lax. It's possible for any layman—no matter how unqualified—to buy X-ray equipment and use it on others.

In several Canadian cities laymen with X-ray machines advertise that they can "painlessly and permanently remove superfluous hair from the face, arms and legs." They remove the hair as promised but sometimes, several years later, the customer notices that the exposed area of her body becomes dry and itchy. Later

the skin becomes wrinkled, blood vessels split and multiple ulcers appear. These in time may turn into cancer. Dr. Hamilton Baxter, a Montreal plastic surgeon and a professor of surgery at McGill, says, "I've treated hundreds of people who had their hair removed by radiology"—by slicing off the damaged skin and resurfacing it with grafted tissue.

How many roentgens does the victim of the hair remover receive? No one can say, but it takes at least seven hundred roentgens concentrated on the hair to remove it permanently. Dr. Allan Small, a Toronto dermatologist, had a patient who had undergone seventy X-ray treatments for hair removal. Her dose could only be counted in the thousands of roentgens. This persuaded him to join forces with a small group of fellow dermatologists and write to Health Minister Martin, demanding that the X-ray hair removers be driven out of business. Martin replied that such matters were a provincial responsibility. I asked health authorities in each of Canada's ten provinces whether legislation to restrict the use of X-ray machines was being planned. All of them said no.

Another uncontrolled source of radiation is the shoe-fitting fluoroscopes in many shoe and department stores. One Toronto store has five. Many medical authorities have declared that these machines are hazardous. Dr. John MacDonald, radiation physicist at the Toronto General Hospital, says, "They're harmful to both the people operating them and those using them."

We're "X-ray happy"

The International Commission on Radiological Protection, set up by radiologists from all over the world, has recommended minimum safety standards for these machines. It stated that no part of the body should be exposed to more than 78 roentgens a year. The strength of the beam on the fluoroscope should be 12 roentgens a minute, with a knob to adjust it to ten roentgens for women and eight for children. Fittings should be limited to five seconds. Thus, if a person took three fittings for each pair of shoes and visited a store four times a year, he would be within the maximum permissible limit.

In many Canadian communities these standards of safety are not being met. Some shoe-fitting machines are delivering up to 40 roentgens, instead of 12. Thus a customer could easily use his yearly maximum safe dose in a single purchase. Dr. F. D. Sowby, head of Radiation Services, recently examined twenty shoe-fitting fluoroscopes in Ottawa. "Only one conformed to the ICRP safety standards," he says. In some stores children were allowed to amuse themselves by playing with the fluoroscopes. "Most of the storekeepers had no idea that the youngsters were playing with dynamite," says Sowby. Some provinces, like Manitoba, have conducted educational campaigns to protect the public. They are not too cheerful about the results. "One is led to believe," says Dr. Hugh Malcolmson, of Manitoba's Bureau of Industrial Hygiene, "that the only way to control this source of radiation is to get rid of the machines." Federal Health Minister Martin evidently agrees; he recently asked the provinces to ban the shoe-fitting fluoroscope.

The average person will get his largest dose of radiation in a doctor's office or a hospital. Both the public and many in the medical profession seem to have become "X-ray happy." One of the largest manufacturers of medical and dental X-ray films reports that his sales have

"Doctors unskilled in radiology are a menace"

doubled in ten years. Hospital radiology departments in recent years have doubled and trebled their capacities. In 1954, 817 Canadian hospitals reported that they had taken five million diagnostic X rays and had given 310,000 radiotherapy treatments.

Is this tremendous volume of radiology necessary?

According to Dr. Jean Bouchard, vice-president of the Canadian Association of Radiologists, most of it is—if it's done by a certified radiologist, i.e., a graduate doctor who has had four years' training in radiology. Many observers disagree. Dr. Sowby, of Radiation Services, says, "Diagnostic examinations are too common. The idea of protecting the patient from exposure hasn't leaked through to enough doctors." Dr. Charles Leblond, an adviser to the National Cancer Institute of Canada, feels that too many radiologists underestimate radiation hazards.

Bouchard makes the point that the public is partly to blame for the dangerously high popularity of radiology. "They think an X ray will tell you anything and everything. I had a patient the other day who had an X ray taken a year ago. There was nothing to suggest his condition had changed. I told him this but he begged to have his picture taken anyway."

Ignorance is the cause of a good deal of the unnecessary radiology performed today. Bouchard points out that practically every doctor has an X-ray machine or a fluoroscope in his office, "but few have had any special training in radiology; what's more, they haven't made any attempt to get any. Our association is aware of the danger of the untrained radiologist but there's nothing we can do about it legally. We have no jurisdiction." Dr. C. H. Wilson, of the Industrial Hygiene Division, Ontario Department of Health, examined one patient whose feet were burned by X rays. The patient explained, "The doctor was treating me with X rays for itchy skin."

Many doctors unskilled in radiology are a danger to themselves as well as to patients. Each year Bouchard is consulted by doctors and dentists who have over-exposed themselves to radiation. They usually have radiation dermatitis on their hands. In extreme cases Bouchard has to recommend amputation of fingers or hands.

But much of the outcry against over-radiation stems from the fear that we may be endangering the lives of generations yet unborn. Mental and physical characteristics are transmitted from one generation to another by submicroscopic particles called genes. All radiation to the reproductive glands, no matter how small the dose, changes some genes. This is known as gene mutation. These changes are practically always for the worse. The arithmetic of genetics is complicated, but in an attempt to illustrate simply the genetic hazards of radiation the U. S. National Academy of Sciences has prepared the following forecast for the U. S.: at the present rate, for every hundred million future live births, there will be two million infants with hereditary defects. *If the average person were to receive 30 to 80 roentgens to the reproductive organs, the number of defectives born would rise to four million.* Only ten percent of the defects would appear in the first generation; the remaining 90 percent would be the result of pyramiding in the following thirty-nine generations. (The calculations, for the sake of simplification, assume that the population remains stationary.)

The academy mentions ten roentgens by the age of thirty as the highest per-

missible dose for the average person. Even this modest amount is not without genetic ill effects: it would lead to fifty thousand extra cases of inherited defects in the first generation among the U. S. population.

Recently Dr. Stanley Macht and Dr. Philip S. Lawrence compared the children of four thousand American radiologists with those of four thousand doctors who had little or no contact with radiation. Their conclusions: "Small prolonged doses of radiation produced abnormalities . . . The abnormalities visible in the first generation represent only a small fraction of the damage that may have been inflicted." Only 80 percent of the radiologists' children were born completely normal, compared to 83 percent for the children of the unexposed group. Among the radiologists' children there were 50 percent more defects of hearing and vision; twice as many imperfections of the lungs, heart, blood vessels and respiratory system. Miscarriages were more numerous.

The Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, which studied thousands of women who had been pregnant at the time of the A-bomb explosion in Nagasaki, found that radiation resulted in a higher abortion and stillbirth rate.

Geneticists protest violently against beaming X rays directly at the reproductive organs, especially if the patient is a pregnant woman. In one large Canadian city I was told that some doctors almost always ordered radiological examinations of women having a first child. A common procedure is an X ray of the pelvis. The mother can receive 1.3 roentgens to her reproductive glands; her unborn child a massive dose of 2.7 roentgens! This may well shorten the child's life. Researchers at Oxford University have discovered that leukemia is twice as common among children whose mothers had pelvic radiology during pregnancy. Some scientists demand that any X-raying of unborn babies be outlawed.

Next to diagnostic X rays probably the greatest source of exposure is therapeutic radiology. Most people think that radiology is used only in treating cancer. They're wrong. Dr. Stanley H. Clark, a Los Angeles medical physicist, has estimated that "25 percent of radiotherapy treatments are given for such nonmalignant ailments as arthritis, inflammation, bursitis, skin ailments, certain eye diseases." Doses are usually heavy. A typical dose for bursitis may be 500 to 800 roentgens in a two-week period. Skin disease may require 300 roentgens. Getting rid of a wart may require up to 1,500 roentgens.

While the abuse of X rays is causing concern, far more is heard about the potential hazards of atomic radiation. The danger lies in three kinds of rays: gamma rays, which are short-lived but can penetrate a foot of steel; alpha and beta rays, much less penetrating but powerful enough to bombard human tissue and destroy it. What makes some radioactive substances emitting beta and alpha rays particularly lethal is the duration of their radioactive power: some remain active for hundreds of years.

Radioisotopes emitting these rays are already doing a thousand useful jobs. Cobalt-60 has become standard treatment for deep radiotherapy in cancer. Iodine-131 measures the efficiency with which the thyroid gland is functioning. Radioactive gold helps in certain cancer cases. Phosphorus-32 is used against leukemia. Iron-59 helps in checking the formation of red blood cells in the bone marrow. In industry isotopes check metal weldings

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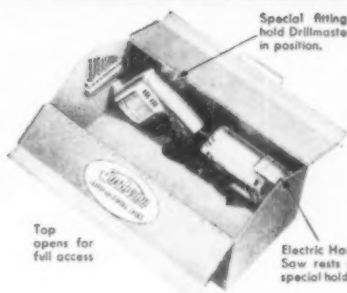
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for defects, ferret out leaks in oil pipelines; measure density, viscosity and absorption properties of anything from light-bulb filaments to dyes.

And this is only the beginning. Atomic-energy plants — such as Calder Hall, which has just started operating on the northwest coast of England—will in time supply an important part of the world's power. Atomic-powered ships, planes and cars will become commonplace. Irradiation will make it possible to store meat, potatoes and cereals for indefinite periods. Drug companies are toying with the idea of sterilizing everything from bandages to hormones by means of the atom. Atomic radiation promises to give manufacturers more durable rubber, better grades of gasoline and stickier adhesive tape. The police too are beginning to show an interest in radioisotopes to track down thieves. In one American city coins and bills in a cash box were painted with a fluid containing radioactive isotopes of silver; if stolen, they could be traced with a Geiger counter.

But as the use of atomic energy is extended so are the risks of contamination by radiation. That is why Radiation Services—a group of fifteen scientists, technicians and clerks, headed by Dr. Sowby—was set up in 1950 as part of the Occupational Health Division of the Canadian Department of National Health and Welfare. Radiation Services advises Atomic Energy of Canada as to who should receive radioisotopes; then it supervises their use. An applicant for radioisotopes is asked: what does he want the material for? Does he have adequate storage facilities? Is he prepared to move or acquire the necessary qualifications? The Ottawa Civic Hospital, for example, had to submit plans to show that the room built to accommodate a Cobalt-60 cancer-therapy unit had concrete walls at least three feet thick.

If an applicant is given radioisotopes, Radiation Services informs provincial health authorities who make periodic visits. A double safety check is made by a new kind of specialist employed by Ottawa, known as a radiation surveyor. Ivan Poirier is one. He tours the country, visiting the places where radioisotopes are used, checking safety precautions with an assortment of electronic meters and counters.

To protect the eight hundred people working with radioisotopes, Radiation Services has inaugurated a "film-monitoring service." Every worker has a black plastic disk, about the size of a fifty-cent piece pinned to the lapel of his lab coat. Inside each disk is a small piece of film. Every two weeks the films are mailed to Ottawa where analysis reveals how much radiation has been absorbed by every worker. If a worker is running above his quota (1.1 roentgens a week) Radiation Services informs his employers and he's temporarily shifted to another job. The U.S. Academy of Sciences recommends that such workers be selected from the ranks of those "who for age or other reasons are unlikely to have offspring."

Radiation Services have extended their film-monitoring service to include twenty-five hundred doctors and technicians working with X-ray equipment. According to Sowby, there are an additional seventy-five hundred people in this group who have no idea how many roentgens they are absorbing.

Sowby and his associates have also studied shoe-fitting fluoroscopes and found the majority a peril. Next they will survey X-ray machines in doctors' offices. "We suspect that many of them are poorly calibrated," says Sowby. "That means that the patient is getting a higher dose than is intended for him."

Radiation Services also keeps an eye on toys and gadgets containing radium. "We don't allow luminous toys on the market," says Sowby. "Children may suck them, or even swallow them." Customs officials are instructed to phone Sowby whenever a product containing radium arrives for clearance. Recently he banned several gross of a luminous gadget intended to light up the key ignition of automobiles.

However the atom remains the main concern of Radiation Services, which has been working with a Committee on the Effects of Low Level Radiation. One of its jobs is to study strontium-90, a fall-out product of A-bomb explosions. After an explosion particles of strontium-90 fall on pasturelands, are eaten by cattle, get in milk and are ultimately consumed by humans. It causes bone cancer and leukemia. "What we're trying to find out," says committee chairman Dr. E. A. Watkinson, "is how much strontium-90 Canadians are getting in their food." The committee is collecting samples of dried milk all over the country and measuring the quantity of strontium they contain. (Milk is being used in the fall-out research principally for convenience; other foods

are probably also contaminated.)

How much strontium-90 has already accumulated on the bones of Canadians? Has it approached a dangerous level? To answer these questions, the committee is analyzing amputated limbs collected from all over the country. They're also carrying on a series of autopsies.

The committee is also planning to measure the natural background radiation in various parts of Canada. Is it going up? Has it reached a dangerous level as the result of A-bomb tests? A series of complicated genetic studies are in the blueprint stage; in these Dr. H. B. Newcombe, head of the biology division of Atomic Energy of Canada, and Gordon Josie, a Dominion Bureau of Statistics biostatistician, are playing leading roles. A number of questions are being raised: is the number of inherited defects among the Canadian people on the increase? To what extent can it be blamed on radiation? To what extent are the children of people working with radiation defective? It's likely that some of these genetic studies will continue for fifty or a hundred years, or even longer.

Peering into the future, health officials see the growing number of nuclear-power

plants as their main problem. A dozen or more plants may be built in Canada, scores in the U.S. Where should they be built? The possibility of accidents might make it inadvisable to locate an A-plant near populated areas. If a cloud of fission products drifts away from a power plant, perhaps after an explosion, people within an area of several square miles might inhale lethal quantities. In the U.S. the possibility of accidents has prevented many industries from building nuclear plants: they could neither get nor afford enough public-liability insurance. Insurance executives told the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission: "The catastrophic potential, although remote, is more serious than anything now known to industry."

But the biggest headache — overshadowing all others—will be how to dispose of atomic wastes. The dimensions of the problem have been vividly set forth by Dr. L. P. Hatch, of the Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island, N.Y. Today there are about six pounds of radium in use in the world. "By 2000 A.D.," says Hatch, "the annual waste output of atomic industry will be the equivalent of four hundred thousand tons of radium."

What are we to do with it all? There are two main methods of disposal: bury the stuff in the ground or dump it into the sea. Nobody apparently has taken seriously the suggestion of Dr. S. F. Singer, of the University of Maryland, that the atomic garbage be shot off into outer space. The cost would probably be a million dollars for every one hundred pounds of waste.

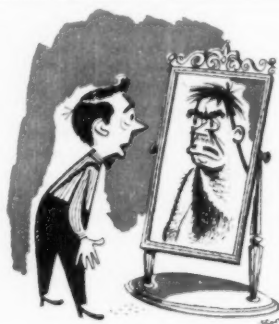
Ground burial is the method of disposal now being used by Atomic Energy of Canada at Chalk River. Care has to be taken that the wastes are placed well above the water table. If they seeped through, the water supply of the area would be contaminated. Periodically holes are drilled in the earth and Geiger counters lowered into them to make sure that the buried wastes aren't moving toward the water supply.

A. M. Aiken, of Chalk River's engineering branch, has discussed the possibility of pumping waste products down dry oil wells. "The solution would be sealed in by the rock strata that once held the oil," he says. An English proposal is to put the waste in metal containers and bury them in abandoned coal mines. English atomic wastes are now being dumped into the Irish Sea; American wastes are being encased in cement and dropped in the Atlantic thirty miles off the coast of New Jersey. Most scientists don't approve of indiscriminate sea dumping; they fear that the ocean itself might become contaminated. They know that after the 1954 A-bomb tests the surface water near Bikini was a million times more radioactive than normal. Four months later the water fifteen hundred miles away from the test area was three times as radioactive as usual. Later still, small amounts of extra radioactivity were detected thirty-five hundred miles from Bikini.

The U.S. Academy of Sciences points out that the problem of getting rid of wastes is international and that the hazards of radiation are proven and global. Ironically, these hazards are increasing with every new beneficial use found for atomic radiation. This means that atomic radiation, which many have regarded as the promise of a new and better life, could conceivably contaminate the earth and turn us into a race of misshapen weaklings doomed to early extinction. What happens will depend on whether radiation from all sources is handled carefully or carelessly. ★

Try this frank test

BY PARKE CUMMINGS



How nice are you?

Perhaps you assume you're a nice person but have you ever taken the trouble to examine yourself critically? Suppose you take this test, and remember — answer the questions truthfully.

1. If you have children do you make every reasonable effort to provide them with beds to sleep in?
2. Do you think it is wrong to burn down a hospital?
3. If someone saved you from drowning would you say thank you? I mean after you got your breath back, of course.
4. Do you think people who work for you deserve to be paid?
5. If you were a guest at a friend's house would you refuse to steal silverware, ornaments or cash even though he wasn't looking?
6. If you saw an old lady about to rush into the path of an onrushing taxicab, would you restrain her or at least give it a good try?
7. Do you disapprove of men who keep beating up women?
8. If you invite people to dinner at your home do you see to it that they get something to eat?
9. Do you make it a firm principle not to go around shooting people you disagree with?
10. Do you approve of mother-love?

Now count your yes answers, and mark yourself on the following scale. Four - five yes answers—fairly nice. Six - seven—nice. Eight - nine—darn nice. Ten—well, frankly, that makes you a bit too much of a goody-goody. On the other hand, if you score less than four you could stand improvement in some respects.



The tragic case of the man who played Jesus continued from page 23

"Listen!" Ouyerack cried. "Jesus is coming. His spirit is in me"

He studied the New Testament, a translation in Eskimo syllabics given out two decades before by a visiting missionary; and he envied the powers of Jesus, medicine man of Kabloona, the white man, who could walk on water and raise the dead. It was written in the Book that Jesus would visit the earth again. Sometimes Charlie imagined that he was Jesus, filled with a power that would raise him above all evil, above all men.

The winter of 1940-1941 had been bad in the islands. Seals were scarce and what skins the Eskimos took brought only a few cents. Some families did not earn enough to replace their ammunition. They could not afford their only luxury, tea and tobacco. They sat through the sunless days in their gloomy round snow-huts, too discouraged to hunt, hungry, uncertain. At night Keytowieack, the catechist, went from igloo to igloo, bringing hope by his reading of the Book.

Keytowieack was forty-seven, already old and bent, dignified and a little stupid. Ouyerack found it unbearable that people should listen to him. One night in an open-topped snowhouse as the catechist read to a gathering, Ouyerack's patience snapped. "What do you know of Jesus, old man!" he shouted.

Keytowieack stopped reading. Ouyerack stood up. He was conscious that the flow of time had ceased, that destiny was waiting on this moment. He raised his hands toward the sky. "Listen to me," he cried. "I have seen Jesus—brighter than the sun."

Across the great dark dome of the sky streamed the blood-red polar lights. In the silence he could hear them, a vast faraway rustling, like the banners of an unseen heavenly host. Ouyerack felt certainty gathering in him. "Listen to me," he cried again. "Jesus is coming. His spirit has entered into me. I am Jesus, telling you of the One who is to come."

At that moment a meteor trailed fire across the sky. A cry went up from the people in the snowhut. One of them, Kugveet, leaped to his feet. "It is a sign!" he shouted. "Jesus has spoken!"

Next morning Peter Sala returned from a two-day hunt on the sea ice. Among the eight families camped on Flaherty Island, Sala was the natural leader, intelligent, tall, handsome, the surest hunter, the man with the fastest dog team. As he drove into camp he could hear people shouting. "Jesus is coming tonight!" and they clustered around him, shaking his hand, everyone talking at once. One in the group, an islander named Markusie, took Sala's rifle and shot several of the sled dogs. Markusie was laughing. "We do not need bullets or dogs," he said. He smashed Sala's rifle against an ice bank. "Material things are of no use now. Jesus is coming!" Some people started playing ball with a cap. They seemed very happy. Only the children were frightened and crying.

Lifting the walrus from his sled Sala entered the big igloo. It was crowded with people. Ouyerack, in a stained white cotton surplice, a wooden cross hanging from his neck, sat with a staff in his hand facing the others. Near him sat Keytowieack, the catechist.

Sala tried to hide his fright and offered them walrus meat. Ouyerack refused. "How can we eat meat," he said, "when we are waiting for God?" And all the

people began to cry, "God! We want God."

"Who is God?" Sala asked.

No one spoke. They looked at Ouyerack. He was staring fixedly at Sala. Then Kugveet said to Sala, "You are not an

ordinary Eskimo. You are taller, stronger, better than the rest of us."

"No, do not think that," Sala said.

Kugveet did not seem to hear. "You must be God," he said. "You will teach us to be good."

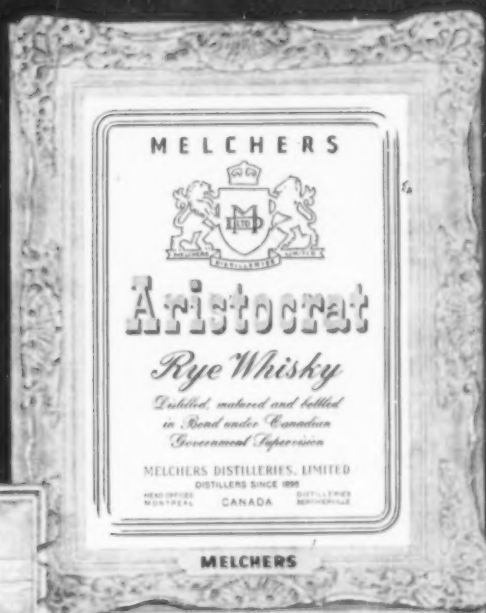
"No," Sala said, frightened. "I cannot teach you. I am not good."

Ouyerack rose and came close to Sala. "I am Jesus," he said. "We have all been saved. Our sins are blotted out. You are the best among us. You are God." He lowered his voice hypnotically. "Say you are God. Tell them I am Jesus."

"Hear me," Sala shouted. "I am God!" He believed now.

It grew dark in the igloo. Singing happily, they built a bonfire of all their hymnals and Bibles and the flames leaped in the close steamy darkness. Apawkok,

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the widower, came crowding in with his family. Everyone shook Apawkok's hands and the hands of his eldest son Alec and kissed his thirteen-year-old daughter Sarah. Then they joined in prayer to Peter Sala and Charlie Ouyerack.

Sala saw that Sarah was not praying. "Come here," he said.

"I don't know what to say," Sarah said.

"Come here," Sala said. He took her by the arms. "I am God. Do you not believe in God?"

"I believe in God," Sarah said, "but I do not believe you are God. And I do not think Charlie Ouyerack is Jesus."

The people began to murmur. Ouyerack in a loud voice said, "My body is Ouyerack but my thoughts are Jesus."

"You should believe and follow us," Sala said. "You should believe as your father and brother believe."

Sarah hung her head. She was a willing girl who had always done as her father told her. Her brother Alec, sitting beside Ouyerack, reached over and pulled her roughly toward him. "You do not want to say yes," he said angrily. "You are lying when you say you believe in God."

"No," Sarah said, frightened now. "Do not hurt me. Please. I am telling the truth."

"Is this girl any good?" Alec asked Sala.

"No," Sala said. "She does not believe."

Alec hit Sarah heavily in the face. He shifted his grip to her hair and struck her again.

"I want to believe," Sarah cried. "I want to believe what my father believes."

"You are lying," Alec shouted. He hit her until she collapsed, then he pulled her up off the floor by her hair. Sala looked away; he did not want to see Alec hurting his sister.

"Eyah!" Sarah cried faintly. "Please stop."

"What's the matter?" Alec shouted. "You look bad." Her eyes were swelling shut. "I will do worse. Someone bring me a piece of wood."

"No, no," several people murmured. Alec turned in fury to Ouyerack. "Am I doing right or am I doing wrong?"

"You are doing right," Ouyerack said. "She has a devil in her. The devil will not let her believe."

"I do believe, I do believe," Sarah was crying.

Someone put a board in Alec's hand. He beat Sarah about the head and neck. Blood gushed from her mouth and she fell on her side, pulling her parka hood over her head. Sala leaned down in the dark and felt her heart.

"It does not matter if she is dead," Alec said.

Sarah moaned softly.

"What? You can cry yet?" Sala said, amazed.

"Should this girl live?" Alec asked Ouyerack.

"It is just as well to kill her," Ouyerack said. "God will not mind."

In the glare from the burning books Sala saw that the people's faces were pale. "Take her outside," he commanded. And the people murmured, "God does not want her in the igloo."

Four Eskimos dragged Sarah from the snowhouse. Her shawl trailed across the blazing books and her clothing caught fire. She made a sound like a sigh. Outside, she sat up and the people inside the igloo heard her say, "I will go to the house of my father." Then they heard the sound of blows and a young girl, named Akeenik, came back in. She was holding the barrel of a broken rifle. The breech was wet with blood.



Who is it?

Their names go together like wheat and chaff, and when they speak you're supposed to laugh. Turn to page 122 to see who these boys grew up to be.

"My hands are frozen," Akeenik said plaintively. "I was holding the steel gun barrel while I hammered Satan to death. Thaw them out for me someone."

"We have killed a devil," Ouyerack said. "Now we can all have a good time."

"Let us be thankful Satan is dead," said the people.

Keytowieack rose. "No!" he said angrily. "No, it is all bad. At first I believed you. Now I know you are wrong. Peter and Charlie are not God and Jesus. God is good. Jesus was kind. He would not take life as you have taken Sarah's."

Peter Sala's mother screamed that the catechist was Satan. Others began to shout. "Devil," at him. Keytowieack started out, trying to pull others with him. Ouyerack seized him. Keytowieack tore away, thrusting past the clutching hands. At the entrance he paused. "There is only one God," he said. "He is not here. He is in Heaven."

For a long time the din in the igloo was deafening. Everyone talked angrily of Keytowieack. Then they heard the window break. Keytowieack had come back. He looked in the broken pane and said loudly, "Those who believe in the true God come out. Come on my side. Help me. Please. I need help."

Sala picked up a slat from the sleeping bench and hurled it through the window like a harpoon. "I hit Satan in the mouth," he cried triumphantly.

"All right," Keytowieack mumbled, holding his bleeding mouth. "I will go away. I will go to my own igloo. But I will tell you first"—he raised his voice—"a lot of people will go astray from listening to you." He backed away from Sala's menacing gesture.

"Satan is gone," someone said. "Now Jesus will come." And they all sang happily, "Jesus is coming."

"No, no," Sala said angrily. "Jesus is here. God is here. How can Jesus be coming when Jesus is here? Speak to them, Jesus. What they say is not right."

But the people would not listen. All night they prayed and sang that Jesus would come. There was no longer need to work or hunt. Some families, though half-starved, had put away food for Him, for He would surely be hungry after His trip.

In the morning Sala was still angry and more than a little frightened, for the things Keytowieack said had found an echo in his heart. He ordered several Eskimos to harness what dogs were left and prepared to leave camp with his family. As he walked past Keytowieack's igloo, a harpoon in each hand, he looked in the window and saw the old man sitting, his head bowed, in a chair. Bit-

terness welled up in him against Keytowieack whose malice had destroyed his happiness.

"Who are you praying to?" Sala shouted derisively.

Keytowieack did not answer.

Sala broke the window. "Look at me," he said. He poked Keytowieack with his steel-tipped harpoon. "You are not praying right," he mocked. "Your prayers will do you no good."

Keytowieack did not move or speak.

Some Eskimos, hearing voices, had left their snowhouses to watch; others had remained at the all-night meeting. Sala feinted with his harpoons, but Keytowieack did not flinch. Sala threw a harpoon; it pierced Keytowieack's sleeve. Still he sat with his head bowed, silent.

"What can you do now?" Sala taunted. "Look at me. I am God."

But Keytowieack's eyes remained on his lap and still he did not speak. Infuriated, Sala said, "You are Satan. I will kill you." Keytowieack gave no sign that he heard. Sala gestured to Adlaykok, an onlooker. "Shoot him!"

Adlaykok was a tall, balding, middle-aged Eskimo whose face had set in tired, half-humorous lines. "If that was God's command," he said, "to kill all who do not believe, we should all have been dead long ago."

"I am God," Sala raged. "Shoot him. I said!"

Adlaykok went to his house and came back with his rifle. Deliberately he aimed through the window at Keytowieack. "Shoot!" Sala said, as he hesitated. Adlaykok fired.

Keytowieack jerked slightly as the bullet entered his shoulder, but no sound passed his lips.

"I have no more bullets," Adlaykok said.

"Jesus will give you one," Sala said. Adlaykok went to the meeting, asked Ouyerack for a bullet, came back, and shot Keytowieack through the head. The old man toppled sideways from his chair. After carrying Christ's word for twenty years among the Belcher igloos, he had died in the image of Satan.

Some people turned away in sudden doubt of the new religion. But most of the watchers crowded into Keytowieack's igloo and stared down in silence at the body.

"We should bury him in the right way, with rocks," Markusie said.

"No," Sala said, angrily. "It is no use. He cannot freeze: he is in Hell's fire." He rammed his harpoon in the old man's mouth and left it quivering upright. "Pull the snowhouse down upon him!" he ordered. Then Sala left camp with his family, Adlaykok and Ouyerack. Ouyerack had left his wife; he was sleeping with

Sala's sister, Mina. Her husband Moses did not object since Ouyerack was Jesus.

Early in February, while Sala was hunting, Ouyerack came to the Tukarak Island camp of Quarack, short, square, erect, the greatest hunter in all the islands. Quarack too was convinced by the tongue of Charlie Ouyerack. But his son-in-law, Alec Keytowieack, did not believe.

Keytowieack was the son of the murdered catechist and he could not reconcile his knowledge of Jesus with a man who had taken one man's wife and now wanted his. Eva Naroomi, daughter of Quarack. Seeing that Keytowieack was not to be persuaded, Ouyerack said, "You are a devil. Obey me or you will die."

Now Keytowieack was frightened. "I believe a little," he said. They were gathered, all except Quarack, in Quarack's igloo.

"You lie," Ouyerack said. "Kill him, Moses."

"I do not want to kill someone like myself," Moses said.

Ouyerack looked contemptuously at him and went outside to find Quarack. The great hunter was feeding his dogs.

"Keytowieack is bad," Ouyerack told him. "Jesus will be coming soon and he will not want to see bad people. Shoot him."

Quarack agreed.

"Come out, Keytowieack," Ouyerack called.

Keytowieack came out. He had lost his fright. "I believe in God," he said proudly. "I do not believe in Charlie Ouyerack."

"Walk away from the igloo and do not turn around," Ouyerack said. "Walk out to that black crack in the ice. You will see something wonderful."

Keytowieack walked out under the rock ledge of the shore, walking with his back very straight. "Go ahead," Ouyerack said to Quarack. And Eva Naroomi turned her back as her father shot her husband between the shoulder blades.

"He is still moving," Ouyerack said.

Quarack, walking closer, shot Keytowieack again.

"He is not dead yet," said Ouyerack. "We must make sure he is dead." And Quarack walked to Keytowieack where he lay on the ice and sent a heavy bullet through his brain. Ouyerack smiled. "Be happy," he said. "Satan is dead." Singing, they threw rocks at the body until it was covered.

Late that month Peter Sala received an invitation to guide the Hudson's Bay post manager, Ernest Riddell, to Great Whale River. Here Sala confided the story of the new cult to interpreter Harold Udgarden, a Hudson's Bay Company pensioner known to Eskimos as the White Brother. Udgarden told Riddell whose wire reached the Mounties via Winnipeg.

The Mounties had lost all their usable planes and pilots to the air force. It was April before they could recondition a broken-down Norseman, borrow a Department of Transport pilot, and fly in Inspector Martin and Corporal Kerr. But even under the best of conditions the Mounties could not have prevented the last act of the tragedy.

It took place at a Camself Island camp while Quarack was hunting and Sala was guiding Riddell. Ouyerack had gone back to his wife. Sala's sister Mina had been brooding for several days. She was a powerful hard-faced woman of thirty.

At midday on March 29 she became hysterical. She ran from igloo to igloo calling, "Jesus is coming to earth! Come all thou to meet Him. We must meet Him on the ice!" Shoving and shouting, "Hurry, hurry!" she emptied the camp

and herded the children seaward, the mothers following reluctantly for their children's sakes. It was a fine day, windless and cold.

Far out on the sea ice Mina lifted her hands to the sky, calling, "Come, Jesus! Come, Jesus!" She stopped and said, "Take your clothes off. We cannot meet Jesus with our clothes on. Hurry. He is coming!" She ran around the group, clawing the clothes from Kumudluk, her sister, from Moses, her husband, forcing these two to help her undress the children. As their bodies grew numb the

children cried out in pain and fright, but Mina would not give them their clothes; she beat off Sala's wife; she ran round the naked group calling, "Jesus is coming!"

Now Quarack's wife, frantic with fear, came and snatched her children's clothes, dressed them, gave her baby to her thirteen-year-old daughter and, carrying another child, hurried back to camp. Sala's wife tried to dress her sons but they were too stiff to move; her own feet were freezing; she could carry no more than her baby. "Help me!" she cried to

Mina. But Mina said, "Let them freeze, it does not matter." And she ran back to camp alone.

Those adults who could still move each carried a child to safety. When Sala returned he found that his two boys, his mother, his sister Kumudluk and two other children were dead. Of his family, only his wife, his baby and Mina were left, and Mina was insane. It was the end of the madness that had begun with Ouyerack and, long before, with the slaying of Ouyerack's father.

All this went into the crime reports of

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Mailbag

Do faith healers really heal?

In the article on Oral Roberts (Oct. 27) it is intimated that there is possibly the odd healing in the Pentecostal groups, in Christian Science, in the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches. It is also stated that a small proportion of sick persons taken to the shrine of Lourdes have experienced cures . . . We have positive knowledge of healings in the Anglican Church. It is significant that the General Synod approved a draft version of the new Anglican prayer book which includes an order of service for healing the sick. But the point is that even if there has been only one spiritual healing established beyond doubt, surely this is important. Why should we condemn a man who is healing at least some of the people who come to him even though he may employ high-pressure salesmanship? Certainly there is risk of emotional hysteria; it is difficult to remain calm in the presence of a person healed by the grace of God.—R. W. GREENE, TORONTO.

● My wife was given up by five doctors years ago. She was healed through prayer. Oral Roberts was not preaching then, but other servants of the Lord were.—BERNARD MARCH, MOOSE JAW.

● In 1955 I was in Calgary hospital for treatment. I had been there two days when I learned Oral Roberts was in town. I demanded to be released and be prayed for by Roberts. I was prayed for and went on my way rejoicing. I became much more ill and returned to my doctor. I had jaundice. Now I was confined to hospital for three weeks and suffered two months' loss of work and pay.—R. M. HENDERSON, CALGARY.

● What a blot this sort of thing is on Christianity, but no denomination seems to feel any responsibility . . . such circus antics bring the whole of Christianity into ridicule. What could be sadder?—T. J. WILLIAMS, OTTAWA.

● It took your article to tell both sides of the story.—HARRY PRIDHAM, ALBERTON, P.E.I.

Where labor isn't boss

In your editorial, Bossism is Still Bossism. Even When Labor's the Boss (Oct. 27) you apparently swallowed a piece of Kohler propaganda . . . It is nonsense to write that "Hours, wages and security and welfare benefits are better at Kohler than elsewhere in its industry."

Briggs Beautyware might be considered a Kohler competitor. The following wage comparisons cover a cross section of both plants: sweeper, Kohler \$1.53, Briggs \$1.88; truck driver, Kohler \$1.80, Briggs \$2.11; labor (average), Kohler \$1.60,

Briggs \$1.88; electrician, Kohler \$2.08, Briggs \$2.69. Before the UAW's first contract in 1953, Kohler paid some workers as little as eighty-three cents an hour, seventeen cents less than the new minimum wage allowed by law.

You probably know that in 1934 Kohler goons, firing from a brick wall, killed two AFL strikers and wounded 47 men, women and children. And in reply to questions at a Wisconsin Employment Relations Board hearing on May 7, 1954, Herbert V. Kohler, president, said he had plenty of guns in his plant.—JERRY HARTFORD, REGION NO. 7, UAW, WINDSOR.

How we treat our animals

Dr. N. J. Berrill's article, History's Greatest Mass Murderer: YOU (Sept. 29), was extremely true. How stupid we are! Animals put on this planet for our interest (and food, when necessary) are ruthlessly slaughtered. The buffalo almost vanished! Furs for the backs of vain women! What a picture!—MARY KAZIELA, TORONTO.

Curing a Saturday-night town

The article on Durham's rowdiness (The Troubles of a Saturday Night Town, Oct. 27) nauseated me. What sort of jellyfish are these people? Let the town council engage a husky, bellyless, jowl-less, experienced police chief of moral and



physical stamina, and then let the chief select his constables. I'll guarantee that in no time Durham's own mother won't recognize it. Had the RCMP or the provincial police been policing the town it would never have got into its present state.

If the Durham situation continues it will be because certain key men don't want it otherwise.—WM. BURGESS, VANCOUVER.

Are we all egotists?

Dr. Hans Selye in his notebook appearing in your Oct. 13 issue asks: "What is more selfish and more naïve, working for fun or for gratitude?" He tells us that even the saint works for God's gratitude, and that we cannot avoid being egotists.

I ask Dr. Selye: "Have you not made your man too small?" . . . Some people in the world live for others, without thought of gratitude. They do what they do because they must to fulfill their highest human potential.—FLORENCE A. HANSON, WILLOWDALE, ONT.

A masterpiece by Kroetsch

Let's have more stories by Robert Kroetsch! The Harvester (Sept. 29) is one of the best I've read anywhere, a masterpiece!—W. L. JONES, ST. JAMES, MAN.

Know of a quiet spot to live?

Janice Tyrwhitt's article, Is Noise Making You Sick? (Sept. 29) confirms my own feelings. Noise is making an old and haggard woman out of me in my early forties. Our house is about one block from the Queen Elizabeth Way near Toronto. During the past three years traffic has become increasingly heavier. On the QE there is a slight dip where it crosses a creek and transports apparently have to change gears. The roar of their engines, com-



bined with backfiring, plus the incessant hum and vibration of hundreds of automobiles just about drives me out of my mind!

To rid myself of this noise nuisance, it appears the only course is to sell our house and move to a quieter neighborhood—if such a place can be found.—MRS. JEAN STANYAR, TORONTO.

Let's unveil our treasures

Seeing your album on the National Gallery (Our Hidden Canadian Art Treasure, Oct. 13), one has the feeling of having struck gold. You are to be congratulated for bringing to light some part of the artistic heritage of the country. It was startling to realize that all that beauty (and really good painting) had been hidden away all these years.

Surely some arrangement could be made to bring to a larger audience in the United States the actual pictures. I feel sure many American museums would be glad to hang a show.—L. A. AUDRAIN, NEW YORK.

Whose law rules the Columbia?

I read with tremendous interest Bruce Hutchison's article on The Coming Battle for the Columbia (Sept. 29). Surely the attitude of the United States is a glaring example of the sinister maxim that it makes a difference whose axe is being ground. Apparently English law applies when a river rises in Canada and flows into the United States, but the Harmon Doctrine applies when the river rises in the U. S. and flows into Canada. But why be surprised? It was ever thus.—M. MCKENZIE, ARGYLE SHORE, P.E.I. ★

Martin and Kerr, the RCMP investigators. On July 25 Martin flew back to the Belchers with a slight red-haired sergeant, Henry Kearney. In five days they had finished the preliminary hearings; Martin, a justice of the peace, acting as judge, Kearney as prosecutor. Sala, Ouyerack, Quarack, Adlaykok, Apawkok, Akeenik and Mina were committed for trial in mid-August when an Ontario Supreme Court judge and two Ottawa lawyers would arrive on a Hudson's Bay Company schooner. Then Martin returned, leaving Kearney in charge of seven prisoners, fifty-odd witnesses and the trial arrangements.

In this situation Kearney, a precise conscientious man, needed all his knowledge of the north. Flu, often fatal among Eskimos, struck every man, woman and child in his charge. With the help of a corporal and two Hudson's Bay men, Kearney nursed them back to health, with only one death. When all their food except rolled oats was gone he organized hunting expeditions. He summoned a prospecting party to act as jurymen, put his prisoners at work making tables, chairs and benches, and by the time Mr. Justice C. P. Plaxton arrived, his courtroom was ready for him.

It was one of the strangest trials ever held. Kearney had set up a marquee as big as a carnival tent. At one end hung a large photograph of the king and queen. Beneath it was the judge's bench, a wooden flag-draped table. The judge, wigged and gowned, faced the feathered Eskimo witnesses who squatted on the moss floor in their parkas made of duck-skin like a flock of manlike birds. Wooden benches on either side held the jurymen, their feet swathed in bearskins, the two black-garbed lawyers, two Mounties in scarlet tunics and the prisoners, arms akimbo. Ouyerack remained emotionless; Sala rocked back and forth, faster and faster as the bizarre case progressed. As the women testified, their children would peep from cocoons of skins on their backs and fix their dark unblinking eyes disconcertingly on the lawyers. Rain drummed on the canvas roof. Eskimos sneezed and snuffled, and over all hung the ripe aroma of half-tanned sealskins.

Mina, who had to be carried into court strapped on a stretcher, was declared insane. The jury found Apawkok and Akeenik "not guilty, on account of temporary insanity." Quarack, Sala and Ouyerack were sentenced to two years with hard labor to be served in the RCMP guardroom at Moose Factory.

Here, Charlie Ouyerack, after only a year in captivity, experienced the final mystic adventure. Officially he died of tuberculosis. But strangely, his tests were negative. It seems likely that the Eskimos were nearer the truth than the doctors; Ouyerack, they said, willed himself to die. Perhaps the murders lay on his conscience. Perhaps he merely mourned his lost prestige. Or perhaps he missed the freedom of life on the Belchers which, unutterably bleak as they are, are home to the islanders.

No one feels this more deeply than Peter Sala. Forbidden by the RCMP to return to his rocky reefs, he wanders the mainland shores, a lonely memory-haunted exile. ★

ANSWER

to Who is it? on page 120

Johnny Wayne (left) and Frank Shuster of the comedy team of Wayne and Shuster.



Backstage at ottawa continued from page 10

"Fowler's report may make some who testified wish that they had never opened their mouths"

February, but the actual writing of it will probably be done by Christmas.

From the questions, comments and attitudes of Chairman Robert Fowler and his commissioners during the hearings, a few things have already been inferred about the nature of the report:

1. It will treat the private broadcasters much more roughly than did the Massey Report and may make some of those who testified before the commission wish they had never opened their mouths.

2. It will back the general principle of the CBC, and the belief that a Canadian television system is a national necessity, worth even a high cost.

3. Whether or not it actually endorses the demand of the private broadcasters for a "separate tribunal" on issues that arise between them and the CBC, it will certainly take a careful and critical look at the CBC's structure and function, and may have some pretty drastic changes to recommend.

Of these three forecasts the clearest, from the record, is the Fowler Commission's view of the private broadcasters, their complaints and their pretensions. The Massey Commission, six or seven years ago, examined the private stations' record for production of Canadian programs, and did not like what it saw. One excuse offered, then and since, was that the private stations couldn't afford to put on Canadian programs because the CBC wouldn't allow them to spread the cost by forming private networks.

The Fowler Commission has pointedly announced that it will examine not only the program records but also the profit records of private stations. Those who know what the profits have been are waiting, with some glee, for the conclusions that Fowler and his men may draw. They predict that if private stations have been unable to put on Canadian shows it wasn't poverty that prevented them.

Neither, of course, have they been prevented by CBC regulations. The Fowler hearings brought it out quite clearly that private stations could, if they wished, get permission any time for regional broadcasting of Canadian programs. So far as Fowler could discover, no such project has been planned or suggested.

As for the commission's acceptance of the principle underlying the CBC, that is more implicit than explicit. The hearings

indicated a growing awareness by all three commissioners of the impact of television on the public, and a growing doubt that the cost of Canadian television could possibly be met without large subsidies of public money. Even the U.S., with ten times as many people and vastly greater wealth, can afford to maintain only two and a half TV networks that do not much more than break even. Canada could, of course, hook on as an appendix to the American system at virtually no cost at all. But if Canadian television is to exist at all, in five time zones and two languages, it's bound to be expensive.

How to meet that expense is the major problem the Fowler Commission was set up to solve—how to find a source of CBC revenue that would be adequate, that would be stable enough to allow orderly budgeting but flexible enough to allow for national growth, and that would have a definite limit but would nevertheless be outside the direct supervision of the government (and therefore outside direct political control). No hints have leaked out so far of Fowler's solution to this puzzle, but his friends say he thinks he has found some ideas that will work.

Least clear of all is the Fowler Commission's reaction to the private stations' demand for a separate regulatory body.

During the hearings Fowler was often impatient with the private stations' complaint of CBC dictatorship and restriction of their freedom. He asked repeatedly for examples of this persecution, actual cases when the CBC's role as "both litigant and judge" had led to unjust decisions, and he was visibly unimpressed with the few examples he got. Moreover, he seemed doubtful that, even if a separate tribunal were desirable, it could be made to work side by side with the present CBC Board of Governors. Two government-appointed boards, operating in virtually the same field would be bound to collide often enough that one would quickly become a cipher and the other all-powerful.

However, Fowler and his fellow commissioners didn't seem entirely happy about the CBC's position either. Since there appears to be no simple or easy way of mending the situation, this has led the commission to do some serious thinking about possible changes in the structure of the CBC. ★



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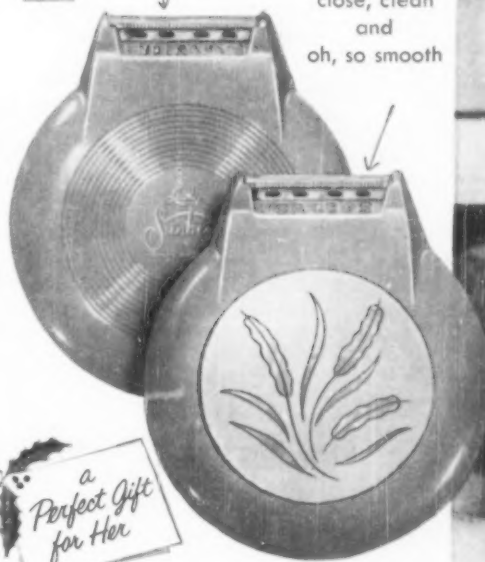
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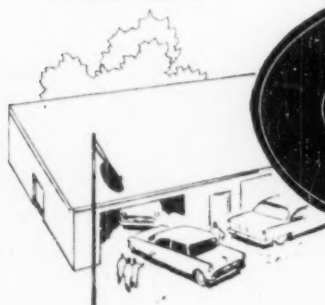
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Parade

How to beat a parking ticket

Police are constantly thinking up fiendish new ways to torment illegal parkers. In Calgary they're trying humiliation, instead of punishment, as reported by an indignant motorist who watched police tow away a Cadillac and a Buick from a rush-hour route and leave his '39 heap right where it sat between the other two. In Guelph, Ont., they're resorting to violence, as testified by a motorist who foolishly drove to the police station to try to talk the sergeant into canceling a parking ticket he felt he'd been given unjustly. The police not only refused to cancel the ticket, but when he left the station he discovered a police cruiser had just rammed into the rear of his car right on the police lot.

But in Hamilton, Ont., we are cheered to report, a motorist finally got a break. The cop there had his pad of parking tickets at the ready as he bore down on the late-model car double parked on Locke St., but the driver who came hustling out at this point was saved by the sign he'd stuck in the windshield. The sign said "For sale." The cop put away his ticket book and pulled out his cheque book. The cop drove off with his car, the former owner subsequently moved to California, and that was that. Pretty drastic way of getting out of a ticket but it worked.

* * *

If we hadn't heard it from a fellow with a square-cut Scots name living in a place as respectable as Jersey Cove, Victoria County, Nova Scotia, we'd scarcely have credited the tale at all. But he swears he saw it happen with his own eyes when he and a friend went hunting in Cape Breton and, having tramped for hours without sighting any game, stood their guns against a tree and sat down to rest. At a sudden explosion they looked around just in time to see a squirrel



tumble dead from the tree. Another squirrel, fleeing in guilty terror, was just taking a flying leap from the trigger guard of one gun, which was still smoking. When last seen the killer was heading for the deep bush, but now if you hear of a squirrel being hauled up for murder down Victoria County way, you'll know what went before.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

Like a lot of people who've been making speeches about it lately we're all for setting up that Canada Council, as recommended by the Massey Commission, to help the arts over the hurdles in Canada. But we don't know what an organization like that could have done for a frustrated artist in oils we've heard about, a Montreal housewife. She had finally



achieved one of those rare quiet moments to herself that all housewives dream about; so she quickly got out her paints and set up an attractive still life. Then the phone rang, and by the time she got back her sixteen-month-old daughter had crawled up and devoured her subject—three pears, two apples and one green pepper. All that's going to help an artist in a spot like that is a stomach pump, and she very nearly had to phone for one.

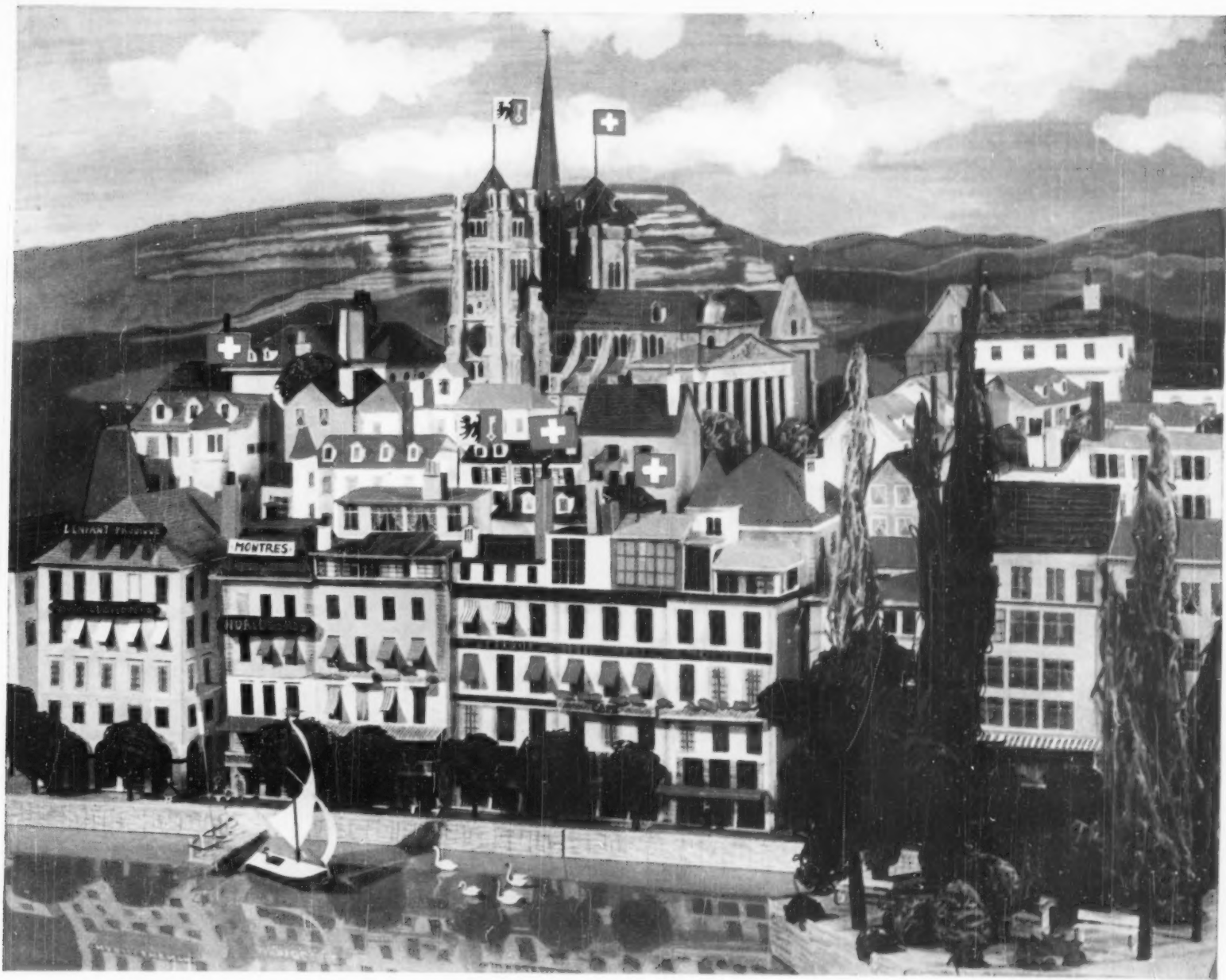
* * *

There's a sign on the outskirts of St. James, Man., that announces "St. Charles Rifle Range," and right next to it one that says "No shooting."

* * *

You'd think Metropolitan Toronto's bus drivers were out to win some kind of be-kind-to-passengers award if we told you about the driver on a Forest Hill route who made a special stop in mid-block to let a woman out in front of her house in the rain—and then borrowed another passenger's umbrella to escort her to her door.

You'd have to admit the Toronto driver was barely civil, however; in comparison with the bus operator we've just heard about in Burnaby, B.C. When one of his regular passengers yelled at him to wait as she came flying out her front door he did; when she discovered she'd left her purse behind he waited for her to go back and get it; and when she discovered the only way into the locked house was a ground-floor window she couldn't quite reach, he scrambled in for her and got the purse.



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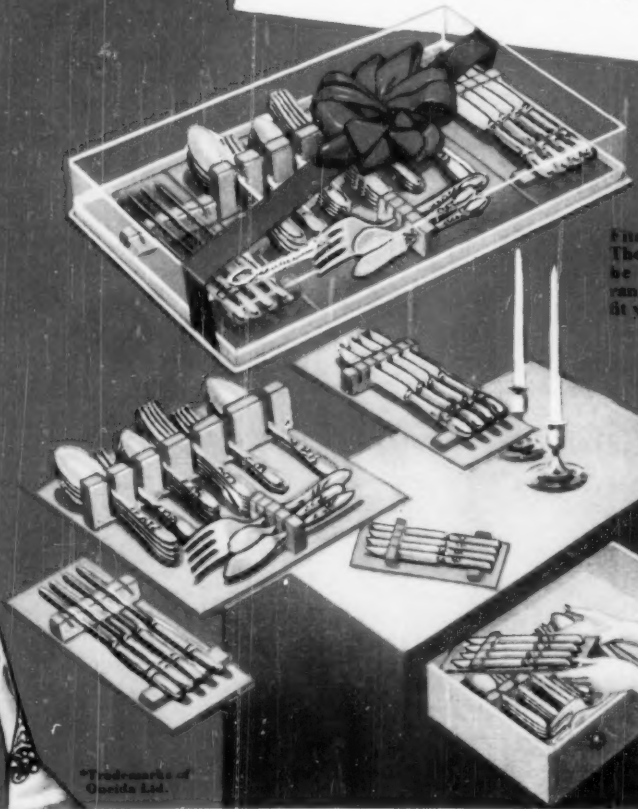
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